

# Collier's

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PROPERTY.

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI

## Thanksgiving 1908



THE  
NATIONAL  
WEEKLY

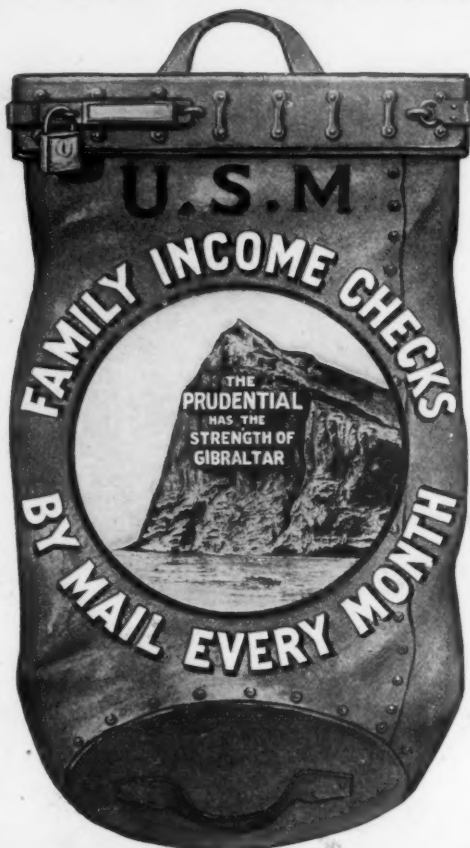
VOL XLII NO 9  
NOVEMBER 21 1908



CLARA EISENBECK

COPYRIGHT 1908 BY P. F. COLLIER & SON

# An Income For Your Wife



Whole  
Life  
Plan.

Payable to her *Monthly* for twenty years or for life, if you should be taken from her; or

Endow-  
ment  
Plan.

An Income payable to *Yourself Monthly* for twenty years, or for life, to support you in your declining years, if you live—  
are the great features of the

## New Monthly Income Policy

issued by

# The PRUDENTIAL

A Monthly Income coming with absolute certainty will enable the mother to keep the family together and the children at school—

The Income cannot be encumbered or depreciated. All worry about safe investment is eliminated.

### COST OF "WHOLE LIFE PLAN"

At age 30, for \$167.35 a year, during your life (a saving of \$13.95 a month) your Family Will Receive after your death \$50.00 Every month for 20 years, or \$12,000 in all!

At slightly higher cost, the income would continue for life!

## THE COST IS LOW

Write for Rates at Your Age and Learn How You can Provide an Absolute, Guaranteed Income for Your Family, or for Yourself after 20 Years. State Plan Preferred.

Address Dept. Y.

## The Prudential Insurance Co. OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

Home Office, Newark, N. J.

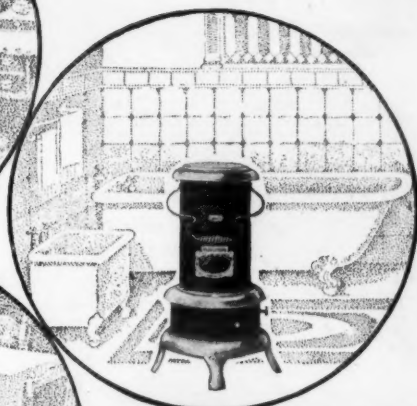
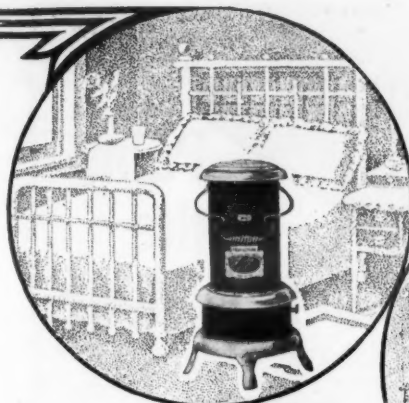
Receiving her Monthly Income Check from The Prudential Insurance Co.

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S





Carry it from  
Room to Room



## Early Morning Comfort

Open your sleeping-room windows—let in the crisp, fresh air—what matters it if your room does get cold—you will sleep better and feel brighter in the morning. But your room need not be cold while dressing—a touch of a match and the welcome heat is radiating from the

# PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

Pick it up and carry it to the bath-room—it's perfectly safe—and your morning dip is glorious as in the summer.

Now it's breakfast time and your Perfection Oil Heater makes the room cozy and cheerful—your breakfast is more enjoyable and you start the day without a shiver. The Automatic Smokeless Device prevents all smoke and smell and makes it impossible to turn the wick too high or too low.

Cleaned in a minute—burns 9 hours with one filling. Finished in Nickel or Japan. Every heater guaranteed.

The **Rayo** LAMP can be used in any room and is the safest and best lamp for all-round household use. It is equipped with the latest improved central draft burner—gives a bright light at small cost. Absolutely safe. All parts easily cleaned. Made of brass throughout and nickel plated. Suitable for library, dining-room, parlor or bed-room. Every lamp warranted. If you cannot get the Rayo Lamp and Perfection Heater from your dealer, write to our nearest agency.



**STANDARD OIL COMPANY**  
(Incorporated)

**PAINTS ENAMELS**  
**THE ACME QUALITY KIND**  
**STAIN VARNISHES**



## Paint the Kitchen Floor

You can't "touch up" the worn places in oil-cloth or linoleum—when it's worn, it's worn out and that means an entire new covering.

A painted floor is as bright and cheery as any floor-covering—cleans more easily—does not show grease spots. Can be renewed anywhere and any time and costs practically nothing in comparison.

### Granite Floor Paint

# ACME-QUALITY

is all ready to brush on—anyone can apply it evenly and smoothly. It makes a hard, durable, lustrous finish that cleans easily and remains bright and attractive.

**The Acme Quality Textbook on Paints and Finishes**

tells all about Granite Floor Paint and many other finishes for use about the home. It is invaluable as a permanent reference book, for it tells what finish to use for every purpose, how to prepare the surfaces, whether new or old, and how to apply. This book will be sent free upon request.

If you are thinking of painting the outside of your house ask your painter about Acme Quality New Era Paints.

Acme Quality Paints and Finishes for sale by leading dealers.

Complete catalogue, and details of our selling helps for retail dealers, on request.

**ACME WHITE LEAD & COLOR WORKS**  
Dept. P, Detroit, Mich.  
IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living

## ALL THE IMPORTANT Cities and Towns Fertile Valleys Mining Camps

## YEAR ROUND RESORTS of Colorado, Utah and New Mexico

ARE LOCATED ON OR REACHED BY THE  
**Denver and Rio Grande  
Railroad**

THE SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD

For particulars regarding the industrial, agricultural, horticultural, live stock or mining resources of this

**WONDERFUL WESTERN EMPIRE**

WRITE  
**S. K. HOOPER, General Passenger Agent**  
DENVER, COLORADO

## Binder for COLLIER'S, \$1.25 EXPRESS PREPAID

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold one volume. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price. Address  
**COLLIER'S, 416 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET NEW YORK CITY**



## Two Great Library Gift Books

Treasured In Thousands of American Homes

100,000 ALREADY SOLD

### THE HAPPY HABIT

There is no other book like "Happy Habit." A rare book of good fellowship, full of friendly, chatty reminiscence that "talks things over" and tells of happy living—not all rollicking, but dignified and cheery. It's so human that it readily adapts itself to the personality of the reader, giving delight and pleasure by its charming conversational tone—like one friend visiting with another. In this it is a worthy companion to "Heart Throbs" and makes a most acceptable gift to man or woman. Over 500 pages, handsomely bound, gold and illuminated cover. Price, \$1.50.

Either Book Edition de Luxe, Full Morocco and Gold Binding, \$3.00 Net  
At All Book Stores or Direct from Chapple Publishing Co., Boston

### Publishers' Early Christmas Offer

Either book combined with one year's subscription to The National Magazine, the favorite magazine in a quarter million homes, \$2.00 \$3.00 value for

Both books combined with one year's subscription to The National Magazine, \$4.50 value for \$3.00

### HEART THROBS

Fifty thousand people in all walks of life made this book their own—their very own—by contributing gems of sentiment in wit, humor, pathos, together with the masterpieces of all the authors of note, that have appealed to them in their own lives. Nearly one thousand "favorites" gleaned from all literature down to the present day, to lie on the library table for little "peeps" of inspiration and comfort. In uniqueness and worth "Heart Throbs" fills a special "want" among the givers of books. Nearly 500 pages, handsomely bound, gold and illuminated cover. Price, \$1.50.

If books are not satisfactory money refunded

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON, MASS.

GENTLEMEN: Enclosed find \$ for which please send me "Heart Throbs," "The Happy Habit" and one year's subscription to The National Magazine.

Name

Address

Copyright 1917 by Life Pub. Co.



AN ANTIQUE SOFA  
OTHER TIMES OTHER MANNERS  
India Print, 22 by 18 in. \$2.00



Always a  
Welcome  
Gift

160 Pictures  
for 25 Cents



Copyright 1908 by Life Pub. Co.



"WON'T BE NOTHIN' LEFT O' THEM THINGS AFTER  
THE FUST STORM"  
Photogravure, 16 by 13½ in. 50 cents

Have cheerful things about you. On receipt of twenty-five cents, we will send you the richly illustrated catalogue of LIFE'S PRINTS containing 160 reproductions of these famous pictures.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 23 West 31st Street, New York





## SOUPS

**Stews and Hashes** are given just that "finishing touch" which makes a dish perfect, by using

## LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

It is a superior relish for all kinds of Fish, Meats, Game, Salads, Cheese, and Chafing Dish Cooking. It gives appetizing relish to an otherwise insipid dish.



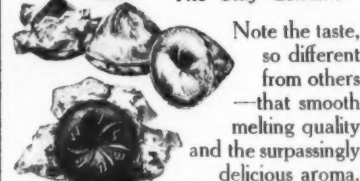
Beware of Imitations. See that Lea & Perrins Signature is on the Label and Wrapper.

John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N. Y.



## WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BVDS

The Only Genuine



Note the taste, so different from others—that smooth melting quality and the surpassingly delicious aroma.

Buy of your druggist or confectioner, or send us one dollar for a pound box prepaid. One sample box for 30c. in stamps and your dealer's name.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS

Cocoa Manufacturers Philadelphia, Pa. 235 North Third St.

## CLASS PINS

Artistic and original designs, beautiful finishes in gold or silver and superior quality throughout—hat's why Reiser Pins lead among colleges, schools, fraternities and clubs. Write for "Old Things in College Jewelry"—an illustrated booklet of Pins, Medals, etc., that will interest you. Free on request, B B B Fraternity and Class Pins. Get offer to College Book Stores.

G. WM. REISNER, 206 N. Prince St., Lancaster, Pa.



## HOW TO BREATHE

For Health, Strength and Endurance Read Lung and Muscle Culture, the most instructive book ever published on the vital subject of BREATHING AND EXERCISE

64 pages. Fully illustrated. 300,000 already sold. Correct and instructive breathing described by diagrams, etc. Book sent on receipt of 10 cents. P. von BOECKMANN, R. S., Room 1274 Terminal Bldg., 103 Park Ave., N. Y.

**Egypt and Orient** Collegiate young Oriental to conduct a select party. M. LINGUIST, 89 Bible House, NEW YORK CITY

# Collier's

Saturday, November 21, 1908



Thanksgiving. Cover Design	Drawn by Clara Elseno Peck	
The Garden of Yesterday. Frontispiece	Poem by J. W. Foley	8
Editorials	With a Picture by Olive Rush	9
The Launching of the "North Dakota."	Photograph	11
Navy Control	C. P. Connolly	11
The Holy Name Society Parade at Boston.	Photographs	12
President Eliot	Richard Washburn Child	13
Other People's Cake. Story	Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman	14
The Princeton-Dartmouth Football Game.	Photograph	16
Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy	Hashimura Togo	16
XLII—Football for Mollycuddles		
Mehitabel. Story	Ralph Bergengren	17
The Good Book	Double-page Drawing by A. B. Frost	20-21
Training with the Tigers	James Hopper	23
Priscilla and the Pumpkin; or, An Indian Meal	Drawings by R. F. Thomson	24

Volume XLII Number 9

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-424 West Thirtieth St.; London, 10 Norfolk St., Strand, W. C. For sale also by the International News Company, 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C. 4; Toronto, Ont., 47-51 King St. West. Copyright 1908 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1906, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Price: United States and Mexico, 10 cents a copy, \$5.20 a year. Canada, 12 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Foreign, 15 cents a copy, \$7.50 a year.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

## Collier's National Hotel Directory

### ALBANY, N. Y.

**The Hampton** Albany's newest first-class fireproof hotel. Bath with each room. Near-est hotel to station and boats. E. P. \$2. up. F. C. Gillespie.

### BALTIMORE, MD.

**Hotel Belvedere** A palatial new steel structure of 12 stories, all rooms outside with bath. Ball Room, Theatre, Banquet Hall. \$2.00 a day up.

### BOSTON, MASS.

**United States Hotel** Beach, Lincoln and Kingston Sts. 360 rooms. Suites with bath. A. P. \$3. E. P. \$1 up. In centre of business section.

### BUFFALO, N. Y.

**Hotel Statler** "THE COMPLETE HOTEL." New—Elegant—Central. 300 rooms, 300 baths. Circulating Ice Water to all rooms. E. P., \$1.50 up.

### CHICAGO, ILL.

**Chicago Beach Hotel** 51st Boul. and Lake Shore. American or European plan. Only 10 minutes' ride from city, near South Park System; 450 rooms, 250 private baths. Illus. booklet on request.

### CINCINNATI, OHIO

**Hotel Sinton** 400 rooms. Grand Convention Hall. Absolutely first-class. Magnificently equipped. Large, light sample rooms.

### NEW YORK, N. Y.

**Broadway Central** Hotel. Only N. Y. Hotel featuring the foundation of enormous business. A. P. \$2.50. E. P. \$1.

### SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**Hotel St. Francis** In heart of the city opp. beautiful park, near clubs, shops and theatres. Every comfort and convenience. Acc. 1000. \$2 up. E. P.

### SEATTLE, WASH.

**Savoy Hotel** "12 stories of solid comfort." Concrete, steel and marble. In fashionable shopping district. 210 rooms. 135 baths. English grill. \$1 up.

### WASHINGTON, D. C.

**Hotel Driscoll** Fronting U.S. Capitol and Park. Near points of interest. New, modern. Free baths. E. P. \$1.00. A. P. \$2.50. Send for booklet.

**Hotel Richmond** 17th and H Sts., near White House. Modern. A. & E. Plans, 100 rooms. 50 baths. Ask Collier's. Booklet mailed. Clifford M. Lewis.

### CANADA

#### CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.

**Queen's Hotel** Calgary, the commercial Metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 per day. Free 'Bus to all Trains. H. L. Stephens, Prop.

### WINTER RESORTS

#### ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

**Chalfonte** The best place for the best people. Every comfort and convenience in the house; every amusement and recreation in the city. Outdoors: Yachting, fishing, golfing, riding. Indoors: Good rooms, good table, good service. Write The Leeds Company for reservations. Always Open. On the Beach.

#### ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

**Hotel Dennis** Come to Atlantic City. Enjoy the delights of autumn at the seashore combined with comforts and conveniences of the world's Seaside Metropolis. This hotel always popular on account of unequalled location and unobstructed ocean view. Walter J. Busby.

#### AUGUSTA, GA.

**Hotel Bon Air** Best known resort hotel in South. Medium climate; fine country club and golf course; all outdoor sports. C. G. Trussell.

#### MONTCLAIR, N. J.

**"The Montclair"** On The Mountain Top

#### NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

**The Clifton** Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up to date. Open winter and summer. \$4 to \$6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

### HEALTH RESORTS

#### BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

**The Battle Creek Sanitarium** The world's foremost Health Resort in physiological and dietetic methods. Two hundred kinds of baths; large indoor swimming pools, palm garden, electricity, massage, Swedish movements, mechanical vibrations, delicious unequalled health cuisine, trained nurses. Delightful dining room on top floor. Luxurious modern appointments. Perfect warmth. Invigorating Michigan climate, six hundred feet above sea level. The ideal place to rest, recuperate, and build up permanent health. Beautiful Souvenir Portfolio FREE. 303 73. Battle Creek, Mich.

#### BILOXI, MISS.

**Gulf Coast Health Resort** For the sick, convalescent or weary. Airy rooms; sea-breezes and sunshine. Write for pamphlet.

#### CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PA.

**Hotel Rider** America's foremost "All the Year" Health, Recreation and Rest Resort. Medicinal Min' Waters. Sanitarium Treatments. Delightful surroundings. Acc. 600. Both plans. Reasonable rates.

#### GAINESVILLE, FLA.

**National Odd Fellows Sanitarium** Ideal place for invalids and convalescents. Home-like; large sunny verandas. Moderate rates. Send for illustrated pamphlet.

## Going Some!

Among the entries for the Garden City Sweepstakes at the Vanderbilt Motor Parkway, was a hitherto unknown car, called the Sharp Arrow.

Just before the race, the owner of the car, who drove it himself, called the Michelin Tire representative to look at his tires.

"You see," said he, "I have four Michelin Tires on, three of them are new, but I have used the fourth tire on roads. Is it good enough for the race?"

The Michelin man looked the tire over, felt it, examined it.

"Sure!" said he, "that tire's all right."

After the race commenced a man came into the Michelin control.

"I'm one of the Sharp Arrow men," said he; "those tires are holding up well. Fine tires Michels."

"Yes!" we admitted, "they are."

"That Michelin Tire on the rear front wheel," he said, "has done 6000 miles on roads."

"What?" said the Michelin man. "Why didn't you tell me that before the race?"

"Well, you said the tire was all right," said the Sharp Arrow man.

"Yes, but you can't expect a tire that has done 6000 miles on roads to stand up under a pace like this."

But it did.

And Sharp Arrow—the dark horse—the unknown—won the race hands down—covered 188 miles in 199 minutes—practically 60 miles an hour.

And over the line—safe and sound—came the three new Michelin tires—and the fourth—that had done 6000 miles on the road before it did 188 miles on a track at 60 miles an hour speed.

Still in use on the car.

Do you use Michels?

## MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY

MILLTOWN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

### BRANCHES

NEW YORK, 1763 Broadway 247 Jefferson Ave., DETROIT  
CHICAGO, 1344 Michigan Ave. 2001 Euclid Ave., CLEVELAND  
BOSTON, 895 Boylston St. 15 E. Colfax Ave., DENVER  
BUFFALO, 908 Main Street 1200 So. Main St., LOS ANGELES  
PHILA., 320 N. Broad St. 308-314 Van Ness Ave., SAN FRANCISCO

## Will you accept this business book if we send it free?

Sign and mail the coupon below. Send no money! Take no risk!

One hundred and twelve of the world's master business men have written ten books—2,079 pages—1,497 vital business secrets, ideas, methods. In them is the best of all that they know about

—Purchasing —Salesmanship —Position-Getting  
—Credits —Advertising —Position-Holding  
—Collections —Correspondence —Selling Plans  
—Accounting —Man-Handling —Handling Customers  
—Cost-Keeping —Man-Training —Business Generalship  
—Organization —Office Systems —Competition, Fight-  
—Retailing —and short-cuts and ing and hundreds  
—Wholesaling —methods for every and hundreds of  
—Manufacturing —line of business. business subjects.

A 9,059-word booklet has been published describing, explaining, picturing the work. Pages 2 and 3 tell about managing businesses great and small; pages 4 and 5 deal with credits, collections and with rock-bottom purchasing; pages 6 and 7 with handling and training men; pages 7 to 12 with salesmanship, with advertising, with the marketing of goods through salesmen, dealers and by mail; pages 12 to 15 with the great problem of securing the highest market price for your services—no matter what your line; and the last page tells how you may get a complete set—bound in handsome half morocco, contents in colors—for less than your daily smoke or shave, almost as little as your daily newspaper.

Will you read the book if we send it free? Send no money. Simply sign the coupon.

The System Co., 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago

If there are, in your books, any new ways to increase my business or my salary, I should like to know them. So send on your 16-page free, descriptive booklet. I'll read it.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ 171-1191  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Business \_\_\_\_\_  
Position \_\_\_\_\_

## EUROPE

30 Tours, inclusive prices; special features, best arrangements. \$250 up.

## Orient AND AROUND THE WORLD CRUISES

By S. S. ARABIC, 16,000 tons, Feb. 4, Oct. 16

F. C. CLARK, Times Building, N. Y.



## TYPEWRITERS

ALL MAKES REBUILT at 1/3 to 1/2 manufacturers' prices. Rented anywhere or sold on 3 months' approval. Write for our money back guarantee, also Catalogue and Special Price List.

ROCKWELL-BARNES CO., 414 Baldwin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

If you are going to visit New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, New Orleans, San Francisco, or any other large city, let us furnish you, free of charge, information regarding the Hotels that would probably suit you best.

COLLIER'S TRAVEL DEPARTMENT, 420 W. 13th Street, N. Y.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



## AGENTS WANTED

**BETTER THAN HOOKS, CLASPS, OR SNAPS.** Wilson's Placket Fasteners. Easy acting, lock tight, quickly attached, invisible, rust proof, 3 colors, 15c doz. postpaid; big discount to men and women agents. Sell 50 doz. a day. Outfit 15c. Write Novelty Selling Co., Spencer, Mass.

**AGENTS. MAKE SPLENDID MONEY** selling our new styles exquisitely embroidered shirt-waist patterns, dress patterns, drawing work, etc. Catalogue sample. National Importing Co., Desk C, 699 Broadway, New York.

**AGENTS. YOU SHOULD SELL "TAFFETA Lorraine Petticoats."** As manufacturers we can assist you to quickly build up a lucrative business in your locality. Write to us. Montrose Mfg. Co., Box 2534, Boston, Mass.

**BE LOCAL SALES AGENT FOR "JUNIOR"** Typewriter—first practical, workable, standard keyboard, two-hand action typewriter ever sold low price. Big profits—easy sales. Easily carried about. Write Dept. 119, Junior Typewriter Co., 331 Broadway, New York.

**AGENTS. PORTRAITS 35c. FRAMES 15c.** stereoscopes 25c, views 1c, portrait pillow tops 30c, English Art Plates \$1.00, 30 days' credit. Samples and free catalog. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-152 W. Adams St., Chicago.

**PATENTED KEROSENE INCANDESCENT BURNER.** Attachable to any lamp. Produces 70 candle-power light, saves 30% kerosene; ready seller everywhere; agents protected. F. W. Gotschalk, 99 Chambers St., N. Y.

**EMPLOYED WORKMEN WANTED AS REPRESENTATIVES** in every shop to introduce Vancor Hand Soap to fellow workmen. Big money can be made on the side. Any reliable man can soon work up an independent business. Send 10c for full size can and particulars. The J. T. Robertson Co., Box C, Manchester, Conn.

**INSTANT SUCCESS POSITIVE. CONDUCTING** sales parlors for America's latest improved health dress shoes; everyone buys—profit possibilities unlimited. Marvel Shoe Co., E. Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

**AGENTS—NEW AUTOMATIC CURRYCOMB.** Indispensable—makes its own demand. First profits control unlimited sales. Large profits. Trial without risk. Write Clean Comb Co., Dept. C, Racine, Wis.

**AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY MONTHLY.** Metal Combination Rolling Pin—nine useful articles for the kitchen combined in one. Lightning seller. Sample free. Forshoe Manufacturing Co., Box 238, Dayton, Ohio.

**AGENTS LOOK! WOMEN AND MEN.** Just added 4 new big sellers. Rockford, Ill., agent worked 3 days, then ordered 100 doz. Particulars and premium offer free. Fair Mfg. Co., Box 83, Racine, Wis.

**IDEAL LAMP FILLER—SAVES BOTHER** filling lamps. Handiest contrivance invented. Good agent's proposition. 100% profit. Sample A, 12c; A and B, 25c. Harry O. Mayo & Co., 1137 Summer St., Boston, Mass.

**AGENTS CAN MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING** our fine line of fancy goods, silk shawls, embroidered waist and dress patterns. Catalogue and samples free. Liberal credit given. Schwartz Importing Company, Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.

**AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING OUR** new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Easily put up. Write for free sample and particulars. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 65 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

**AGENTS—MAKE BIG MONEY TAKING SUBSCRIPTIONS** to "Popular Electricity," the new illustrated magazine. Nearly everyone is interested in electricity, and this magazine is written so they can understand it. You can secure every subscriber simply by showing people the magazine. Send for sample copy and full particulars. Popular Electricity Pub. Co., 1270 Monodnock Bldg., Chicago.

**MEN WANTED TO SELL THE WIDELY** advertised Little Giant Household Pump. Saves plumbers' bills. Wanted everywhere. Liberal commission. J. E. Kennedy, 41 Park Row, New York City.

**RESPONSIBLE AGENTS EVERYWHERE:** possibilities limited only by your ability to get business of interest to every class of people; cause of success to investigate. P. O. Box No. 201, Gulfport, Miss.

**PICTURE AGENTS: PORTRAITS, 30c; Pillow Tops, 35c; New 4 in. 16 x 20 Frame, 15c.** Our Pearlshell Portraits are winners. Cat. free. Sample religious oleograph free. Berlin Art Association, Dept. No. 15, Chicago.

**AGENTS FOR RELIABLE RAPID SELLING** article; big profits. For terms and particulars write Marietta Stanley Co., 333 4th Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

**HIGH GRADE SALESMEN TO CALL ON PHYSICIANS.** Commission basis or guaranteed weekly advance after 60 days' trial on commission. Choice territory now open. Wm. Wood & Co., 51 Fifth Ave., New York.

**MEN AND WOMEN AGENTS WANTED** in every town to sell the wonderful "Triplex" Handbag for women. By a mere twist of the wrist it becomes a purse or a music portfolio or a small satchel or a shopping bag. Four separate bags for four separate purposes all in one. You enlarge the bag to meet your needs as you go along. Large profits. S. A. Diamond Co., 35 W. 21st St., New York.

**AGENTS. GOOD MONEY EASILY MADE** selling our 14 new patented articles. Each one a necessity to every woman and a rapid seller. No scheme. Sample to hustlers. A. M. Vonder & Co., 140 E. Chicago, Chicago.

**AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY** to sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. Immense profits earned. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Company, No. 40 Bar St., Canton, O.

**JUST OUT "ALADDIN" CENTRAL-DRAUGHT** kerosene mantle lamp. Produces gas from kerosene. Will revolutionize lighting methods. Large money-making possibilities. Agents wanted. Dept. 510-625 Bldg., Chicago.

**STRANGE INVENTION. MAKING AGENTS** rich. Maroney writes: "Finest sellers ever saw, catches the eye." Cashman: "A man that can't sell your outfit couldn't sell bread in a famine." Experience unnecessary. Millions needed. Exciting business. Credit given. Allen's Bath Apparatus gives every home a bath room for \$5.00. Exercises water. Cleanses almost automatically. Investigate. Allen Mfg. Co., 1142 Allen Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

**FOR THE HOME**

**EXCEPTIONAL OFFER. FOR 2c IN STAMPS** we will send you a full pint sample of Knox Gelatine (enough for six portions) and our recipe book "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." Knox Gelatine is the purest made and is a delicious and healthful dessert. If you have never tried it send for the sample and get acquainted. We know you will be surprised at its goodness. The regular size package makes two quarts and is sold by all good grocers. If you are now using it send us an empty gelatine box and 10c for a copy of the handsome "First Lesson" painting. Chas. B. Knox, 16 Knox Avenue, Johnston, N. H.

**BUTCHER'S BOSTON POLISH IS THE BEST** finish for floors and interior woodwork. Not brittle; will not deface like shellac or varnish. Send for booklet. For sale by dealers in Paints, Hardware and House Furnishings. Butcher Polish Co., 356 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

**A GYMNASIUM IN YOUR OWN HOME AT** 1/50th the cost of regular apparatus. 4 different devices. Used separately or together. Removed without trouble. Write for catalog. J. Willing, 22 S. Sangamon St., Chicago.

**OF INTEREST TO WOMEN**

**DOMESTIC SCIENCE, HOME STUDY COURSE.** For home-makers, teachers, and well paid positions. Ill. 70-page booklet, "Profession of Home Making," free. Am. School of Home Economics, 632 W. 69th St., Chicago.

**FUR SPECIALS. FANCY MINK SETS WORTH** \$150, now \$85. LYNX sets worth \$125, now \$85. Goods sent on approval. Write for catalogue. 12 years' reputation behind us. E. Tobias, 623 Davis St., Evanston, Ill.

**WEARING APPAREL**

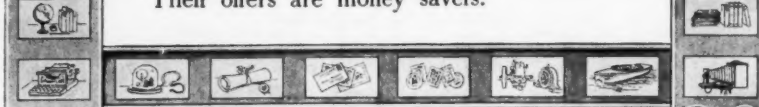
**FINE TAILORING ON CREDIT. HONESTLY** disposed men living anywhere may open a charge account with us. Art-tailored garments made by hand and guaranteed to fit. Terms to suit your convenience. Wear the clothes while paying a little at a time. Write today for style book. Bell Tailoring Co., 142 E. Madison St., Chicago.

**BIRDS, POULTRY, DOGS, AND PETS**

**DO YOU REALLY CARE FOR DOGS? IF SO,** why not send stamp for "Dog Culture" to Spratt's Patent, Jefferson Street, Newark, N. J., and learn all about feeding, appliances, etc.

## SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS CLASSIFIED

**CHRISTMAS GIFTS.** On this page are many attractive offers for Holiday time. Every one is genuine or it could not be on this page. Write these advertisers. Their offers are money savers.



### HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

**SALESMEN FOR HIGH CLASS USED AUTO-** mobiles, all prices; cars rebuilt and made like new by manufacturers; high commissions; great opportunity. Auto Clearing House, 240 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

**INVESTIGATE THE MONEY MAKING POS-** sibilities in selling our Gasoline Lighting Systems. Most extensive line manufactured. Big opportunities given to responsible men. Knight Light Co., 92 Illinois St., Chicago.

**THE KE-PA-GO-IN TIRES AND THE DE-** fender tire covers cover the tire question and you can keep a go-in. Let us tell you how and why. Salesmen wanted. Beebe-Elliott Company, Racine, Wis.

**BIG MONEY MADE SELLING AND AP-** pointing agents to sell Hydro Carbon Lighting Systems. Our demonstrating system makes failure impossible. Wanted—a good man in every village and city in the world. Security Light & Tank Co., 169 S. Jefferson St., Chicago.

**THE SECURITY CHECK PROTECTOR IS A** remarkable seller. Prints "Not Over Five Dollars" up to \$2000. Sells \$2.50. Salesman's profit 100%. Strong Bank recommendation. Security Mfg. Co., 250 Dearborn St., Chicago.

**IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN SUCCESS, OR** in building up your business, or in boosting your earning power or ability, write for our 32-page beautifully illustrated book dealing with the success problem. It tells how many thousands of other men have helped themselves to big success. Just send a postal card today. The Sheldon School, 1443 Republic Building, Chicago.

**HELP WANTED**

**WORK FOR UNCLE SAM: WE PREPARE YOU** to rank at the top on examination day. Good pay, congenial work and rapid promotion. Booklet free. Standard Correspondence School, 26-92 Washington St., Chicago.

**WANTED. AGENTS TO SOLICIT ORDERS** for Made-to-Measure Underwear. Those taking orders for Custom Shirts and Clothes preferred. We also manufacture hosiery. Textile Mfg. Co., 261 E. Division Street, Chicago.

**YOUNG MEN TO PREPARE FOR EXAM.** For Railway Mail, other Govt. Positions. Superior instruction by mail. Zetah, 14 yrs. Thousands of successful students. Questions and "How To Write" Positions are secured. Free. Inter-State Schools, 100 Iowa Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

**INCREASE YOUR INCOME. CORRESPOND** for newspapers in spare time. Any intelligent person may learn the vocation. Red stamp brings particulars. Sec'y United News System, Dept. 332, Buffalo, N. Y.

**LEARN SIGN-WRITING. MAKE YOURSELF** more solid with your concern by learning this fascinating trade. Taught by mail. Write for particulars. The Sign-Writing School, Dept. 19, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

**PATENTS**

**PATENTS THAT PROTECT. OUR THREE** books for inventors mailed on receipt of six cents stamps. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Rooms 19 to 29 Pacific Bldg., Washington, D. C. Established 1889.

**MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, PATENT** Lawyers, Washington, D. C., Box B. Est'd 47 years. Booklet free. Highest references. Best service. Terms moderate. Be careful in selecting an attorney. Write us.

**BALDWIN & WIGHT, 925 GRANT PLACE,** Washington, D. C. Patents and Trade-Marks. Refer by permission to clients of 20 years' standing. Send for booklet and list of patents secured by us. Est. 1859.

**PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS, DESIGNS AND** Copyrights. Booklet containing full information furnished on request. Langdon Moore (formerly Examiner U. S. Pat. Office), 900 F Street, Washington, D. C.

**H. W. T. JENNER, PATENT ATTORNEY AND** Mechanical Expert, 906 F Street, Washington, D. C. Established 1883. I make an investigation and report if patent can be had and the exact cost. Send for full information.

**AUTOMOBILES AND SUNDRIES**

**VICTOR HAND-FORGED AUTOMOBILES.** Fourth Annual Cat. now ready, describing Air and Water-cooled cars, 14 to 24 H.P., in Solid and Pneumatic tires. Prices, \$450 up. Victor Auto. Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**3 NEW IMPROVED TYPES OF WIND** shields—adapted to all cars—\$35.00 to \$50.00. Descriptive matter on request. Also makers of London Tops. London Auto Supply Co., 1232 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

**OF INTEREST TO MEN**

**ALL SAFETY RAZOR BLADES RESHARP-** ened, sterilized, better than new. 2c each and return postage. Send your address for our convenient mailing wrapper. Keenedge Co., 239 Keenedge Building, Chicago.

**WANTED—MEN TO LEARN BARBER TRADE,** and take positions waiting our graduates; few weeks completion. Write Mole System of Colleges, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Cincinnati, Omaha, New Orleans, Atlanta, Dallas or San Antonio, Tex.

**ONLY THOSE MEN EXTRA PARTICULAR** about their clothes send for booklet on "Spick-Span Clothes Care System." The most useful, practical and sensible idea ever conceived. The Sybenga Co., Pella, Iowa.

**THE SHARP-SHARP HOLDER AND STROP** used on double edge safety razor blades gives and maintains a better than new edge, and trebles their life. Holder, Strop and Dressing, 60 cents. Safety Supply Co., Troy, N. Y.

**WANTED. ALL WHO SHAVE. RAZORS** honed at 12c. Small safety razor blades, single and double edge, resharpened at 25c. Star and Gem safety razor blades, 10c. Illinois Cutlery Co., 156 N. State St., Chicago.

**STAMPS, COINS, AND CURIOS**

**CERTAIN COINS WANTED. I PAY FROM** \$1 to \$60 for thousands of rare coins, stamps and paper money to 1894. Send stamp for illustrated circular, get posted and make money quickly. Vonbergen, the Coin Dealer, Dept. C, Boston, Mass.

**FOR DEN OR CABINET. PREHISTORIC IN-** dian relics, modern trappings, Alaskan, Filipino or antique guns, pistols, swords, pioneer powder, crockery, elk tusks, minerals, fossils; ill. list 10c. N. E. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis.

**MISCELLANEOUS**

**"JUBILEE EDITION" OF PAGE CATALOG** free—issued in celebration of the Quarter-Centennial of Page Fence. Tells why over 800,000 farmers buy Page Fence, made of High-Carbon Open-Heath Spring Steel Wire. Shows why it is the most economical fence on the market. Send today for Free "Jubilee Catalog." Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Box 32, Adrian, Mich.

### BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**START A DIVIDEND PAYING BUSINESS** for yourself, placing "Premium" machines. No soliciting, no work. Large profit with small capital (\$11.00). Premium Vending Co., Lewis Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

**START A COLLECTION AGENCY. BIG** money, unlimited field, no capital needed. We teach you the secrets of collecting money and how to start spare time. Write today for free pointers and new plan. American Collection Service, 51 State Street, Detroit, Mich.

**ESTABLISH A GENERAL AGENCY IN YOUR** locality. We have a shoe that sells on sight. Every man and woman a possible customer. Write today. Kushion Komfort Shoe Co., Dept. WW-11, Boston, Mass.

**BUSINESS BOOK FREE: TELLS HOW YOU** can secure the actual working plans, money-making systems, schemes and short cuts of 112 great, big, business men—to increase your salary—to boost your profits. Write now. System, Dept. C-6, 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

**FOR SALE. CONTROLLING INTEREST.** Planning mill. Excellent opportunity—\$5,000 to \$15,000 required. Also other profitable Florida investments. W. C. Warrington & Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

**THE NO. 2 SUN TYPERWRITER IS THE GREAT-** est typewriter value. Individual typewriters. Durable. Simple. Portable. Fast. Visible writing. Heavy manufacturing. Perfect work. Price \$40. Sun Typewriter Co., 317 B'way, N. Y.

**O. I. C. PEANUT MACHINES GET THE** money; they are the simplest and best. If you have \$30.00 to \$500.00 to invest write us; we show you how to double your money. O. I. C. Co., Dept. B, 79 Dearborn St., Chicago.

**MAKE MONEY OPERATING OUR NEW** vending machines. They earn 30%. Only a small investment needed to start earning handsome income. Write quick for plan. Caille, Detroit, Mich.

**FINANCING AN ENTERPRISE. PRACTICAL** book by Cooper, telling how money is secured for enterprises. Capitalization, prospectuses, presentation, etc., discussed fully. Endorsed by best business men. 540 pp. Buckram. Priced, \$1.00. Publisher and list of business books free. Ronald Press, 227 Broadway, New York.

**WANTED—MAN WITH SMALL CAPITAL TO** take charge of territory for merchandising business; write for particulars. Pope Automatic Merchandising Company, Corn Exchange Bank Building, Chicago.

**AN ESTABLISHED MACHINE TOOL ENTER-** prise, controlling a machine tool that has revolutionized its line and is protected by patents, owning a new shop, desires capital. An opportunity for the right man. Write correspondence solicited. Chandler Planer Co., Ayer, Mass.

**CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**

**CIVIL SERVICE EMPLOYEES ARE PAID** well for easy work; examinations soon; expert advice. Sample questions and Booklet 4 describing positions, and easiest and quickest way to secure them. Free. Write now. Washington Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

**LEARN THE INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE.** Valuable in business, literature, science and teaching. Correspondence instruction. Expert teachers. Send for booklet. American School of Esperanto, 280 E. 41st St., Chicago.

**TYPEWRITERS, OFFICE SUPPLIES**

**REBUILT TYPEWRITERS—REMINOTONS,** \$15 and up; Smith Premiers, \$18 up; Densmors, \$12 up; York, \$14. All in perfect condition; will last for years. Plummer & Williams, 901-145 Van Buren St., Chicago.

**REBUILT TYPEWRITERS OF ALL MAKES** from \$25 to \$75. Over 1,000 from which to select. See them before ordering. Branches in all large cities. Full information sent on request. A. W. M. Co., 345 Broadway, New York.

**DON'T BE MISLED BY CLEVERLY WORDED** advertisements into believing that you can buy a typewriter worth anything for a few dollars. You can't get something for nothing. Ask us why. We will tell you, and we will also explain what a rebuilt typewriter really is and how it differs from one second hand or merely glossed over. And at the same time we will tell you how you can get a good typewriter and still save a lot of money on your investment. Rebuilt Typewriter Company, 29 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

**PIANOS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS**

**WING PIANOS BEST TONED AND MOST** successful. Est'd 40 years. Recent improvements. Get greatest resonance. Solid build. No agents. Sent on trial—freight paid, first, last and all the time by us—to show our faith in our work. If you want a good piano, you save \$75-\$200. Very easy terms. Slightly used "high-grades," \$75 up, taken in exchange for improved Wing pianos. Thoroughly reconditioned. Send for bargain list. You should have anyway "Book of Complete Information about Pianos," 132pp. N. Y. "World" says: "A book of educational interest everyone should have." Free for the asking from the old house of Wing & Son, 363-383 W. 13th Street, New York.

**SAVE \$100 TO \$200 BY BUYING A HIGH** grade used Piano. We have all the best. Our list includes 4 Steinway Grand Pianos, 7 Steinway Uprights, 8 Knabe Grands and Uprights, 25 Starr Uprights, and hundreds of miscellaneous pianos. Send for lists. We sell everywhere. Jesse French Piano Co., 1111 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

**IVERS & POND PIANOS—SMALL GRANDS** The most artistic and attractive miniature Grands that the world offers. In tone and action they resemble the full sized Concert Grand. If no dealer near you sells them, we will send lowest prices and personal letter explaining our unique Easy Payment plans. Send for catalogue and important information today. Ivers & Pond Piano Co., 137 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

**PHOTOGRAPHY**

**WE MAKE ONE 8 X 10 ENLARGEMENT** for 25c, or 5 for \$1.00; one 11 x 14 for 50c, or 3 for \$2.00; from any size film or plate negative. All work satisfactory; money refunded. Send us trial order. F. T. King & Co., 51 C. Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.

**WHAT'S THE USE OF BUYING FILMS—** when you can get them free? Write for particulars. Get my recipe on developing and printing. Homer E. Howry, 406 Carondelet St., Los Angeles, California.

**REFLECTOSCOPE ENLARGES ANY PRINT,** post card or clipping to 6 or 10 feet on wall or sheet. Gas, alcohol or electric. Greatest home entertainer. \$5. Booklet. Newark Photo Supply Co., Newark, N. J.

**MACHINERY, ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES**

**TOOLS! TOOLS! WE KEEP ALL KINDS** and sell them on the closest possible margin. Get our net-priced catalogue, sent free to readers of Collier's. Montgomery & Co., 105 Fulton Street, New York City.

## REAL ESTATE

### CALIFORNIA

**\$5 PER MONTH WILL BUY YOU A BEAU-** tiful ocean-view residence site in the suburbs of sunny San Diego, Southern California's most delightful home place. Most rapidly developing city on the Coast. Absolutely safe, remunerative proposition from thoroughly reliable company. Write today for free illustrated booklet. J. Frank Cullen, San Diego, Cal.

**FOR CHRISTMAS WHY NOT GIVE YOUR** children each an acre of California Land, planted to Eucalyptus? Price, \$300 an acre; time payments, no taxes, interest or other charges. Upon first payment you receive contract certified by Columbia Trust Co., binding you upon your final payment to deliver deed to land, bearing live, thrifty trees, 500 to acre, which will yield perpetually. First crop timber after fifth year. Association cuts Eucalyptus for absentee owners if desired. Free booklet. Eucalyptus Growers' Association, 923 Security Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

**MASSACHUSETTS**

**MORTGAGEE'S SALE: FORECLOSED PRO-** perty. Splendid opportunity to secure high grade Real Estate at right prices for investment. Write for particulars. J. B. Lewis, 101 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

**MISCELLANEOUS**

**CHOICEST COTTON AND OTHER FARM** and timber lands in Louisiana and Mississippi desirably located on Railroads. Prices from \$500 up. Easy terms. H. C. Newman, New Orleans, La.

**NEW TOWNS IN THE WEST OFFER UN-** usual opportunities for investment. Many new towns have already been established in the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho, and Washington on the Pacific Coast Extension of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. All are well located. They are trade centers for a large territory, which is being rapidly settled. Other towns will soon be established. Locate there now. Establish a store or other business. Descriptive books free from F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

**OKLAHOMA**

**BUY FARM LANDS IN "THE GREAT SOUTH-** west"; none better than in southwest Oklahoma, at \$20.00 to \$40.00 per acre. Tracts and terms to suit purchaser. S. P. Bassel, Eldorado, Okla.

**SOUTH DAKOTA**

**PIERRE, THE COMING GREAT CITY. FOR-** tunes from small investments in real estate safely made. For circulars and particulars address Chas. L. Hyde, Pres. American Exchange Bank, Pierre, South Dakota.

**TEXAS**

**THE NEW CALIFORNIA, TEN ACRE TRACTS** and up—Rio Grande Valley—Gulf Coast—near California lands in Texas at Texas prices. Raise anything that is grown in California, 1500 miles nearer the markets, 42% less freight rate, 400 miles South, 3 to 6 weeks earlier season, higher, dryer coast elevation, cooler in summer, warmer in winter, cheaper land, 25 inches rainfall. Easy terms, special cars to lands, low rates. Magazine, maps, plans free. Walter S. Ayres, Vice President, 705 Postal Telegraph Building, Chicago.

**FRUIT FARM ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS.** A 10 acre Texas Gulf Coast orange or truck farm will make you independent. Here dollars are made as easily as pennies in the North. Perpetual sea breeze makes warm winters and cool summers. Average annual rainfall 28 in. Save \$10 a month and put it into the best investment on Earth and just as safe as Govt. Bonds. Best location on Railroad. Buy now and enjoy the rapid advance. Others are making money. Why not you? Book and particulars free. Special proposition. El Chapote Orange Lands Assn., 1469 First Nat. Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.

**VIRGINIA**

**"GLEN ALLEN," VIRGINIA, A HANDSOME** suburban estate, 1000 acres, is being subdivided. Details will be sent on request by Captain Cussens, the owner.

**WASHINGTON**

**IN THE CELEBRATED IRRIGATION DIST-** rict in the Yakima Valley, Washington, 5 and 10 acre Orchard Homes, payments covering period of five years. We plant and take care of trees without further expense, while you pay installments. No interest, no forfeiture, deed to you after five years, without further payments. We are owners, and sell direct. We are responsible and refer to any bank here. Detailed proposition, map and copy of contract mailed to interested parties for 25 cents in stamps. Orchard will bear fruit from first and five years, assuring a steady income. Russell Land Co., 409-414 American Bank Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

**CHRISTMAS GIFTS**

**OUR SEPIA ENLARGEMENTS ON WELLING-** ton Cream Crayon Bromide Paper are pronounced the best. Send for price list. R. Harris & Co., 26 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass., U. S. Agents for Wellington Products.

**WATCHES AND SPECIALTIES IN JEWELRY** may be purchased direct by mail with the same assurance of getting full value, as though you sent an expert in the line to Lester Cert, 47-49 Maiden Lane, New York.

**SEPIA BROMIDE ENLARGEMENTS MAKE** acceptable gifts. Our new brown toned finish, attractive, superior to black and white finish. 6 1/2 x 8 1/2 = 50c; 8 x 10 = 65c; 10 x 12 = 75c. Any size film. Pollard, Lynn, Mass.

**HOTELS AND TRAVEL**

**WINTER TOURS TO EUROPE, ITALY,** Riviera, Sicily, Paris, London, Dec. 8, Jan. 7, 21, Feb. 13, 16, 27, March 13, 27, 44 and up. Tour Cook & Son, 245 Broadway, New York.

**COLLECTIONS**

**"RED STREAKS OF HONESTY EXIST IN** everybody," and thereby we collect more honest debts than any agency in the world. Write for our Red Streak Book. Francis G. Luke, 77 Com. Nat. Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah. "Some People Don't Like Us."

**EXCHANGE**

**WE HAVE HUNDREDS OF ARTICLES ON** our list. Would you like to exchange them for things you don't want for something you do? Write for plan. Universal Exchange, 602 Baltimore Bldg., Chicago.

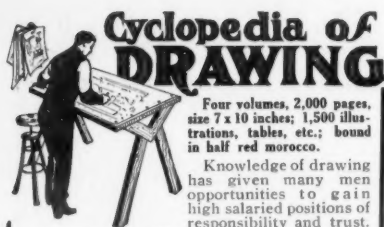
**ARCHITECTS, BUILDING MATERIALS**

**MANTELS. SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED** Catalogue containing 65 cuts and price list of Carved Brick Mantel Fireplaces. Phila. & Boston Face Brick Co., Dept. 8, 165 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

**AUTOGRAPH LETTERS**

<





## Cyclopedic of DRAWING

Four volumes, 2,000 pages, size 7 x 10 inches; 1,500 illustrations, tables, etc.; bound in half red morocco.

Knowledge of drawing has given many men opportunities to gain high salaried positions of responsibility and trust.

This Cyclopedic offers you an unusual opportunity to get a practical knowledge without the aid of a teacher. A Home Study instructor, entirely free from purely technical matter; every section supplemented by practical test questions, "short cuts," etc. Equally valuable in the shop, drafting room, or home library.


### Less Than Half Price

Sent free for 5 days' examination, express prepaid, if you mention the name of your employer and occupation. Terms: \$2.00 within 5 days, and \$2.00 a month until you have paid the special price of \$9.80; otherwise, notify us to send for the books at our expense. Regular price \$20.00.

### Few of the Subjects Covered

Mechanical, Architectural, Perspective, Isometric, and Freehand Drawing; Blue Printing; Mechanical and Architectural Lettering; Rendering in Pen, Ink and Water Colors; Water Color Hints for Draftsmen; Shades and Shadows; The Greek and Roman Orders of Architecture; Shop Drawings; Machine Drawing; Machine Design; Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting; Tinsmithing; Architectural Sheet Metal Work; Skylights; Cornices; Roofing, etc.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE  
CHICAGO, U. S. A.  
Mention Collier's, Nov. 21, '08



## THE PERLIN SHORTHAND INSTITUTE

One of the highest class stenographic training schools in the United States.

### Either INSTITUTE or CORRESPONDENCE COURSES

Headquarters of Pernin Shorthand, the simplest, most legible and rapid shorthand in the world! No shading, no positions, few word signs. The only shorthand that can be thoroughly learned by mail. Text-book on approval. We save you money and time. Pupils enrolled from all parts of the world. Write for circular "A."

The Pernin Shorthand Institute—Detroit.



## LEARN TO DRAW

Big money easily made. Pleasant, refined, fascinating work for men, women, boys and girls. We guarantee proficiency or discount enrollment.

Illustrating, Cartooning, Commercial Designing taught by artists trained in American and European Schools. Instruction adapted to each student's needs. Advisory Board of world's best artists approves lessons. Test Work Sent FREE to ascertain individual talents and needs. State course wanted. You assume no obligation. Mechanical, Architectural and Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting also taught successfully.

ACME School of Drawing, 3716 South St., Kalamazoo, Mich. If interested, ask about The ACME Resident School in Kalamazoo.



## Memory the Basis of All Knowledge

### Stop Forgetting

You are no greater intellectually than your memory. Easy, increased income; gives ready memory for faces, names, business, studies, conversation; develops will, public speaking.

Write today  
DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 771 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

## STUDY LAW

Leading Law School in Correspondence Instruction. Established 1892. Prepares for the bar. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Method of instruction combines theory and practice. Approved by the bench and bar. Classes begin each month. Send for catalog giving rates for admission to the bar of the several states.

Chicago Correspondence School of Law  
505 Reaper Block, Chicago

## The Best Art School

Resident and Correspondence Through and Reliable Courses in Designing, Illustrating, Cartooning

G. H. Lockwood, Instructor, 16 years' practical experience, author of first course of this kind in America, 1892. Guarantee plan. Free Test Lesson. Write today for full information and Free sample copy Student's Art Magazine.

Lockwood-Stolitz Art School, Dept. A, Kalamazoo, Mich.

## LEARN PLUMBING

One of the best paid of all trades. Plumbers are in demand everywhere at good wages. They have short hours. By our method of instruction we make you a skilled, practical plumber in a few months, so that you will be able to fill a good position or conduct a business of your own. Write for free catalog.

ST. LOUIS TRADES SCHOOL  
4445 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

## CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS

will soon be held in every state, 46,712 appointments last year. Full information about all Government Positions and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission free.

Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

## STAMMERER

PIONEER SCHOOL in teaching natural speech. Leader in advanced methods. Steadily progressive course. Trial week free. For catalogue address: RED SCHOOL, 373 Hubbard Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

# Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, November 21, 1908



## Mr. Kipling on Socialism

Rudyard Kipling has removed the button from his foil, and plunged for blood in his story in next week's Collier's, "The Adventures of Melissa." It is the most searching attack on Socialism that has appeared since Herbert Spencer lifted his voice. It mocks all the dearest tenets and pet beliefs of the wistful communistic brotherhood. No trick of invective, no magic of style, is omitted in ridiculing the new economic gospel. And yet never for a moment does he forget to tell his charming imaginative story, which proceeds swiftly along as if it carried no sting in its tale. If you are a rabid lover of the race, or an intensified individualist, you will be seized by the preachment. If you have an open ear for straight untroubled narration, here, too, is your heart's desire in creative prose. It is the story of the life and works of Melissa, the honey bee, who is fated to see the hive of her ancestors gradually rotted away and destroyed by the wax-moths of sweet speech and poisonous habits, whose "talk sounds like ivy honey tastes."

The real producers of the hive declare: "To make wax we must have stillness, warmth, and food." But the mob of bees will not permit the few to live in peace for the sake of the work. It pulls them down from their protected and producing life to the sterile unrest of the many. "I've a magnificent appetite, and I don't like working." Thus far Mr. Kipling shoots his arrows at Socialism and Work. Now he turns him to Socialism and the Home. One of the earnest young mothers says:

"Gray sister, she came and said we ought to be in the sunshine gathering honey, because life was short. She said any old bee could attend to our babies, and some day they would."

When finally the hive is destroyed by the "awful, solemn, lop-sided oddities, crawling and clambering and preaching and dirtying things in the dark," a wax-moth fluttered by the ruins. "There has been a miscalculation about the new day, my dears," she began, "one can't expect people to be perfect all at once. That was our mistake."

So in the self-same parable form as that in which Maeterlinck, in his "Life of the Bee," made his plea for the brotherhood propaganda, Mr. Kipling lashes out at the Socialist prophets. Perhaps in a Fable of Wasps, Bernard Shaw will parry and come back in defense of the Fabian fraternity. The pictorial treatment of Mr. Kipling's tract is in color and relieves the savage undertone. It deals wholly with the imaginative and story-telling elements of the tale.

## Fiction Number

Next week's Collier's is the Fiction Number for December. Along with Kipling's narrative sermon, we shall give two other stories. Gouverneur Morris tells the story of "The Bride's Dead." On a far-away island a shipwrecked party are shepherd by no admirable Crichton, but by a brutal and powerful sailor. This story, too, is illustrated in color.

Harvey J. O'Higgins places his story in the unknown romantic country that lies inside the gates of our largest and noisiest city. They say such things and they do such things to the Boxery on the stage and in most fiction that it is a blessed change to find it warmed and humanized in "In the Musée," where even the freaks live and breathe and suffer and talk naturally.

## Salt Mackerel



Families who are fond of Fish ought to get them direct from Gloucester, as no dealer anywhere else could possibly be in a position to offer you goods as perfect and wholesome as we can.

We sell only to the consumer direct, not through grocers or markets. We want to supply you, no matter how small your requirements.

We have done a mail order fish business for twenty-three years, sending the goods right to our customers' homes, prepaying all delivery charges and guaranteeing complete satisfaction or money refunded. We want to deal with you on the same terms.

If you are interested in good fish won't you drop us a postal that we may send you further information?

Our Salt Mackerel are tender, juicy fellows—broted for breakfast they are delicious.

Salt Codfish selected and prepared by our method is unexcelled.

Much of the fresh fish you buy in the market is at least several days old. Our Canned Fish being steam sterilized is absolutely fresh.


Our Fresh Lobsters in parchment lined cans go through no process except boiling (no preparation of any kind being used). Opened and packed solid in whole pieces as soon as taken from the water, they retain their crispness and natural flavor. Crab Meat, Shrimp and Clams have likewise a perfectly natural appearance and taste.

Our Salmon, Tunny and Imported Fish Delicacies are always the best produced, many being packed especially for our high class trade.

A selection of our Fish Products should always be in your store-room for daily use and for the preparation at a moment's notice of dozens of dainty or substantial dishes.

Frank E. Davis Fish Co., 24 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

Send for Descriptive Price List

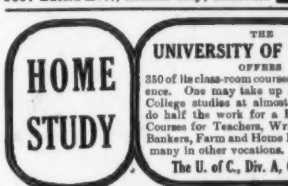


## Penmanship

BY MAIL

I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship. By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. I also teach Book-keeping and Shorthand. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.

C. W. RANSOM  
3887 Euclid Ave., Kansas City, Missouri



## HOME STUDY

### THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

OFFERS

250 of its class-room courses by correspondence. One may take up High School or College studies at almost any point and do half the work for a Bachelor degree. Courses for Teachers, Writers, Ministers, Bankers, Farm and Home Economists, and many in other vocations.

The U. of C., Div. A, Chicago, Ill.



## The ERICKSON LEG

The Largest Manufacturers of Artificial Limbs in the World.

For all Amputations. Patent Slip Socket. Send for Catalog "P."

Highest Awards. 75 Wash. Ave. N. Y.

E. H. ERICKSON LIMB CO. MINNEAPOLIS

## BABY COMFORTS that Comfort Mother

One pair "Baby Comfort" Shoes for Sunday, 75c. One "Baby Comfort" every day, 50c. Two Sanitary Waterproof Bibs, .35c. Two "Over-Diapers," 1.00c. One "Sheet, 18 x 24," .75c.

All for \$2.50, charges prepaid. Total Value, \$3.35. Money back if not satisfied. Give color of shoe preferred, length of foot, and waist measure for over-diapers. Agents wanted. A. CORNWALL, 148 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.



## BE A RAILWAY MAIL CLERK

We prepare you by mail to successfully pass the Civil Service examination. Our instruction embraces features no other school can give. If you want to be sure to pass get our free catalog. Write today.

The Wenatchee Railway Co. School  
Dept. C-8-171  
Freepost, Ill.

## AN OPEN AIR BED ROOM

Write for Free Literature.

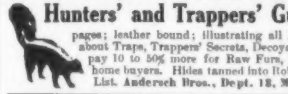
Walsh Window Tent Co., 311 Franklin Street  
MORRIS, ILL.

## MAKE MONEY DRAWING

ILLUSTRATORS AND CARTOONISTS are well paid. Send for free booklet, "MONEY IN DRAWING," tells how we teach illustrating by mail. We sell our students' work. Women succeed as well as men. Estb. 1885. The National Press Association, 54 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

## A SPLENDID INCOME

You can easily earn it, men and women, selling the Campbell Skirt Marker. Easy, quick seller. An excellent device, which every woman wants. Write for agency. McMartin Sales Co., 501 Ash St., Toledo, O.



## Hunters' and Trappers' Guide

\$10.00 Book. 450 pages; leather bound; illustrating all Fur Animals. All about Traps, Trappers' Secrets, Traps; Price \$1.00. We pay 10 to 50% more for Raw Fur, Hides, Skins than home buyers. Hides tanned into Robes. Send for Price List. Anderson Bros., Dept. 12, Minneapolis, Minn.

## RARE OLD PRINTS

add beauty and dignity to the home. We want American art-lovers to know and appreciate our fine Italian, French, German and Japanese Prints. As an introduction, we will send for \$1.00 an exquisite "Jugend" (Munich) Print in colors, framed in perfect taste. Six Prints, all different, for \$5.00.

MARSA COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York

## JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

REDUCED RATES on household goods to all Western points. 443 Marquette Building, Chicago; 1501 Wright Building, St. Louis; 831 Tremont Building, Boston; 505 Pacific Building, San Francisco; 900 Central Building, Los Angeles.

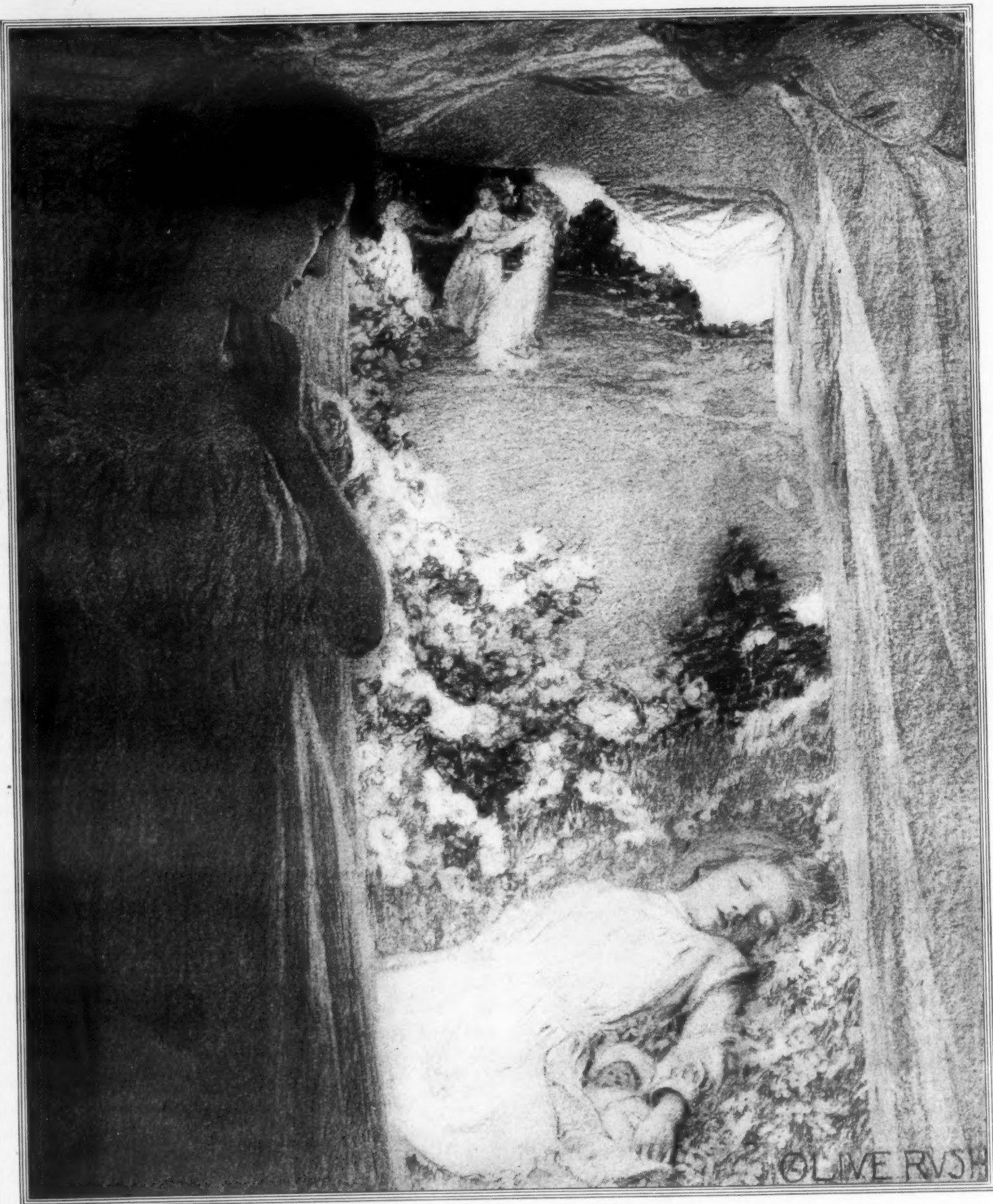
## PECANS GROW FORTUNES

On 5 acres of our Mississippi Gulf Coast lands costing \$200. For "paper-shell" pecan circular, address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, 277 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

## LOOKING FOR A SCHOOL OR CAMP?

YOU CAN FIND THE SCHOOL WANTED by writing School Agency, 527-41 Park Row, N. Y.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Drawn by OLIVE RUSH

## The Garden of Yesterday

By J. W. FOLEY

I KNOW a garden fair to see, where haunting memories there be  
Of treasures lost and joys of ours, forgotten, left among the flowers;  
Like toys of children strewn upon the playground of the leaf and lawn;  
And many stand without the gate who learn with hearts disconsolate  
It swings but out and none may go in search of treasures scattered so,  
For Time is keeper of the way—the Garden there is Yesterday.

ALL day I stood beside the gate from dawn to dusk, and saw them wait,  
To plead with him to clear the way, that they might search in Yesterday;  
But to them all he shook his head, "The way forever closed," he said;  
"I lost a child," the mother cried; "A sweetheart I," the lover sighed;  
"A song," the poet said, "was there, sweet-voiced, ineffable and rare;"  
But Time, unyielding, held the way: "The place is mine—'tis Yesterday!"

AND came a schoolgirl, tearful-eyed: "My playmate!" sorrowful, she cried;  
The felon said: "My liberty—will you not give it back to me?"  
"My gold," the miser prayed, "'tis there, the hoard I loved and could not spare;"  
"My youth is there," the old man said; the widow whispered low: "My dead."  
"My honor," faltered the weak knave; "My strength," the sodden, sotted slave;  
And one by one they came to pray they might go back to Yesterday.

AND somewhere in the Garden gleam the gems of innocence and dream;  
And somewhere are the loves that were: the eyes and cheeks, and lips of Her.  
Somewhere the hearts from sorrow free and all the joy that was to be;  
The peace of Honor yet unsoiled; Ambition's sweetness still unspoiled;  
The ties of love, the strength of youth, the hearts of hope, the ways of truth;  
But Time is keeper of the way—the place is his, 'tis Yesterday!





# Collier's

The National Weekly

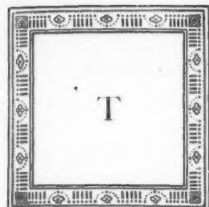
P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK



## A Desire



THIS PAPER WISHES to reveal many sides of life. It tries to give a running news description and commentary on the external events in the troubled world of politics, sport, drama, travel, and national and international life. At this point it is a weekly newspaper, with a kodak eye and a reporter's mind. Then, in a little deeper way, COLLIER'S tries to interpret democracy. Its wish, at least, is to understand national life with clear sympathy: to interpret the rush and nervous intensity of the East, the love of wise progress and the hospitable heart of the Middle West, the charm of the South, and the joy of life and the immense unplumbed natural resources of the Far West. It would like to think itself of service to the American people in helping them to see in what direction flow the main currents in national life—toward what we are making, so swiftly and blindly. In this mood it likes to join some State in amending its Senator when he injects corruption into his reactionary temperament. In similar militant mood it finds self-expression in hurling itself at patent medicines and false prophets and well-hidden brewers. It seems good and stirring, every little while, to right the wrong with impassioned gesture. But straining and creaking ethics and a throbbing moral purpose do not wholly content—they are a seasoning to life, a prick to the well-fed, a joy to the tired crusader, a touch of purple in a sea of gray. There is still another note which we very much wish to keep striking—the string that vibrates to the elemental things that lie so much deeper than social reforms and industrial progress and the proud march of civilization. So we would wish to shape our articles, many of them, to express the mere goodness of life; the sense of well-being that comes from hard work mastered; the pleasures of outdoor living; "some tone on the hills or the sea choicer than the rest;" the sure joys of home life; friendship; the peace that the world can neither give nor take away.

## Feasts

THANKSGIVING stands to most not as a memorial to the Pilgrim Fathers, nor yet as a day of sacred gratitude for prosperity and crops, but rather as a holiday marked by food. After loosened girths, when at last, in the phrasing of that traditional college girl, gastronomic satiety admonishes one that he has reached the ultimate stage of deglutition, there perhaps is to be traced often even pride in the accomplishment, rather than the more suitable shame. If so, humility may be recaptured by studying the feats of those who went before us. Our forebears could outeat us easily. Observe the items for a feast in honor of the Archbishop of York in the year 1466:

"Three hundred quarters of wheat, three hundred tuns of ale, one hundred tuns of wine, one pint of hypocras, a hundred and four oxen, six wild bulls, a thousand sheep, three hundred and four calves, the same number of swine, four hundred swans, two thousand geese, a thousand capons, two thousand pigs, four hundred plovers, a hundred dozen of quails, two hundred dozen of the birds called 'rees,' a hundred and four peacocks, four thousand mallards and teals, two hundred and four cranes, two hundred and four kids, two thousand chickens, four thousand pigeons, four thousand crabs, two hundred and four bitterns, four hundred herons, two hundred pheasants, five hundred partridges, four hundred woodcocks, one hundred curlews, a thousand egrettes, more than five hundred stags, bucks, and roes, four thousand cold venison pasties, a thousand 'parted' dishes of jelly, three thousand plain dishes of jelly, four thousand cold baked tarts, fifteen hundred hot venison pasties, two thousand hot custards, six hundred and eight pikes and breams, twelve porpoises and seals, with a proportionate quantity of spices, sugared delicacies, and wafers or cakes."

The number of guests consuming the above is not recounted, but enough is known to realize that the English of those days overate themselves far more violently than we do to-day. They were as far from us in one direction as the Japanese are in another. Think of the connection between civilization and food, and take less turkey than you can eat—pleasantly flavored with a little cranberry, most fascinating sauce.

## Thanksgiving

ROASTED CHESTNUTS, well-cooked turkey, the tawny pumpkin pie, and the swollen larder are playful symbols of the holy day, the purpose of which is to bid defiance to oncoming winter. Men make

them a fire, and heap the table and gather their friends that they may voice their unconcern for the sullen months just ahead. Thanksgiving Day is the stirrup-cup to the long journey. We rejoice that we may rise and march again. Thanksgiving Day is the scarlet banner that we throw out to the November winds. We accept the challenge of winter, the rigors of unlovely climate, the gathering of snowdrifts. Frozen and wind-whipped and driven to cover, we make of man's natural enemies the orchestral accompaniment to his banqueting, and listen to the north wind driving down the street as to stringed instruments—a lullaby of gray wolves. Man tunes him a chorus from the implacable elements in his own destiny. He rears an altar to the powers that flay him, sacrifices strange birds and beasts to his unruly fate, and drinks to the everlasting memory of his agony.

## The President of Harvard

THE STRENGTH OF OUR RACE, the fine and lasting strength, could not anywhere find a more favorable example than CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT. After almost forty years at the head of a great university, he stands as the most creative force of our day in education, and at the same time as a model of American citizenship and character. In him power and refinement have been wedded always; scholarship with originality; settled principles with willingness to initiate. At seventy-four, active, well, and keen, he sees the world with as bright an eye as when at thirty-five he undertook the task of ruling Harvard, as alert a mind, as buoyant a heart. It would take long to tell what he has done: Mr. CHILD, in this issue, tells a little. Now that the end of his definite labors is in sight, the United States realizes that, from the ideal and permanent standpoint, the four quarters of our land include no man of higher worth.

## Standard Oil and the Press

A DIVERSION OF OURS is arguing with our contemporaries, big and little, on a multitude of topics. Sometimes the publications are powerful, like Mr. HEARST's papers, and sometimes they are obscure, like the Hoopeston "Chronicle" and "Leslie's Weekly." It may seem rather hard-hearted to pound at a weekly which has almost no circulation and almost no business, but the methods of oil and glucose for influencing public opinion have significance. "Leslie's Weekly" scolded us for our unfavorable comments on PENROSE, DU PONT, and statesmen of that type. We explained this attack by indicating the recent purchase of the paper by the Standard Oil interests. "Leslie's" has answered with transparent timidity. It states that "no director of the Standard Oil Company has ever been the owner of a share of stock or a dollar of the bonds of the Judge Company," and then it accuses us of being troubled by its competition. This last point might be treated from the point of view of humor, as "Leslie's" business is so small that it is not even included among the seventeen leading periodicals whose advertising record is kept in our office. Humor, however, is not what is called for by the multiform activities of the great corporations. Therefore we put down the following small selection from among the facts which are positively known to us:

The bonds of the Judge Company, which owns "Leslie's" as well as "Judge," are divided into three sets, designated as A, B, and C. The A bonds had sold as low as 21, and never, we believe, above 30. Imagine, then, when 40 was offered for one set by a mysterious purchaser, represented by the City Real Estate Company, with what alacrity it was accepted. A little later further fainting was caused by another offer, this time at 75; which also, naturally, was accepted. Again the purchaser was represented by a blind—the Title Guarantee and Trust Company. It happens that the City Real Estate Company is a subordinate corporation of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company. It also happens that the real owner of the purchased bonds, who chooses to hide his ownership by means of these companies, is a director in the Standard Oil Company, a director in various affiliated companies, and a high official in a glucose company.

The above contribution to corporation history is sufficient for the present. We trust no future denials will force us to give some details



—many of them sordid—which we have deemed it best to refrain from including in this story. “Leslie’s,” however, can doubtless force more out of us if it cares to try again.

### Competition

THE IDEA OF RIVALRY, ridiculous as it is in the form touched upon in the last paragraph, has a real interest in the higher ranks of journalism. Rivalry is productive of much good. We have formidable competitors, many of them, and rejoice in their power. They are formidable, not only for their circulation and their business success, but for their influence; because they represent not any special interests controlling them, but the whole people, and because they speak the truth. We have often had occasion to take off our hat, among others, to “McClure’s Magazine,” the pioneer among recent periodicals in public service; to the ambitious and well-balanced “American Magazine”; to the “Ladies’ Home Journal,” which had led many good causes and is editorially leading another at the present moment. “Everybody’s” has accomplished desirable things. Among weeklies, the “Saturday Evening Post” has a notable instinct for popularity—popularity which is never harmful. We are glad to see “Harper’s” losing some of its inspired Wall Street flavor and gaining in influence as it has in independence. The “Outlook” and the “Independent” are steady forces for progress. The “Literary Digest” is indispensable. Such competition is more than welcome. The day of journalistic jealousy is passing. There are enough big things in this republic for all of us to do, and more than all of us combined can do. We wish sincerely (to return for a moment to “Leslie’s”) that that publication, feeble at the present moment, and kept alive by paid write-ups disguised as news, might buy itself back to freedom, might buy itself away from corporations which wish a secret mouthpiece, and become one of that band of monthlies and weeklies a part of which we have mentioned. Our feelings toward the struggling weekly are potentially of the friendliest, and if it ever does gain its liberty, and if it then shows any sign of wishing to become something better than a little catspaw of big business, it will have no heartier well-wisher than ourselves.

### Among the Wounded

IN EVERY WAR good men fall. Some of those who went down on November 3 will, doubtless, rise again. The Republican machine got its knife into Senator COLBY of New Jersey, but they have not made an end of him. He has proved so well his courage, sincerity, and superior quality that the day will surely come when the people will put him back into public life. The knifing of him was in Newark, just as FOLK was beaten by the enormous majorities in the big cities of St. Louis and Kansas City, where the machines got in their work. FOLK had a special obstacle, as the independent and independent-Democratic vote went solid for HADLEY for Governor, and, of course, those who voted Republican at this election could not vote on the question of who should be the Democratic candidate before the Legislature for Senator. Had the issue not been thus complicated, FOLK would have won.

### Elihu Root

MEXICO is a natural place from which to receive a eulogy of Mr. ROOT, for it is one of the places in which that man’s great ability has been shown.

“MEXICO, D. F., October 22, 1908.

“TO THE EDITOR OF COLLIER’S:

“Your recent article declaring against Mr. Root for appointment to the Supreme bench was a shock. To one who has had some opportunity of judging of this man’s impartiality and integrity of purpose—but without ever coming into personal contact with him—your faint praise seems as unjust and ill-considered as your estimates of men and manners are usually just and well-considered. Have the American people become such corporation-haters that to have practised as a corporation lawyer constitutes a blot upon one’s career? . . .

“Rest assured that the confidence of the people in the judiciary would not be ‘destroyed’ by Mr. Root’s appointment to the Supreme bench. The American people judge more liberally. If cynicism there be, it is in the make-up of the critic who wrote the article, rather than in the man criticized. Yours faithfully,

“FRED. F. BARKER.”

Although our opinion remains unchanged that there would be some reason to regret Mr. Root’s presence on the Supreme bench—excellent judge as he would make—there can be no doubt of the advisability of keeping him, if possible, in public life. As Secretary of State he has been the same brilliant success that he was as Secretary of War. If he is tired of being Secretary of State, he ought to have no difficulty in becoming Senator from New York. What a contrast! To-day the Empire State Senators are DEPEW and PLATT. Three years hence they may be ELIHU ROOT and THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

### Outrageous Science

THE BELOVED TUSITALA sings:

“The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;  
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,  
On streets and fields and harbor quays,  
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.”

Now a Californian declares that the moon is a myth. He says that

what we have always taken for that orb is nothing but “a picture of a portion of the solar ring reflected against space by the sun.” There are many astronomical ornaments that could better be ravished away by science.

“Take, if you must, the Milky Way,  
But spare your country’s moon,” we say.

Take the Aurora Borealis, gorgeous oriflamme of the North, or the meteors, fireflies of the zenith, or the Dipper, beloved of children. To quench the moon would be to disrupt the social structure. What would become of midsummer minor poetry, of comic opera, of jokes upon duplex vision? Of the Man in the Moon, the Girl with the Psyche Knot, and the Man Shooting Ducks?

### Hair

ATON OF CHINESE HAIR recently arrived from the Far East, destined for the heads of women, after being made into what are known as “rats.” M. MARCEL, prince of Parisian capillary artists, was recently the guest of honor at a banquet given him by the hairdressers of London. As he entered the hall of feasting, he was acclaimed by the band, which struck into: “See, the Conquering Hero Comes!” He it is who invented a method of “waving” the hair which no woman can consummate unaided. Twenty-eight years ago he perfected his process; to-day he has a château in Normandy. Until recently, by the way, curls from off the heads of peasant maids in Normandy and Brittany were adorning more patrician brows in Paris. Now the supply is no longer equal to the demand, and France also depends on Chinese importations. Says ADDISON:

“I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans. . . .

“A woman who was but a pygmy without her head-dress appeared like a colossus upon putting it on. . . . The women might possibly have carried this Gothic building much higher had not a famous monk, THOMAS CONNECTE by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man traveled from place to place to preach down this monstrous comode; and succeeded so well in it that, as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their head-dresses in the middle of his sermon and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit.”

A crusader of the twentieth century would have to preach with eloquence to inspire like results to-day. And the men, less efficiently equipped, keep busy the hair doctors and also buy large quantities of advertised hair restorers. The natural covering of the head, alas, probably is doomed. Some hundreds of centuries from now all of us, apparently, will be bald. Consolation, however, can be drawn from the knowledge that gradually baldness will come to seem as beautiful as now does smoothness on the cheek.

### Edward in a Flurry

THE PRESS AGENT likes the King of England. He has always treated of him fondly, but now he has surpassed himself. He is speaking of the last appearance in London of Mlle. GENÉE, and he says:

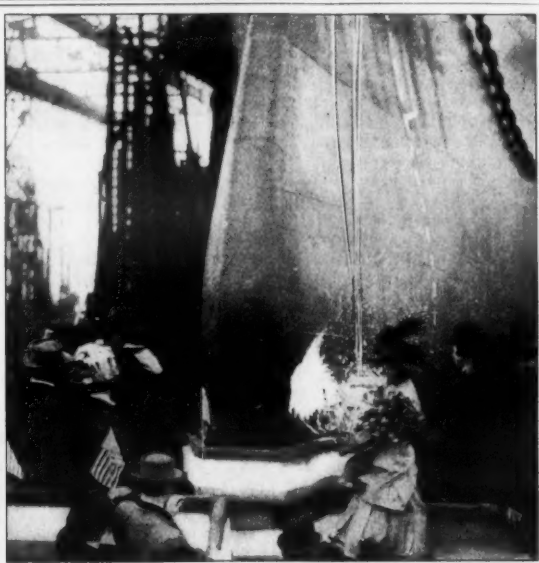
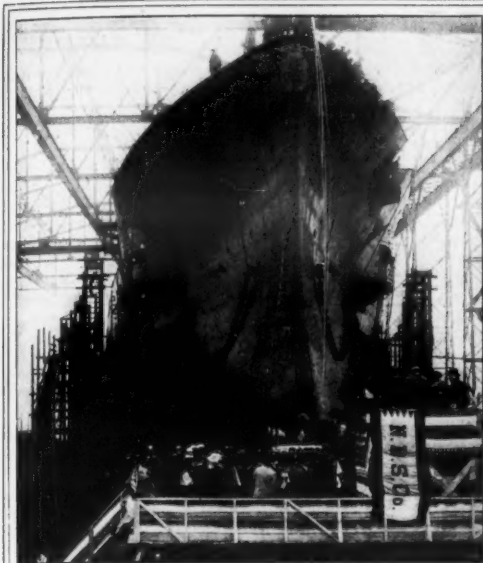
“King EDWARD, for the first time in his varied career, became so enthused and joyed as the dancer sprang on the stage that he, much to the amazement of the throng of crownheads present, actually forgot his dignity to the extent of arising to his feet and clapping his hands with merriment.”

“Joyed” and “the throng of crownheads” are certainly “going some.” If the style is the man, this press agent must truly be a sight.

### A Chance for Octopi

“JORNAL DO BRASIL,” Rio de Janeiro Daily. Largest Circulation in South America. Cable Address Fernal. Telephone 3058 Gramercy; North American Department, Bureau of Information about Brazil, Translations, 1 Madison Avenue, New York.” This comprehensive letter-head is found at the top of a communication recently received at this office, stating that a well-equipped agency of the Brazilian newspaper has been established at the above address. The New York representatives go on to say that a large room is set aside in their building in Rio for the exhibition of United States merchandise advertised in their paper, that they use the linotype and the best United States printing presses, and that they will be glad to furnish any one information about Brazil. Simultaneously arrives the Bulletin of the Bureau of American Republics, which the enterprise and news-sense of the Hon. JOHN BARRETT is making a magazine instead of a dreary aggregation of consular reports. There are many alluring photographs of the Brazilian Exposition which was opened in August, of crowds and parks and soldiers and ranches in other parts of South America. Specially interesting is an article by Mr. BARRETT himself on irrigation in Latin America, illustrated with photographs of some of the great storage reservoirs in Mexico and the Argentine. About two and a half million acres in the Peruvian coast region can be irrigated. Similar conditions exist in the other republics, and the water-power possibilities have scarcely been touched. In our own West the second generation is beginning to fear the exploitations of private capital, and the people want to own their own power plants and irrigation canals. Having fulfilled their usefulness here, why do not our wicked octopi flee to South America, where the first pioneering is in most cases yet to be done, and their strong arms would be welcome?



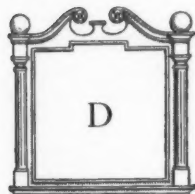


Launching the "North Dakota," the \$7,000,000 "Dreadnought," at Quincy, Massachusetts, November 10

# Navy Control

*Need of Reorganization—Rule by Experts Versus Rule by Politicians  
—What the American Navy System is and What it Ought to be*

By C. P. CONNOLLY



DO THE people of this country realize that the destiny of the American navy—perhaps, in a crisis, the destiny of this country—is in the hands of Eugene Hale, a civilian and a Senator from the State of Maine? Do they know that his good or ill will now toward any particular policy of the navy may mean victory or defeat in a time of great national peril? Dewey cut the cable at Manila because there was business of importance ahead that May morning. It is time the American people cut the ribbons which enable Senator Hale to drive their navy as if it were a private four-in-hand.

If an honest, open, free-for-all, square-deal investigation were had of the expenditures of our Navy Department, in all its ramifications, the present automobile craze would, in comparison, be looked upon as a criterion of economy. But we will probably not get it under Hale or Cannon. Hale put his foot firmly down at a recent investigation and announced that the "committee" would not go into the very subject for which the investigation was called. He was willing to whitewash and protect his protégés, but farther than that he would not go—and he did not go. Nothing is going to happen in the Navy Department so long as it runs against the grain of his pleasure, and one of the things that won't happen while he is in command of the \$130,000,000 that we now spend annually on the navy is a thorough investigation. When the history of the past ten or fifteen years comes to be written, it will be known as the era of the sleek, well-fed, well-groomed, conscience-slackened statesman.

Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney, as far back as 1885, said in his first report: "It must be evident that there is something radically wrong with the department. The universal dissatisfaction is the conclusive proof of this. It is expressed to me by influential members of both political parties, and quite universally by the naval officers, coupled with the hope and expectation that some remedy may be found and severely applied."

Secretary Whitney then went on to enumerate some of the things he found. That was when the navy appropriations were small. "The open purchases of the Navy Department," he said, "for the year ending June 30, 1885, amounted to \$841,285.84, while the purchases by contract amounted to only a little over a million." One hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars of the amount paid for open purchases—that is, informal purchases—was spent by the seven bureaus, each acting independently of the other, for coal bought, not in one lot, but in 166 different purchases. Two hundred and ninety-nine different purchases were made of stationery. One order for \$61,000 worth of canvas was given to a person who was not a dealer in the article, and at a time when there was the usual supply of canvas on hand. The limit for any single purchase at the time was \$500, so the canvas was paid for in \$500 payments each. It took a little time and patience to get the \$61,000 out of the Treasury, but graft is always patient and bides its time. Coal was purchased by different paymasters from the same person, on or about the same days, deliverable at the very same place, of like quality and character, but at prices differing from fifty cents to sixty-five cents a ton. Did the coal-dealer make the

difference or the paymaster? And now listen to what Secretary Whitney said then, because it is significant in the light of the action of naval committees who simply announce that they will not investigate:

"These abuses (quite inevitable in the absence of a proper system) were investigated and exposed by Congressional committees years ago; but by recent investigations I find the same order of things largely existing down to a recent date, and the same men named in the Congressional report, holding substantially the same relation to the department as before, and with the same scandalous results."

The Senate Naval Committee is composed of Eugene Hale of Maine (chairman), George C. Perkins of California, Thomas C. Platt of New York, Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania, Jacob H. Gallinger of New Hampshire, Julius C. Burrows of Michigan, Charles Dick of Ohio, Benjamin R. Tillman of South Carolina, Thomas S. Martin of Virginia, and Samuel D. McEnery of Louisiana. Each of these is entitled to a "slice" of the one hundred millions annually, to be spent among his constituency, and, if the truth were known, some of them get it—even Tillman, who, in all the Dervish dances with which he has regaled the Senate, not once has turned the prongs of his pitchfork on Hale. He never loses his presence of mind so far as to forget Hale's power of retaliation.

## A Navy Yard for Cottillions



THE Mare Island Navy Yard on the Pacific Coast (meaning Perkins of California) cost \$17,000,000. Its drydock will not permit the docking of a battleship. Some of our ships can't even get within hailing distance of the Mare Island Yard because of the shoalness of the water. In 1907 we spent \$1,620,678.88 for \$928,582.97 worth of work there. Where did the rest go? We have a sort of straddling navy yard at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The Piscataqua River empties down there, and on one side is Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and on the other side is Kittery, Maine. Half of the navy yard is in Kittery and the other half in Portsmouth. A large number of voters in both States work in it, and it is fair to assume that they are all full-fledged citizens, and that the man who didn't register or vote would not be slow seeking another job. That navy yard cost us \$10,000,000, and last year we spent \$792,760.05 for \$418,804.12 worth of work there. No battleship commander in all the past years since it was built would dare have tried to get within any distance of this navy yard until within the past year, when the approach was made navigable. The channel was too narrow and the current too swift. It was a good place for society cottillions, though. Besides, there is no strategic or other necessity for a navy yard so close to the Boston Navy Yard. Yet we have gone on, year after year—or rather Hale and Gallinger have—appropriating our money for expenses and improvements there, which keep Maine and New Hampshire safely in the Hale and Gallinger political drydocks. The people of Maine and New Hampshire never even take a sounding. Last year we spent on the New Orleans Navy Yard \$78,274.05, and we netted in actual value \$1,046. The drydock there has been used twice. Admiral Porter, years ago, recommended its abandonment. Yet in the last seven years

we have spent on that \$2,126,971. The Charleston, South Carolina, Navy Yard cost \$3,394,300, and the dredging to try to make it fit \$108,000. During the last five years we disbursed on that \$213,213.75, but got not one cent in value for it. Still, forgetting it was a derelict, and following the habit of appropriation, we appropriated \$287,000 on the "yard" last year. Tillman had to have his "slice" for South Carolina and the others had to give it to him for fear he would break out on the floor of the Senate. No wonder some of these Senators can boast that they are unlike their Western brethren—they don't buy their way into the Senate. They don't—not with their own money.

Years ago Rear-Admiral G. W. Sumner pointed out that there was no place less fitted for a navy yard than Charleston, South Carolina.

We spent over a million dollars on the Port Royal, South Carolina, drydock. Once Admiral Evans tried to dock a battleship there and nearly lost her. The naval officials held their breath while he went in and came out. That was the first and last time that drydock was used.

## The Appropriation Farce



AND yet this farce of appropriations goes on. Instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. Some Congressmen and Senators, knowing these things, instead of calling public attention to them—despairing of that doing any good, perhaps, or being afraid of the displeasure of Cannon or Hale—have fallen in line and tried to get a "slice" of the one hundred millions so complacently appropriated each year, without ever a thought as to where it goes, or whether it will ever come back. You see, it is not a business proposition—all we have to do for all this money is to show some ships. That's the profit in the business. And if the ships look good, nobody looks further. Everybody seems to think that if we subscribe \$130,000,000 annually for the navy, without any regard to what becomes of the money, we can whip anything that floats. If we had anything like a business administration of the Navy Department—if "Senatorial courtesy" were not a hypocritical mask for easy public money—we could build many more ships on just as much money as we spend now bribing by appropriations these voters and Legislatures in the different States to return these Treasury-raiders to Congress.

These things were all done in the Indian Bureau years ago, when they drove the cattle round the corral a dozen times and counted the same steer and collected for it from the Government a dozen times over. It has been done in Government contracts over and over. No writ of injunction has ever been potent enough to lie against it; no Federal court has ever reversed on a technicality the right of these politicians to carry on this form of public larceny. It's a game so many can play at if nobody makes any noise, and the louder the public paeans which greet the sight of our splendid fleet the deeper Hale and the gang put their hands in the bag and the more they divide in the alley. Let us remember that while our eyes are on the Standard Oil a lot of pick-pockets may be getting in their work.

There are drydocks capable of taking in the *Delaware* class of battleships, that is to say, the new 20,000-ton *Dreadnought* type. Such is the drydock at League Island, for instance. But their water approaches are insufficient. If a battleship should reach port in a sinking condition, with abnormal draft—the very time when the services of a drydock would be most urgently needed—there is no drydock that could take in the sinking vessel.

But that is not the only trouble with our Navy Department, nor by any means the most menacing or imminent. The navy must be maintained in time of peace—a simple problem—but it must be used in time of war, and it must be so maintained that it may be successfully used—which is another problem, and by far the more important. It involves more directly the national honor, and it decides whether the money and effort which have been expended in time of peace shall have been expended efficiently or not.

When the Spanish War came upon us, Commodore Dewey was at Hongkong. The Navy Department had sent him no preliminary orders. He didn't know anything about the ultimate policy, or what the ultimate plan of campaign would be. The Navy Department didn't itself know. Dewey should have moved two or three days sooner than he did—and two or three days sometimes are vital. But our Washington officials were only aroused to the necessity of giving Admiral Dewey an order by a cablegram from Dewey informing them that the British Governor of Hongkong insisted that our fleet must leave there. We were so dazed by the immediate exigencies of war that the English Government had to prod us in the ribs to wake us up. Then our Washington authorities issued an order, and not till then. They told Dewey to proceed to the Philippine Islands and capture or destroy the Spanish fleet. In other words, they gave him the stereotyped war order, in the phraseology of the signal code, which, literally translated, read: "Go ahead and do the best you can. We give it up."

Here are a lot of ships which must be vitalized into the most active, efficient, and telling machine at a moment's notice. They must strike, if they are to strike at all, in the nick of time. If political bargains, or if suicidal red tape, or if incompetency and self-conceit interfere to the neglect of fleet efficiency, then Heaven help the country that has been contributing \$130,000,000 annually for the construction and maintenance of the ships. Not only is the money gone, but the honor of the country and the colossal indemnities of war.

The Russian navy at the time of the Japanese War demonstrated clearly that a mere collection of ships, a mere mass of material, even though greatly superior to the material of an opposing nation, will not insure victory in time of war, if there is no proper, well-considered plan ready for instant adoption when war comes. The Russian navy, in ships and material, taken as a whole, was greatly more powerful than that of Japan; but it was completely destroyed by an inferior navy because

the ships were not sent to the right place at the right time, and the fleets and squadrons were not drilled, mobilized, and concentrated as they should have been. The Japanese were enabled to smash the different squadrons in detail. There was no judgment whatever shown in the general management of the Russian fleets, the divisions of which practically worked independently, giving no support one to the other. One of the officers with the Russian fleet, who was afterward killed, pathetically wrote his wife and expressed his utter and complete lack of confidence in the Russian plan of campaign because of the very conditions which exist in our navy to-day—that there was no military direction at the head, no system, no coordination. On the contrary, he wrote, the Japanese anticipated everything, knew exactly what they were going to do, and worked in accordance with an intelligent, carefully considered plan.

### Eight Independent Bureaus

HERE have been fleets powerful in numbers of ships and guns, manned by a personnel of good fighting material, and yet wholly inefficient for purposes of war," wrote Rear-Admiral Stephen B. Luce (retired) recently in the "North American Review."

Our Navy Department is composed of eight independent bureaus, each one looking out for itself, zealously perhaps and in a way perhaps efficiently—each one jealous of the other, more or less, and none of them with time to consider a condition of war, so busy are they in routine work.

When the Civil War began, it was immediately recognized that the navy bureaus were incompetent to carry on war, and Mr. G. V. Fox, who had been a naval officer and had subsequently engaged in a business career, was made Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and practically became the General Staff of the navy. It was recognized that there was no force in the Navy Department—no individual, no organization, that had the time or the ability to wrestle with those problems of strategy and tactics and where to send the navy and what to do with it. The bureau chiefs were busy with their legitimate duties of preparing material and recruiting the personnel and dividing the clothes and the food, and of course the civilian Secretary had no real knowledge of war or how to prosecute war. Matters were much the same in the army. Until General Grant took command, there had been no recognized head and no recognized general policy controlling the movements of our armies to effectuate a common purpose and a certain result. There had been division of counsels, mistake after mistake. Like Napoleon (Grant became his own board of strategy and handled the situation practically with undivided military responsibility. It was, no doubt, a study of the mistakes and errors of the Civil War that caused Von Moltke to outline such a perfect system for the German army. In the war with Spain it was at once recognized that the naval bureau chiefs were too busy with the details of their own bureaus and that the Secretary of the Navy had no advisers with the leisure and knowledge combined who were available to direct the general policy and strategy of the war. The strategy or war board was called hurriedly into being, to consider questions which should have been considered and to make plans which should have been thoroughly studied and digested months before. The plan which Von Moltke had followed about thirty years before, or the plan which has since been adopted for our army under Secretary Root, should have been followed in the organization of our navy.

For many years after the War of 1812 the general policy of the navy was controlled under the Secretary by a Board of Naval Commissioners. Their work was intelligently and efficiently performed, until the navy expanded to such an extent that the Board of Naval Commissioners was not able to control the peace routine, the work of construction, and the consideration of matters of general policy and naval strategy. A scheme of reorganization was proposed which resulted in the bureau sys-

tem. It provided adequately for the peace routine, the building of ships, and the recruiting of the service, but omitted to provide any individual or any board of competent officers or advisers for the Secretary of the Navy, whose duty it should be to consider matters of general policy and naval strategy for the effective use of the naval material—the ships—in case war came. When the war with Spain came, that country was in worse condition than we were. Its navy was in a state of utter unpreparedness. Before Cervera sailed for Santiago he called the attention of his Navy Department to the fact that there was no plan, no preparation. His ships were not ready. There had been no anticipation of the conditions that he might be required to meet. He started out with a feeling of hopelessness and helplessness.

"What can be more infamous than the conduct of our navy?" asked Polityovsky, Engineer-in-Chief of Rojstvensky's squadron. "They have the impertinence to say: 'Who dare criticize us?' When will there be an end to this inefficiency, bragging, and conceit? . . . Naval work they do not understand. They do not serve for war and are not prepared for it. The navy is for them the means of getting all the good things of life. . . . Every one acts as he thinks fit. There are no plans, forethought, or system. . . . Can there be success under these conditions? . . . We might win, but it would only be by chance. With us, it is the old system called 'perhaps' and the old game of trust to luck."

Is it worth while to take these lessons to ourselves? The luck of the Spanish war spoiled the American people and shut their eyes to true conditions. In the acclaim of victory the difficulties and worries of the commanders were forgotten. The only thing the Spanish war proved was the efficiency of our personnel and the ability of the officers to handle ships and squadrons and to meet the emergencies that arose. Compared with the efficiency of our navy of to-day, our marksmanship was poor and would have remained so to-day but for the fact that President Roosevelt interested himself personally in the subject. The nations with which we would be most apt to be involved to-day, if war came, study these problems of preparedness and strategy in a serious manner, and they do not forget, in time of peace, what the demands of a state of war may be. If on the high seas we should meet now the naval forces of a nation which is organized for war, and whose whole fleet is ready for instant and intelligent action, we may appreciate the fatal mistake of waiting until war is actually upon us before putting our navy in the hands, not of statesmen and Government cliques, but of those who actually know war and its strategy.

### Efficiency and Preparedness the Test

THE whole essence of spending millions on a navy is the efficiency of the battleship, the fighting efficiency of the fleet, and the absolute preparedness of the whole navy to move instantly and in the right direction, in accordance with the principles of naval warfare and naval strategy, as soon as war is threatened. It would be a poor fire department that lacked its chief whose eye was constantly on its readiness for the alarm, or that depended upon the directive energies of the city council in a great conflagration. It is fatal to follow longer the past folly, and to wait until war is upon us before we call into legal being any board of individuals who are competent to consider the demands of war. The building of our engines of war and our preparation for war are both in the hands of bureau chiefs, many of whom know little of ships, some of whom have never been to sea. When war comes, they step aside and say to those who are hastily summoned to take charge: "Here, take this job off our hands. It doesn't look good to us." Certain of these bureau officers are called "admirals," but they don't perform any of the functions and have none of the knowledge required of an admiral. When a member of Congress rises in his place and speaks of the opinion of one of these "admirals," giving him a

rank to which he is not entitled, except by custom and consent, the people, not knowing the difference, give this "admiral's" opinion the same weight and the same respect that they do that of the real admiral who really does go to sea and who really does command ships and fleets.

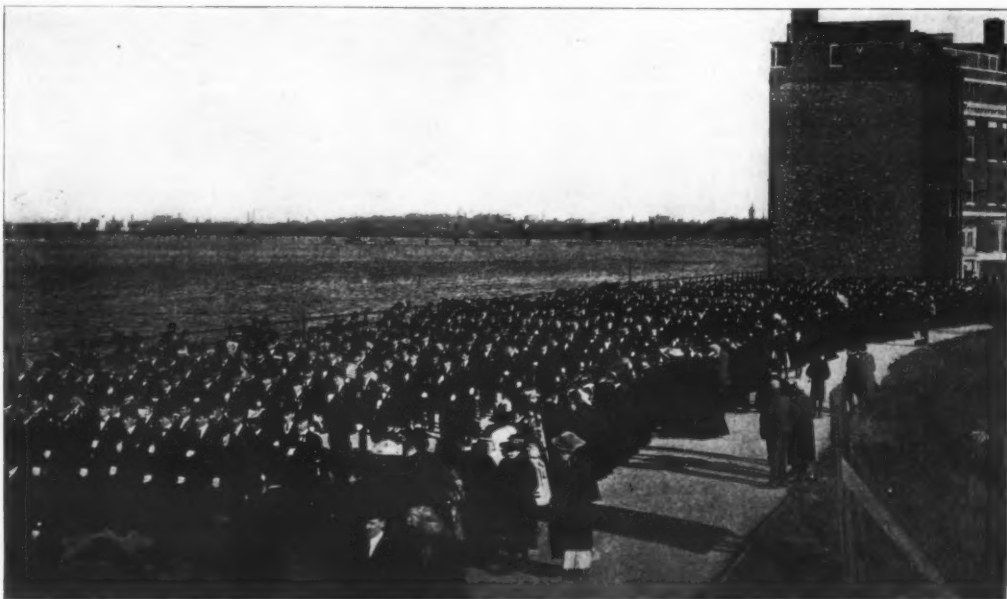
There were two classmates who served together at the Naval Academy, one of whom graduated high in his class and the other was dismissed for misconduct. The latter afterward entered one of the staff corps of the navy, through political influence, and reached the rank of captain two years ahead of his classmate, who remained and graduated with distinction. There are numerous cases where the unsuccessful man in his class got to positions of high rank and big pay ahead of his classmate who took all the hard knocks of the service but hadn't any political pull. In the eyes of the public, who naturally applaud success, because they see it, rather than merit, which they do not see, the political admiral is just as great a military genius as the line man.

### Pugnacious Public Opinion the Need

POLITICALLY, his influence is far greater, because he has social opportunities in Washington of meeting the political powers in Congress, while the real admiral, who is guileless in the arts of the lobby, anyhow, is tending his ships and his sailors at sea. What we want is a pugnacious public opinion—prompt, vigorous, and emphatic—which will rout the politicians from their comfortable cushions in the Navy and Treasury Departments, and which will keep always before it the picture of the contending Russian and Japanese fleets and the words of Petrovsky, the Russian engineer. Our country has become a first-rate power, while we are still running our navy on the plan of the district school. If any one had heard a certain great citizen of this country, standing in the War Department office during the Spanish-American War and hurling volleys of plain-spoken denunciation of the incompetency, inefficiency, and downright ignorance of the responsible officers whom he was addressing, he would not only suddenly awaken to the critical peril of unpreparedness and inefficiency, but he would realize, after all, that republics, as well as monarchies, are often governed by mediocrity. Neither would he be surprised to learn that Washington was forced to complain that during the colonial war, through the connivance of his officers, many of his soldiers were on leaves of absence, working on their own plantations or on the plantations of others while drawing pay from the public.

What is needed? A few years ago Secretary Root reorganized the War Department. Complaints had been made which were hushed, because if their specifications had become public there would have been panic and rebellion in the army. In the "Century" for November, 1899, President Roosevelt had written: "The army [in the Spanish War] did its work by sheer dogged courage and hard fighting in spite of an unpreparedness which almost brought disaster upon it, and would, without doubt, actually have done so had not the defects and shortcomings of the Spanish administration been even greater than our own." Secretary Root's attention was called to the recommendations of Brevet Major-General Emory Upton. General Upton had called attention to the fact that the same unpreparedness which President Roosevelt called attention to in our Spanish War had occurred in all our wars, bringing upon us vast and unnecessary losses in lives and treasure, and leaving with us a pension debt which exceeds to date the cost of our navy's maintenance for twenty-five years to come. We are, as a matter of fact, paying more for our pensions than Germany pays for her army. He cited from each of our wars incident after incident, mistake after mistake, and made a stinging arraignment of our military system—stinging in the force and moral impact of its undisputed facts. These recommendations of General

(Continued on page 50)



The parade of 40,000 members of Holy Name Society in Boston on November 1. At the left is the reviewing stand, with Mayor Hibbard, Archbishop O'Connell, and Cardinal Gibbons (from left to right). The parade was the climax in the five days' celebration of the Catholic Centennial



# President Eliot

University Executive and Eminent Citizen—Gentle, Fearless, Untiring

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD



THE sharpness of late October was in the air. In the gloom of the fall dusk, which was lightened and warmed, here and there, by the glow of windows in the Harvard College yard, one who had come to see President Eliot walked up and down before the white walls of University Hall. The sky was full of somber, rushing wind clouds, and the old elms rustled their last leaves as if to attract the attention of the young men in shadowy forms who passed and repassed, diagonally over these ancient paths. Over there were new buildings—newly enlisted in the ranks. The place must have changed much in a quarter of a century! And if ghosts of old-time pedagogues and scholars do come back later to shiver in the chilly moonlight they must be fully satisfied with their own observations and gossip. They must, perforce, give the credit to him—to President Eliot. This University is his.

It was partly by coincidence that the one who had come to see him had timed his visit ten days before the country knew that Eliot had resigned. And yet it was not the man who had made a university that was so interesting to the visitor. More interesting was the personality—the riddle—of this really great man whose word goes farther than that of any who are not in office of state.

Building a university, however, the visitor reflected, as he turned up his coat collar, is, after all, a life-work for any one. It means in this instance something more than brick on brick and stone on stone; something more than the growth of university money resources over one thousand per cent in forty years; something more than an increase of students from a little over one thousand in 1869 to almost five thousand in 1908, and even something more than the increase of teachers from fifty-eight to five hundred and eighty. It means more than keeping an old university in the lead, in spite of competition—something more than that.

A good deal more. It meant the introduction of the freedom of learning into American university life, not only here about this old institution, but, by the example, everywhere. The elective system, the freedom of higher education, whatever this man or that shall say of it, has been the most important idea applied to education that ever proceeded from a single mind. It has at least taught the doctrine of individualism in learning; it has at least cleaned out all the old fog and pettiness of our inherited educational traditions. This belongs to him. It is his.

In these forty years of service, too, he has raised standards and broadened opportunities, and it was in his time that legal teaching at Harvard became an example to all the world of legal teaching, by the system of demonstrating the application of the common law to actual cases, a system which has now even become a part of the teaching of medicine in that medical plant, the best in all the world, which Harvard has acquired in his time. Eliot has been a part of these things of growth. Flashes of light into the field of education they were, and he made their brightness permanent. He has seen museums and gymnasiums, memorials and hospitals, and acres of college playground come to the University. Now even the old walls of these grim old buildings, ivy-clad, seem to be his. It is his University.

There is interest in pulling down from the shelves what one remembers has been told about him as a student and university officer even before one begins to think of him again as he is—a student and an officer of mankind—one who has been so much more than a university president that he is thought of less as a great educator than as a great citizen.

No one knows Eliot. Many know him well, but they do not know him all. Some have seen his character grow and ripen. They have been side by side with him. They have seen the little change after change in the lines of his face, which show in the comparison of his photographs of years ago and of now. They know better than the younger men how truly a drama is represented in these pictures. Better than others they see the significance of a high-raised head that has lifted higher and higher with age; a mouth that was firm in youth—the mouth of a judge of the Supreme Court—that the years have made more firm. But there is something within that they did not know when Eliot was a boy in college. They do not know it now. That inner character is as far from them, as undefinable, as mysterious as the personality of Zoroaster. His class in Harvard College—the class of 1853—wrote to him on his seventieth birthday, saying: "When we die, the first mention in our obituary notices is that we were classmates of President Eliot, and sometimes not much else is added." Well, they recognize his size, but even they know him not.

They remember him in college as an austere boy, ever impressing their instincts as being far away from them, ever impressing their mentalities as being very near and loving and human. One of his fellows, writing of those days, says that Eliot was shy and retiring. A poor choice of words. He was not shy and retiring unless the East Indian who sits upon the banks of the Ganges and thinks may be called shy and retiring. Oliver Wendell Holmes spoke of this kind of man as a Brahmin. But Eliot was not an Oriental then; he is not now.

Then he studied and exercised hard, now, at seventy-five, he loves to run to a fire, like a boy, and, with Mrs. Eliot, rides a bicycle every early morning of the pleasant year. He is not a Brahmin. He cares too much for life. And though he refused the offer of membership to several clubs when he was a student, and although he was undoubtedly a "grind," he was not then and is not now a man of great importance to himself. In a faculty meeting not long ago a professor spoke to him a spontaneous word of praise—a statement of how secure was his name in the history of education. The president smiled. It was not until the meeting was breaking up that he said suddenly: "Who was president of the University a hundred years ago?" No one knew. And Eliot smiled again—that gentle smile of his, that curious little smile that one feels must mean a mind within that can lift itself out of the plane of other minds about. So many men try to imitate that kind of smile. Little men have said that Eliot is smug, but larger men are not so sure.

He was the same years ago as he is now—inside. The passage of a half-century has shaped his character around him, but somewhere beneath there is that unchanging, hidden personality, shrouded in its heavy mantle. To the stranger he often directs interrogations like the interrogations of the highest type of Chinese mandarin: "Where were you born?"

"Had your parents money?" Perhaps that will be all. It is like the doctor's questions: "Did you first notice a headache?" "Let me look into your throat." Mr. Eliot sinks back into his chair with a comfortable sigh and nods to you to say what you will. He has placed you. He has lifted your mantle. He draws his own about him—no man's eyes have seen beyond it, and it makes you feel his power. To those who have called him rude or cold, there is left only the feeling that now they sit before a man who is really good and great.

From boyhood up it has never been necessary for him to wear the studied postures or insignia of dignity. He shocked the Porto Ricans who came to the summer school by walking through Harvard Square carrying a huge watermelon that was all the more conspicuously and brilliantly green because the president of Harvard carried it.

He is human. Sometimes men graduate from college unwilling to believe it. They have passed him time after time without his recognition. They do not know that he is short-sighted; they would not believe that he has the most extraordinary knowledge of the annual body of youth for whom he broadly administers. In some cases they would be astonished to find out that he knew a great deal about their single personalities and aims. He walks by—a figure—the president—inspiring a distant affection and awe. But he was the man who chanced along when a sophomore was killed by a fall from a high place in the yard, and who, when the boy died a few hours later, would not telegraph or telephone, but at nearly seventy was driven many miles through a wet night to the little country home so that he might talk to the boy's father. And years ago when the smallpox got into the college and word was passed around the classroom that so and so was down with the disease, some one asked where he had been taken. "To Eliot's home," they said.

Once, too, there was a lonely freshman from the West who had come to a baseball song rehearsal in the yard. He timidly drew near to the torchlights and the circle of the crowd and leaned against a tree in the dark shadows until, suddenly warmed by the contagion of the cheers, he turned to the figure half-hidden in the gloom and said:

"This is great, eh?" "I enjoy it," said the other. It was the president.

One also remembers that a distinguished visitor at Mr. Eliot's summer home not many years ago was astounded early one morning by a repetition of thumps and bumps that shook the house. "You've done it, Sam," came the president's voice, and the visitor found that Mr. Eliot, a youth of sixty-odd summers, had been wrestling with his son on a landing and had rolled over and over down the stairs to the bottom. It was enough to give color to the suggestion by some one that Mr. Gompers, who had called Mr. Eliot an effeminate theorizer, should meet the president of Harvard, "give or take five pounds, at the ringside."

The visitor to the Harvard yard waiting to see Mr. Eliot still paced up and down and thought for a moment of the attitude toward him, not of college men or even graduates, but of other men—and women, too, here in New England and beyond the Connecticut River and over the Atlantic, which now has filled this autumn dusk with the tang of a salt breeze. So many men—those with pressed clothes and those with callouses on their hands—have spoken of him as the greatest living man within their knowledge. Perhaps the uneducated and the simpler man is even more fond of him than the man with a degree—more proud for having Eliot's sympathy and understanding, more gratified for having Eliot talk to him as a friend and a prophet.

Such men love him for a reason that appeals especially to their kind—for his courage. You could not frighten this old man with a theory; you could not frighten him with a six-shooter. The uncompromising quality of his idea of truth is astonishing. His mind goes to work upon a question, and when once he believes in its answer and the principle behind the answer, no consideration of himself or of expediency will drag him away. He made an address to the Boston labor unions on the subject of the rights of non-union men. Incidentally that was an occasion!

Crowds of the labor union men had gathered in Faneuil Hall to hear him—necessarily a sullen audience, as all audiences who have fought for a principle as large as that of the closed shop must be before an attack. But Eliot talked as he always talks, as he addresses audiences of scholars and audiences of bootblacks—and he has addressed bootblacks, too—in his calm simplicity, in that wonderful economy of words and with that stirring suggestion of a great power checked in harness and magnificently driven with a snaffle-bit. There was not a chance to question that, when he began, these labor unionists looked upon him as the representative of all the forces that opposed them: every face showed distrust, suspicion, doubt of Eliot's sincerity. At the end not a man among them would not have gambled his life on the fact that Eliot was the straightest man that ever came in and went out the doors of Faneuil Hall. One could almost see that belief rising from the audience like steam.

Let us not forget that to go beyond this and win their conviction of the soundness of his plea that all men have the right to labor was Eliot's great desire. But a few days later when they wanted to print his speech for distribution, he refused to have it go out with the union label upon it. To yield to this point might have tempted some very large figures in our public life; on the whole, it was commonplace for Mr. Eliot to refuse.

This is being a public servant—to live and think and speak as Eliot has lived and spoken and thought. To many of us he is to-day the one great preacher and disciple of individual freedom—of democracy. This idea so saturates the fabric of his career and the weave of his mind that it can not be discussed in terms of particular application. All that we remember is this—that man after man, man after man has been taught by him each to worship his own gods, each to smile his own smile, and each to fight his own fight.

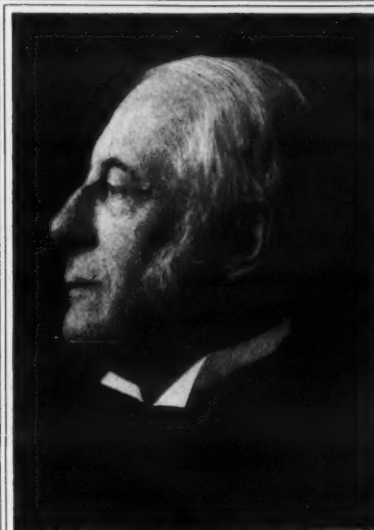
## A Public Servant

TO THOSE who are grateful for it this would be enough. But in the course of his humble public service, Eliot has definitely advanced the solution of definite American problems.

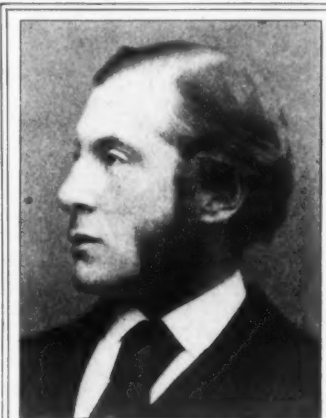
He has made popular the study and reform of elementary education. From him came the real power that took the burden of all the old education by rule and rote off the shoulders of children, who alone had sense enough to see its folly and yet were the very ones who lacked the ability to frame a protest. It was his idea that the common-school education ought to be flexible enough to reach every child's personality and come to that child with common sense and with the expectation of creating a real efficiency. In 1890 the Committee of Ten with their subcommittees followed the impetus of this new idea into an actual revolutionary reform of public school education. There is not a boy or girl who will be scrubbed and sent to school to-morrow morning and on mornings and mornings for a long time to come who might not look upon this home, up that slope yonder, with gratitude for a new training of eye and ear and hand and a better molding of the mind. Mr. Eliot served the country well when he earned this gratitude. We hear much of public servants; this is being one.

There is, too, a definite service to the question of contest between labor and capital, which he has performed. He has made the American people see through the smoke of this battle two unquestioned truths; first, that we

(Continued on page 29)



Charles William Eliot



President Eliot as a young man







# Other People's Cake

By MARY E.  
WILKINS-FREEMAN

Illustrated by ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



GREAT house, built over a hundred years ago of seasoned timbers, and with much toil of honest fingers, directed by stanch New England consciences, standing majestically aloof in its great yard, marked off in sections by tall box hedges, was called in Wellbrook "the old Squire Amos K. Price house."

Squire Amos K. Price had lain many years in his grave, but the enormous local influence of the man, and his importance in his little sphere, were still evident in the simple fact that nobody ever thought, even at this date, of omitting the Amos K. People in Wellbrook were, as a rule, hard-working folk; they rose early and went to bed tired out. It would have been much less trouble to have said "the Squire Price house," or even "the Price house," but the Amos K. reigned triumphant, although only one very old man and one old woman of the village could remember him in the flesh.

The old man had been Squire Amos K. Price's faithful satellite; he had worshiped him as a retainer might have worshiped his feudal lord. To this old man, a pensioner upon the bounty of his grandson, who kept the village store, Amos K. Price even now was scarcely defunct. He would talk by the hour, to any one who would listen, about the departed glories of the man whose grave was sunken below the ground level beside his tall shaft of marble monument. It was of this old man, Josiah Peabody by name, that the story was told of his having been asked how he liked a sermon preached nearly two-thirds of a century ago by a divine who lay in the village graveyard not far from the Price lot, and his famous reply, given from the innocent depths of his simple, adoring heart: "I don't know; I ain't seen Squire Amos K. Price yet."

The woman, Sylvia White by name, ancient and decrepit, the only other living soul in Wellbrook who had



"Here is a lot of sugar in the bottom of this cup," said she severely

known the dead Squire, subsisted in a wavering, uncertain fashion, seeming to hover over the homes of humanity as an unwelcome bird over a nest which was not hers by right; not exactly living, existing, first upon the bounty of one, then another, who harbored her with her weight of years, and plumed themselves upon their Christian discharge of duty. It is a bitter thing, if one senses it, to live to become the source of self-righteousness to other human beings, and this old woman had come to that. But deep in her heart was a memory which still perfumed it and made her worth while to her own self. It would have seemed a ridiculous little memory to others, had she made it known, but she never had. All her life she had hugged it close, lit with the prismatic fire of her own imagination and love, until it was as a pearl in the depths of her very being. The memory was only that once, once only, when she was a sweet young girl, and Squire Amos K. an ardent youth, he had accompanied her home from some village festivity, and had kissed her good-by at her father's door. That had been the end, as far as the youth was concerned. He had returned to college, and had never noticed the little village girl again. He had married a grand dame from the city. He had lived and died in the great mansion-house. He had held the state of a feudal lord in his native village. His wife had died, and he had married

the second time, but neither wife brought him a child. The village girl had never married. She had lived to be old and poor, with that pearl of divine value in her heart. Always she pondered upon it, and the face of Squire Amos K. as he had been in his youth was ever before her mental vision.

The present inmates of the Squire Amos K. Price house were two old women. One was a third cousin of Squire Amos K. The other was a distant cousin of hers upon the maternal side, and, consequently, of no relation whatever to the old Squire. This third cousin, whose name was Eliza Price, had come into possession of the entire property, after having lived in another New England State, upon a scanty income, until she was past middle life.

Squire Amos K. had left no will. He had seemed to have a haughty disdain for death, and an incredulity that the great Transformer would ever dare to approach the door of his stately dwelling; and thus there were no public charities to multiply his monument. The entire estate went to Eliza Price. When she was notified of her inheritance she at once took possession, and she brought to live with her the distant relative, who was entirely penniless, having done plain sewing for sustenance. The relative's name was Sophia Wilton. She was a curious, small creature, old, yet with an effect of youth. Her little blond face was a network of wrinkles, but people looked at her without seeing them, perhaps because of the compelling fire of youth in her blue eyes. Her eyes were young, and would always be young. Life had had no power to dim them. Out of them youth looked and sparkled and flamed. She was so small that no clothes ever fitted her. They hung upon her tiny frame. Her thin hands peeped out of great, overhanging sleeves. She never had a garment of any but an obsolete fashion. She was wearing out the clothes of Squire Amos K.'s second wife, who had been a small woman, but not as small as Sophia.

Eliza Price esteemed it a very fortunate providence that the Squire's first wife had been a large woman, and that she herself, being also large, was provided with a wardrobe for the rest of her life. One thing, however, puzzled her. She could not understand why the second wife, being smaller than the first, had not utilized her predecessor's wardrobe.

"I can't make it out," she often said to Sophia. "Squire Amos K.'s second wife must have been an awful extravagant woman. There were all those nice clothes laying by in the garret, and she was so little herself there was plenty in them to have made over, and I don't believe she ever used a blessed thing. She must have bought all new, and dear things at that. Here you've got four silk dresses."

Eliza would eye Sophia with a certain anger at the thought of those four silk dresses, albeit she could think of nothing better to do with them than to bestow them upon Sophia.

Eliza was a very frugal woman. She herself esteemed it something wasteful to be wearing the rich clothes left behind by the first Mrs. Amos K. "It does seem very queer to me that the second wife didn't use the first wife's clothes, and I don't see, either, why the first cared anything about such elegant things, living here in this little town," she said. Then she looked aggressively at her purple silk lap. The first Mrs. Amos K. had apparently had a fondness for royal purple. There were so many rich royal purple gowns stowed away in the garret that Eliza was clad in that majestic hue most of the time.

"Maybe the second wife kind of hated to wear the first wife's things," said Sophia timidly.

"Shucks!" replied Eliza. Eliza had none of the marks of high breeding which had distinguished the great Squire. She had lived in a plain way in a plain New England village. Her speech was blunt and inelegant.

Royal purple was horribly incongruous for her. She was large and leaden of hue, with a massive, square-cheeked face and set jaw. She had had a severe attack of rheumatism in one leg shortly after her inheritance had come to her, and she sat all day in a great rocking-chair at a front window of the sitting-room. By dint of pain and perseverance, with the tiny Sophia acting as tug, she could hitch herself across the room to her bedroom. Aside from that, she rarely stirred. Sophia prepared her meals and brought them to her. She moved no more than was absolutely necessary, and would not have moved at all had it not been for her terrible will, and her skill in making the most of the muscles upon which she could still rely. She never complained, but she was always in a state of wrath. She never said it to Sophia, but often to herself, that it was certainly cruel that after living frugally, as she had done all her life, with no opportunity for enjoyment, she should lose her power the moment the opportunity arrived.

And yet she was probably enjoying herself as much as she was capable of enjoying anything. She had much, and she was saving. Nobody knew how much Eliza Price enjoyed the sense of possession. She had always



Had kissed her good-by at her father's door

owned so little that new riches seemed to be developing within her character seeds of miserliness. The two women lived upon an inconceivably small amount. Sophia did not object, for she was so tiny that her physical needs were matched. She was entirely content to peck at crumbs, like a bird. But the great, crippled old woman often went hungry, and got a morbid pleasure from it.

"Mrs. John Hughes and Mrs. W. H. Mills came in yesterday near supper-time, just to see what we had," she told Sophia one day in October. "They hung round and they hung round, and they stood in the doorway a solid half-hour after they had got up to go, but they didn't find out anything. They knew you had been out to set the kettle on, and they were dying to find out what I was going to have for supper, but they didn't."

Eliza was at that moment making her meal of a slice of toast without any butter, and a cup of very weak tea. Sophia had had her supper in the kitchen.

"I suppose if they had seen me having supper without any cake or sauce, they would have thought I was awful stingy," she went on. "But you can't have your cake and eat it too, and I was always one that wanted my cake."

Sophia smiled her sweet, youthful smile, which deepened all her wrinkles and made one forget them.

"Mrs. John Hughes, she was telling about the layer cake and scalloped oysters she was going to have for supper, and Mrs. Mills said her husband always wanted something real hearty, and she was going to have beef-steak. H'm! I miss my guess if both those women don't see the day when they'll wish they had lived on a little less and had a little more. Beefsteak at twenty-eight cents a pound for supper! H'm!"

"It does seem pretty dear," assented Sophia in her pretty little mild voice.

"Dear! It's robbery. We ain't held up on the high-road the way we read about in books, but the butcher holds us up at our kitchen doors every day, and it's 'Your money or your life,' and no mistake. Twenty-eight cents a pound! Well, we ain't fools enough to pay many twenty-eight cents to the butcher. I don't think so much meat is healthy, for my part."

"I'd just as lief have other things," assented Sophia sweetly. She sat watching Eliza Price eat her dry toast and sip her tea. There was a red sunset, and the light flushed her little gray head with a curious rosy light. Her youthful blue eyes gleamed like tender stars out of the rosy glow. She was charming as she sat there, but Eliza did not see it. She had never had any eye except for the crude primer of beauty. When she saw the young grass a vivid green in the spring, she admired that; and she recognized the appeal of a full-blown rose and an apple tree in bloom; but to the subtler glories of things she had been born, and would remain, blind. To her, Sophia, sitting there in the red sunset light, was a little, gray, old, wrinkled woman. She saw her in no different aspect than usual. Presently she scowled at her. She was carefully taking out the last remnant of tea in her cup with her thin silver spoon.

"Here is a lot of sugar in the bottom of this cup," said she severely.

"I only put in one teaspoonful."

"You must have heaped it up."

"I don't think I did."

"Next time you had better bring the sugar-bowl in here, and let me sweeten my tea myself. I ain't going to waste sugar, dear as things are now."

"Yes," Sophia said with her unfailing sweetness, "I will."

Eliza looked out of the window, her attention diverted by some people passing. "Who are those two women?" she asked.

Sophia rose and peered over her shoulder. Her eyes





were better than Eliza's, who needed new spectacles, but would not purchase on account of the expense.

"It ain't two women; it's a woman and a man," said she.

"You know better, Sophia Wilton. Can't I see two skirts swishin'?"

"The man has got on a long coat, and that swishes. It's Amy Horton and Lem Jay."

"What business has Lem Jay got with a coat with a long tail that swishes? I know it cost no end of money. He's as poor as Job's off ox. He'd better save up his money if he ever expects to marry that girl."

"I saw old Mis' Horton in the store yesterday," said Sophia, "and she told me she didn't know as they ever could get married. She says all he gets is sixty dollars a month, and he's smart, too, but the firm he works for has a lot of young men relations they put ahead of him."

"Land, why don't he get another place?"

"She says it ain't so easy these times, and they are always holding up hope of doing better by him, and sort of hangin' onto him. She says they're real dogs-in-the-manger, and he don't know what to do. She says Amy feels real bad about it. You know Amy is 'most twenty-eight, for all she looks so young, and she and Lem have been going together for 'most ten years, and she says it's all she and Amy and Amy's mother can do to hitch along with what they've got. She says if Amy and Lem would live with them it would be all right, but you know what Amy's mother is. She means well, and she's a real good woman, but she's terrible nervous, and Lem Jay is nervous, and they wouldn't get along nohow. She says if



"What business has Lem Jay got with a coat with a long tail that swishes?"

Lem and Amy only had enough money for a little start, to furnish a house and get some clothes ahead, she thinks they might risk it, but they haven't."

"Why don't Amy Horton teach school and earn enough money to get her fix and furnish her house?"

"You know she did try to, two years ago, but she had to give it up. The doctor said she wasn't strong enough. She couldn't stand the close air in the schoolhouse."

"Fiddlesticks!"

Sophia said no more. She took the tray which contained Eliza's tea-things into the kitchen, and proceeded to wash the dishes. When she had finished she stood at a window gazing out. It was almost dark. She had been barely able to finish her task, but kerosene was so carefully husbanded in the household that she had not lit a lamp. She saw beyond the window a stretch of field, without trees, sloping in shadowy curves in the dusk, and beyond the field the blur of a great oak, and a light gleaming from a house window next door. The light was in the window of the Horton house. Amy Horton's mother had been a cousin of old Squire Amos K. Price's first wife. If the Squire had not outlived his wife the Hortons would have shared in the inheritance. Sophia always thought of Amy as a relative, and, in a manner, deprived of her rights. Her little face in the deepening dusk took on a curious expression. Sophia had hidden depths of character, and now her face betrayed them. She looked calculating, shrewd, almost impish, and yet there were tears in her eyes.

The cat, a great tiger cat, came and rubbed an arching back against her legs. Sophia turned away from the window and went to the pantry for some milk. In pouring it into the saucer she spilled a little.

"Good land!" said she. She hastily seized a cloth and wiped it up.

"Don't know what she'd say if she knew I'd wasted all that milk," she muttered. In reality Sophia knew quite well what Eliza would say, and also what she would say if she knew the cat was there at all. Sophia was in terror lest the cat steal into the front part of the house, and betray his existence to Eliza. He was a stray which Sophia had taken in, and she loved him. She fed him with food which she went without herself, and in that her conscience did not assail her; but she felt guilty with regard to harboring him without Eliza's knowledge. Eliza declared that she detested pet animals. "People had better put what cats and dogs cost into their own mouths, and save their money," she was wont to say.

Once, to Sophia's horror, the cat had actually strayed into the sitting-room, but she got him out before Eliza had seen him, although her suspicion was aroused.

"What was that?" she asked sharply, after the cat had been silently hustled out, and the door, which was behind her chair, closed.

"What?" asked Sophia with duplicity.

"That noise. It sounded like a sort of rumble."

"Maybe it was thunder," replied Sophia.

"Thunder without a cloud in the sky! Don't you suppose I know thunder when I hear it?"

"A great wasp got into the room yesterday," said Sophia. She could be horribly sly. She was culpable, and she knew it. She had driven the wasp out the day before, but she loved the cat.

"Why didn't you say it was a wasp, and done with it?" Eliza had inquired irascibly. "It sounded like a wasp buzzing, but when you talk about thunder I should think you were losing your mind."

The cat had not been seen by Eliza since that day, for Sophia had guarded her secret well. She knew that Eliza would insist upon his banishment, and felt that she could not bear that. Her heart was full of love, and it had not much upon which to lavish itself directly. Eliza presented, apparently, a granite surface toward the soft impulses of affection, although Sophia loved her with all her heart. Then there were Amy Horton and her mother and grandmother. Sophia loved them, but love was too strong a word to apply to their sentiments toward her. There was, in reality, no reason why people should love Sophia Wilton unless they saw below her surface, and the two elder Hortons were not women to see below surfaces, and Amy was too much engrossed with her love for Lem Jay.

But the cat loved Sophia, and he knew and appreciated her love for himself. It was not the fact that she fed and sheltered him. He loved her, because he came and brushed about her, arching his back, striped as splendidly as if he had but just left the jungle, when he was not in the least hungry. Sophia took a deal of comfort with her stolen treasure, the cat. Sometimes it seemed to her that she had a queer delight in feeling that it was stolen. Sophia had a bit of the devil in her, despite her age and training, and mild and gentle ways. She was not quite regenerate, and, what was worse, the fact did not trouble her, at least not yet. She had all her life had a secret desire for excitement, for some variation in the meek monotony of things, and she had been getting it through her guilty entertainment of the cat, and was now about to get it in a much larger degree.

When Sophia went to bed that night, she lay awake for hours, staring at the light in the window of the Horton house, which her room faced.

"They are sitting up," she told herself, meaning that Amy and Lem Jay were love-making in the room lit by that lamp. Poor Sophia, generous by her very nature, and even lavish, showed a little taint from her life with Eliza Price, the miserly. She thought with dismay how much the lamp must cost. Three times every week Sophia saw it burning until midnight and past, and she had gotten a habit of lying awake and watching for it to go out.

Sophia had never had a romance in her whole life. Now she was obtaining, through the power of intense sympathy, and of a splendid love for love itself and all that was alive, a vicarious and really happy knowledge of that which had not come to her personally. As she lay there watching that light in the window, she felt almost as if she herself were Amy Horton sitting with her lover.

The next day Sophia, after doing an errand at the store for Eliza, stopped at the Horton house. Only old Mrs. Horton was at home.

"Sarah" (Sarah was her daughter-in-law and Amy's mother) "has gone to the sewing meeting, and Amy has gone out somewhere," said old Mrs. Horton. She sat beside a south window, which was filled with shelves of geraniums in bloom. The mass of heart-shaped leaves



"I always did like cats," says she

and flower-clusters formed an odd background for her eager, fallow face. Mrs. Horton was long in limb and feature, elongated expressing her better than long. She looked as if she had been stretched upon some rack of life. All the lines in her face were downward. She had a habit of holding her chin down, and her hands, when unoccupied, always drooped. She generally had a sad expression, and to-day it was sadder than ever. There were red stains around her hollow eyes.

"I'm real glad you came in," she said to Sophia in a melancholy voice.

"I had to go to the store to get some more liniment for Eliza," said Sophia, "and I thought I'd just run in a minute. I told her maybe I might, and she said she didn't mind."

"You don't leave her alone much, do you?" said old Mrs. Horton in her listless voice.

"No, I don't like to. If the house got afire I don't know how she'd ever get out."

"Guess she could manage to hitch out somehow," said old Mrs. Horton, and there was a sudden animosity in her voice. She did not like Eliza Price. She felt that she, as a relative of the Squire's second wife, should have had some of the property.

"I wouldn't risk it," said Sophia, "but I don't worry



Her hands laden with rich gifts, and her heart overflowing with love and contrition and thankfulness

when I'm here, for I can see the least sign of smoke, and run over there in time to get her out."

"I guess she'd get out. Some folks always do," said old Mrs. Horton, and now her tone was pessimistic to a degree. "Some folks always get the cream, and other folks have to thank the Lord Almighty for about half enough of skim milk," she added, and she nodded her long head with a fierce movement.

"Eliza has a good deal to bear, settin' the way she does, day in and day out, in a chair, and she with so much money," said Sophia mildly.

"There's worse things than settin' in a chair, and knowing where the money's comin' from to pay everything," said old Mrs. Horton. Tears began to stream down the long furrows of her cheeks, and she raised an angry hand against them. "Here's Lem not comin' any more," said she, and openly sobbed.

"Not comin' any more?"

"No. Amy told him last night. She said she thought she'd ought to be plain about it. She said there was no chance of their ever getting married, and they'd been going together 'most ten years, and pretty soon it would make talk. Poor Lem; he broke down and cried like a baby, and Amy, too. Sarah and me was in here, and the door was ajar. I say it's wicked for some folks to have

so much money they don't know what to do with it, and have to jest let it lay idle, when the happiness of other folks' whole life has to be ruined for the want of it."

Sophia looked at old Mrs. Horton, and her face had a singular expression. "Do you mean they've given up getting married at all?" said she.

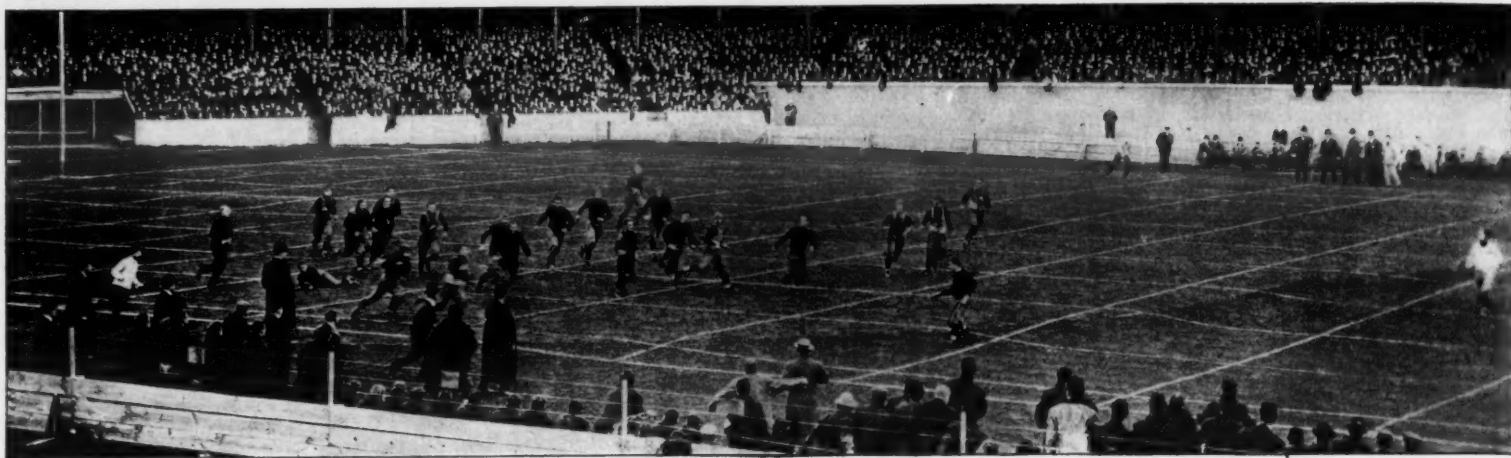
"Yes, poor Amy has put her foot down. She says it's no use."

"It's got to be, whether or no," said Sophia sharply. She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and she also sobbed. The other woman stared at her. "I'd like to know what you mean?" she said.

"I mean it's got to be, whether or no."

"I don't see how. You ain't an overruling Providence, be you?"

(Continued on page 32)

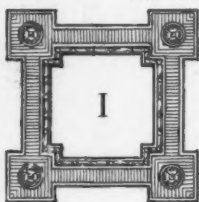


Ingersoll, Dartmouth, making 40-yard run—Princeton-Dartmouth game at Polo Grounds, New York, November 7—Dartmouth 10, Princeton 6

# Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

SAN FRANCISCO, November 5, 1908  
To Editor COLLIER WEEKLY which must give large Colledge Yall to see such great Yale-Harvard football combination when Hon. Roosevelt pushed Hon. Taft across line.

HON MR.:—



HAVE discovered more yet. America are no sooner through making one Loud Noise than she are prepared to make another. her screams for Autumn occupy Baseball; next come Presidential Election where every person are ready to banzai & make provoked hollers; soon following this arrive Football when talented Colledge Ladds is glued together for chorus of howls & roars which you would not believe except when it happens. Then America gives Thanksgiving because they are glad it are all over; but so vainly to think! With immediate quickness arrive Happy New Years when the roof of Hon. Heaven are entirely shrieked away with steam whistles. After this who knows what?

"You have forgot to put in Fourth of July," say Uncle Nichi.

"That Hon. Explosion must be mentioned all by itself," are contort for me.

Mr. Editor, all newspaper-prints is now filled with scandal about footballers & what happen to them. I understand how Carlyle Indians would be champions of America except for fact that Chief Kick-in-the-Head have received something like his name; also ½ back, Hon. Hoopi, have fraxured both legs; ¼ back, Crazy Buffalo, are now in hospital enjoying 2 or 3 ribs & Young-Man-Who-Butts-Like-a-Goat, famous tackler, have come apart & must be sewed together. White mans has been entirely unjust to Indians. Not satisfied with teaching them whisky-drunk they now educates them in football. The Nobel Red Man are thus fast becoming a bursted race.

In another news-print I read-it how there are a general move in America to make football more kindly. How foolish to think! Football without an occasional murder would be like a bull-fite without no Hon. Bull. It would be gentle, but who would come? I require no answer.

Howeverly all grandest California Colledges is now playing Rugby football which is English & therefore entirely polite. And yet necks can be bursted by this way if needed.

LAST Saturday in early p. m. I make a very stylish appearance to my clothes which include frockaway coat, derby hat, respectful gloves & whatever shoes & socks are necessary for most beautiful way to look. With such ornaments I could not wear my familiar necktie which are getting too

## XLI: Football for Mollycuddles

By HASHIMURA TOGO

shabbed; so I borrow one of angry red complexion from Arthur Kickahajama who was not there when I took it. Thank you, Arthur, for kindness loan!

With them fashionable haberdash I make my joyful footprints go in direction of sidewalk where all Japanese what see me revoke. "Where would Hashimura Togo go so completely decorated?" But for answer I make American eye-wink & nothing else.

Pretty soonly I arrive by door-mat of Yoshima Suki, Japanese carpenter, & there I do rap-tap with nervous knuckles. After deliciously long time Miss Evelyn Suki, dreamy lady of entire youngness, come to knob & look surprised because she expect it was me.

"Kind morning, Mr. Togo," she say-it with deceptive expression of a female, "which of my Parents did you come to see?"

"How many of them Parents have you got, please?" I remove with polite derby.

"I got two to include 1 Mother & 1 Father both enjoying nice health," she response.

"You are fortunate to have so many," I corrode, "therefore permit them to enjoy their nice health without disturb from us."

She do so, thank you. We set in parlor & have a few conversations & occasional topicks. I get more charms eech moment by her sweet looks & cowcattish smile. I could throbf forever in such lonesome company.

Pretty soonly I say-so.

"Hon. Miss Suki, excuse me, sir, I ask it" (such nerves from me!). "Please may we go forthly together this afternoon for some sporty amusement?"

"Where we go to find such a sporty amusen.ent?" she dement, tucking away her hair with morsel wave.

"In Japanese Y. M. C. A.," I snagger, "Hon. Rev. Chillworthy will speek an entirely harmless lecture about 'Onward & Upward for Little Missionaries.' We could go there for minus expense because it are free."

Stillness from Miss Suki.

"You no care for such an excitements?" I ask it.

"Slightly, perhaps," are response from her. "Where else could we go for it?"

(I make sneekret count inside my pocket which contain 45c wealth.)

"Trolley-ride to Cliff House & peanuts by beach would be somewhat fashionable amusement if it wasn't raining," I snuggest.

"It might, but would it?" are next question for her.

I begin to enjoy go-home feeling for such discouraged talk.

"To tell you truthly, Mr. Togo," she apply, "I got 2 tickets for one Football Game which will be kicked off this afternoon. You like to be chaperone to me for this ceremony?"

"I am reckless to try," I cheer up. (For only a very fooly person would omit to be chaperone to a Angel what got 2 tickets price \$4.)

So we go there & seen what was.

MR. EDITOR, with what crippled pennmanship I got how should I attempt to describe such scene of banzai, hara-kiri, stroggle & push what we seen for them 2 tickets? How can poor Japanese Schoolboy tell of such delicious race-riot all over mud which them heroes plowed with their faces?

Therefore I shall do so.

Me & Miss Evelyn Suki we set on bleached seats between 6 maiden co-eds and 2 colledge boys of average age 63 years. Heart-bursting screams was enjoyed by them for entire afternoon. When most fiercest play of football happened them oldy colledge boys would strike me in ankle with their cane which was a insult. Rainy weather & slight westerly showers.

Game of Football, Mr. Editor, are played by 22 enormous boys which are divided equally into ½ to look even. One ½ wear stripes & other ½ wears New Jersey sweaters of entirely blue color. None of them Players is allowed to be killed before the game begins.

Delicious mud all over grounds which are good to slide on & show how graceful it can be done.

Considerable rah-rah cries indulged in by all specktaters to include Miss Suki & 10,000 others. Talented howles from all colledge boys who set in bleached seats around football grounds which is called a Griddle because it look like it. Of suddenly—OH-H-H-H!!!

To middle of griddle with brave run-steps come 11 striped athletes followed by 11 blue youths. More rores. In center of Griddle Hon. Football (which resemble a leather melon) are placed down. Whistle from Foreman & suddenly one blue youth rosh forwards & give them Hon. Ball one very brutal kick which send it to Heaven where it intend to go. Splendid rushing together by all youths which do knock-downs with rage. Hon. Ball, when he make come-down, are lovingly embraced by a striped youth, but one blue youth see him & get jealous, so he throw him to mud with deathly thump. Eech member of both teams are now permitted to jump on this young man when he are laying pronelv. Then Hon. Foreman holler "Down!" & all are sure of it.

Next Player to arrive are Hon. Doctor who do a hospital corps and remove 3 players with limps. Banzais from all. Game then go on for all afternoon by following rotation:

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Togo is describing Intercollegiate Football, still played by minor colleges in California. Rugby is being played by the principal colleges there.

- 1—Savage ball-kick.
- 2—Wildy rush together.
- 3—Delicious throw-down.
- 4—Everybody jump-on.
- 5—All get off, if possible.
- 6—Doctors, collect broken boys.
- 7—More ball-kick, more banzai, etc., till twilight.

Pretty soonly when 1 colledge player of striped appearance make grab-up of ball, blue colledge boys forget to knock him down; so with them pigly sphere clasp dearly in arms he make hurrys-steps across field; and them blue players get very angry so they chase him with fierce hair. How useless! Soonly he carry that ball behind goal-sticks & Blue Colledge cry, "Shah!" while Striped Colledge cry, "Rah!"

"O!! that count 5 for our side," say elderly youth next by me.

"Why it count 5 when only 2 players was killed?" was question I ask-it; but that antique child was too busy with banzais for answer.

So I took away Miss Suki for ice-cream soda ceremony, price 20c, where we could be more lonesome together.

"It must require great strength to kill so many people in an afternoon," she say-it with sweet sips.

"With a ax I could do much better," are reply I make.

THIS week my chumb, Sydney Katsu, Jr., who went to Harvard for study mollycuddling, come back here enjoying great damages. I could see by the expression of his legs how much they was broke; also bandaged elbows indicate smashy condition & his brain was held together with a towel. Most of his teeth he was carrying in his pocket.

"O Sydney!" I report, "who done you all them delicious injuries you got?"

"Them Mollycuddles done it, thank you!" he dib, pointing to draped eye which was minus.

"What must a person do to become a Mollycuddle?" are next review I make.

"He must first go to Harvard & play on scrubbed Freshman team," explain Sydney. "Some mollycuddlish person will say '6-11-44' and toss him a entire football. Soonly all Harvard are on top of him to include the Library Building & Germanic Museum. Groans from this youth who are trying to play that game. Finally brickage are removed from him and he are permitted to be carried away. If he lives he are a Mollycuddle."

"Shall you return to study gentle ways of efeit East?" I announce.

"Ah, no," corrugate Sydney. "Wildy West are more peaceful place to be. I shall follow advice of Hon. Roosevelt which say, 'Don't be a Mollycuddle.'"

So I leave Sydney resting in arnica.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

ハ  
シ  
ム  
ラ  
ト  
ゴ





Now Beginneth the Playful and Tragic Romance in Four Acts of the Ten Fatigued Pirates, who, seated in missionary furniture, lament the murderous monotony of their life

# Mehitabel

Being the Startling Piratical Adventures of a Virtuous New England Schoolmistress in the Hands of Unlettered and Ferocious Freebooters. A Romantic, Authentic Narrative in Four Staves

By RALPH BERGENGREN

Illustrated by JOHN SLOAN



IT WAS in May, 1825, or thereabout, and on a tropical island, conveniently out of the course of ordinary navigation, ten sleepy pirates sat in a row in front of a stout little stone fort. Each had a comfortable enough chair to sit in. The *Tender Polly* (owing to the mistaken enthusiasm of her lookout) had recently held up and appropriated a shipload of furniture, clothing, and other necessities sent out by a New England missionary society to its workers in the Sandwich Islands. Each pirate had thus become possessed of a nice red rocking-chair which some of the more fastidious had improved by the addition of nice white tidies secured in the same desperate venture. They were all smoking in a desultory, half-hearted fashion, and since, for the past fortnight, there had been no wind on Nonesuch Island the smoke of their ten pipes floated motionless in the still air under the tall palms that stood near the fort like a half dozen big, tired feather dusters stuck upright in the sand till the next sweeping day.

Having nothing particular to do, the ten pirates all wore their carpet slippers. They sat motionless, save for the monotonous movement of their ten rocking-chairs; but now and then one of them uncrossed his legs, crossed them again in the opposite direction, and yawned extensively.

Silence had settled over them for perhaps an hour and conversation was apparently exhausted. But humanity abhors silence as nature is said to abhor a vacuum, and the ten pirates were very human. Now one of them, after an uncommonly protracted yawn, stretched arms and legs simultaneously and ejaculated: "Heigho! But I wish I knew how to read." He was a burly caricature of a man with a large, round nose projecting like an island from a sea of red hair, neatly plaited into a number of spiky cues, which started high up on his cheeks and had led the more jocular among his companions to christen him Red Whisker. He had a roving black eye which matched well with a roving black disposition, both just now becalmed by an extreme mental weariness. At one side of him sat a comrade in a tattered blue shirt—sun, wind, and rain had made it a delicate baby blue—who opened small eyes like a pig's and closed them again sleepily whenever any one spoke. On the other side of him a rambling skyscraper of a fellow with long yellow mustaches, the ends of which were in curl papers, moodily tickled a mosquito bite on his ankle with the sharp point of his cutlass. Pirates, you understand, led such an active life that a bored pirate was an especially piteous object.

Presently a fourth pirate, noteworthy for a long, horse-like jaw, above which his small nondescript nose seemed hardly equal to supporting the large brass nose-ring that adorned it, relit his pipe and stared vacantly over the flat, uninteresting surface of the ocean.

"Funny, ain't it, but I was just a-thinkin' o' the same thing, Whisker," he remarked in a drab sort of tone. "Here be we—ten of us—all alone on this confounded uninhabited island." He used several adjectives to describe the island, but "confounded" may perhaps serve to epitomize them. "We can't always be a-drinkin' and a-gamblin' and a-carousin' same's that young jackass"—and here he indicated by a cock of his thumb the very latest recruit, a brown-visaged youth who sat miserably by himself rocking back and forth in his cane-seated rocker—"same's that mutton-headed idjit thought we was when he left his happy home and jined the company. We can't always be a-rovin' o' the seas and a-burrryin' o' treasure; and when we goes ashore its gettin' mighty tiresome dodgin' the revenue. When I was a kid," he added, "I didn't see no sense in schoolin': no sense whatsoever! And here I be, a-sittin' in a fifteen-dollar, red paint an' varnish rockin'-chair and nothin' to do but smoke my pipe and blink my peeper at that blame old ocean." And he spat disgustfully as far as possible toward the hot, white beach.

A fifth pirate uncrossed his legs, crossed them again, and wriggled his toes until the carpet slipper of his left foot hung suspended on the larger of them, and the place where the heel of his stocking needed darning was instructively visible.

"Heigho!" he exclaimed, repeating the weary note of Red Whisker from force of example. "And to think of all them good books that we've had to heave overboard."

That set them all talking about books for a few moments; but it was in a dull way, and the conversation soon languished, as needs must when none of them had ever read one. They relapsed again into moody reverie, broken by no sound more interesting than the steady creaking of ten pairs of rockers on the hard sand. It was all very solemn and unexciting, and a pirate's life seemed to each of them the most monotonous of existences; but what could a fellow do without education?

Curiously enough, not one of these pirates had the slightest education whatever. Some of them had been born pirates and had never had any educational advantages; the fellow with the ringed nose had run away to sea young, become a cabin boy, and drifted into the profession, very much as nowadays a man drifts into literature; Pig-Eye and Yellow Mustaches were of European origin, whose parents, themselves quite illiterate, had emigrated to America and settled on farms inconveniently distant from schoolhouses; and the youngest of the ten just happened to be the son of a pessimistic old widower who didn't believe in education anyway. Yet taken all in all, they were far from being stupid fellows; they could sail by the sun and stars, and knew a great many things not set down in text-books; and they were wise enough to bury their treasure, except such ready money as they might lay hands on, because they knew that the sharper of them they dealt with ashore would get the better of them in any bargain involving arithmetic.

(This, by the way, is perhaps why pirates in general

buried so much of their treasure, although, of course, some pirates were much better educated than those in this story.)

And they were also clever enough to have remained profitably in business some time after many older and better known pirates had retired, and the newspapers were congratulating themselves editorially on having entirely extirpated piracy.

So they rocked back and forth methodically, moving their chairs occasionally to keep in the shade of the palm trees. Red Whisker himself nodded and nodded, and finally went sound asleep. It seemed as if the last word had been spoken and nobody would ever try to hunt up another; but after a while the youngest pirate broke the silence.

"I wanted to go to school," he said, "but father wouldn't let me."

The others opened their eyes and peered at him incredulously out of the corners; they were too bored even to take the trouble of turning their heads.

"Listen to him," grumbled Pig-Eye sarcastically. "Father wouldn't let me! Why, in—er—why, under the sun didn't you kill father and go to school anyway?"

"I'd a—made him walk the plank—I would," growled a seventh comrade who had not yet spoken. He was a fat pirate, and protected his bald head from the sun with a pink parasol, once the property of a fine lady who had no more use for it. "Drat it! 'Over you go, father,' I'd a said; and then off to the schoolhouse with my books in a little leather strap. I've seen 'em," he added bitterly, "with their little, innocent faces all slicked up, shiney-like, a-swingin' of their little books just so happy an' contented." And he, too, relapsed into moody abstraction, after first moving an extra chair where he could put his feet on it.

There was another long, silent period. A white cloud, at first hardly larger than a man's hand, appeared on the distant horizon. At length Yellow Mustaches rose languidly, twirling his curl papers; he looked at the white cloud; then he moistened his finger and held it up in the still air.

"Hang it, my merry men!" he cried, "the wind's a-rising. What's the matter of cruisin' north an' capturin' a schoolma'am? Eh? if a three-year-old kid can learn to read, what's the matter of us learnin'? We've got plenty o' time, an' all we needs is somebody what knows a bit more than we do to start us goin'."

The optimistic words struck fire. The nine other pirates leaped to their feet with alacrity. They were practical men and here was a practical suggestion; they would have cheered it to the echo only that they remembered in time that on Nonesuch Island there was no echo. They held no council, and made no definite plan—time enough for that on the broad ocean; but they kicked off their slippers, got into their boots, and sped back and forth like ants between the fort and the cove that concealed the *Tender Polly*, their rakish schooner. They carried provisions, arms, ammunition, liquor, and the other accessories of voyage and adventure; and as





they worked they sang a savage ditty in their rough, discordant voices:

*"The good old man, he walks the plank.  
His step is firm but slow.  
Ho, boys: ho!  
He hits the ocean with a spunk.  
His wife and little daughter,  
They march above the water,  
And in, kerplunk! they go.  
Ho, boys: ho!  
And in, kerplunk! they go."*

The wind was rising, and half an hour later it softly rocked ten empty rocking-chairs on Nonesuch Island, while far out to sea the *Tender Polly* drove northward under every stitch and darn of canvas.



*The piratical seizure of the rectangular schoolmistress*

## Chapter Two: The Alarming Behavior of the Ten Clergymen at the "Maid and Bottle," and What Followed Thereafter

**M**EHITABEL PERKINS taught school at the Four Corners down on the Cape. She was the only child of Josh, or Joshua S., Perkins, whose yearly income from his cranberry farm would hardly have supported them except for the help of Mehitabel's modest stipend. Secretly the old man often thought of his daughter's marriage as the Golden Road to an assistant who should help make the large but poorly managed farm more profitable. But he was a kind as well as an indecisive parent, and, as the pretty school-teacher had so far remained free and unromantically happy in her chosen duties, he made no effort to force her inclinations. Indeed, it seemed likely that he would have also to force the inclinations of the much-desired suitor, and for this task the old man lacked both courage and diplomacy.

For Mehitabel was pretty only in the chivalrous sense that prescribes the term for all New England school-teachers. A plain, honest girl, with a rectangular figure and a talent for authority (inherited, it may be guessed, from her dead mother), she took life in a matter-of-course way and thought little of love except as a handy verb to conjugate. To be sure, she rarely lacked a big boy to carry her books for her. But this devotion regularly faded away after the big boy graduated, and left Joshua S. Perkins shaking his head in secret disappointment.

The Four Corners was a lonely but convenient place for a schoolhouse, being the central point of the large, sparsely settled district that supplied its handful of scholars. Four roads met there, and Mehitabel's way to school lay along the loneliest of them. It ran through woods, with here and there a peep of the wide ocean; or again it followed the curve of the shore through sandy, treeless spaces, turning inland at last to reach the schoolhouse. On this road stood an inn, the "Maid and Bottle," which bore an unpleasant reputation, and which Mehitabel often made a little detour to avoid on her way to and from her duties. Queer characters resorted there sometimes to discuss the landlord's brown ale or stronger spirits, and these discussions often became animated to the point of physical violence. The "Maid and Bottle," in short, was a resort for the idle-minded of the whole county, and its landlord, Simon, thrived cheerfully in a down-at-the-heel sort of fashion.

At about ten o'clock on this spring morning Simon was unusually busy. He had brought out all his chairs to afford comfort to a number of wayfarers, all of whom were quite new to his experience. Although they were inconspicuously clad in somber black (such raiment, in fact, as was then worn by foreign missionaries on dress occasions), and conducted themselves with an almost exaggerated degree of decorum, there was about them an inexplicable air of freedom and gallantry. The various angles at which they wore their shiny black hats hinted, for example, at unfamiliarity with the best clerical tradition. And as they had approached the inn their rolling steps and tanned faces suggested that these clerical visitors had but recently come on shore after a long voyage on deep water. Their speech, too, betrayed a noticeable indifference to the ordinary restraints of grammar, and in addressing each other they gracefully used the title: "Reverend."

The leader of these strangers, called by his companions "The Reverend Mr. Williams," bespoke the landlord and ordered ten glasses of rum and water. He was a large man, with a round, purple nose, and wore his tall hat tilted so far forward that his red whiskers seemed to grow from under the very brim of it; in fact, he presented the curious optical illusion of being a man with his head on backward.

"Rum and water!" he repeated with marked emphasis. "An' mostly rum! Stiffen her, you long, lank, good-for-nothin' son of an easy-goin' mermaid!"

"Easy, easy there, Reverend Mr. Williams," interposed a companion, who wore his hat very much on one side and absently twirled the ends of a long flaxen mustache. He turned to the indignant landlord and explained suavely: "It's his jolly little way of speakin' to the onregenerate heathen, that is. Never you mind him, nephew,

and lost itself in sun-flecked shadow, and, as she looked forward blithely to the homeward walk, she wondered if she should again see the black schooner that had aroused her morning curiosity in a cove just beyond the "Maid and Bottle." She gave the door a final shake and turned toward her escort.

Suddenly they both stood perfectly still and gazed at each other in the surprised way of persons who have simultaneously received a nervous shock. A child's cry rang out from the woods at the left, followed by protracted weeping; a like note was repeated from the woods at the right, and then from the forest in front of them. A dozen children began crying piteously all at once in different parts of the woods, and no one person could have decided which way to run to their assistance. The sounds had something of fear in them; something of anger; and something, too, of the long-drawn I'll-tell-my-father motif of a youngster attacked by an older person. Then the cries died away in the distance and silence once more settled over the sun-flecked woodland roads. But Mehitabel instinctively squeezed the big boy's hand, and he in turn, with mingled feelings of happiness and trepidation, squeezed Mehitabel's.

At this moment four men came into the clearing, each from one of the four roads. They were dressed in black, and were, in short, no other than the Reverend Mr. Williams and three of his fellow travelers. The Reverend Williams as he approached Mehitabel politely raised his hat.

"M'am," he said, "be you the school-teacher?"

"Be," said Mehitabel gravely, "is a lamentable failure of grammar. I am the school-teacher."

The Reverend Mr. Williams was apparently overjoyed to be corrected.

"She am!" he shouted exultingly; and he grabbed Mehitabel about the waist, lifting her bodily from the ground. The poor girl, thus suddenly embraced, experienced a mingled sense of tar and offended modesty. She wriggled vigorously, and the big boy pounded an indignant tattoo with his fists on the stalwart back of the Reverend Williams. It was a useless effort. One of Mr. Williams's companions grasped the big boy by the legs and pulled these necessary supports from under him; another sat on his stomach; and the third calmly robbed him of his strapful of books. Then they tied his hands and feet neatly together and stood him up against the side of the schoolhouse.

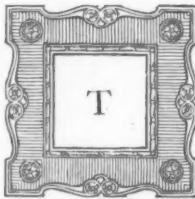
Meantime from the four roads appeared six other men in black. Their arms were full of school-books, and they all surrounded Mehitabel, who still wriggled in a determined but now discouraged manner. The Reverend Mr. Williams, somewhat flushed from his exertions, set her again on her feet, but he hooked one large forefinger into her waistband in a manner that made escape out of the question; Mehitabel was made fast, so to speak, and she stood still with calm dignity, but without attempting to conceal her contempt for her captor. To the wretched big boy, trussed up against the side of the schoolhouse, the ten abductors seemed to be holding a serious discussion, but Mehitabel's wriggles had taken them out of earshot. Finally two of them separated from the rest, and, having broken one of the schoolhouse windows, disappeared into that little temple of learning.

They were gone only a moment, and then climbed back, carrying the teacher's chair between them. They put it on the ground and altogether they compelled Mehitabel to sit down in it; there they fastened her with stout ropes. Then one of them grasped the chair at the back, two others grasped it each by one of the front legs, and together they lifted her, swinging very much as if suspended in a hammock. So they started on a smart trot down the road, and the other seven, their arms full of text-books, trotted cheerfully after.

The sun-flecked wood closed behind them. And as the big boy stood stiffly trussed up against the wall, the echo of a song came back to him, growing rapidly fainter and fainter:

*"His wife and little daughter,  
They march across the water,  
And in, kerplunk! they go.  
Ho, boys: ho!"*

## Chapter Three: Wherein is Conjugated the Verb To Love



**T**HEY built Mehitabel a small, comfortable two-room house of her own just outside the fort. Mehitabel herself chose the site and superintended this operation, her native talent for authority soon asserting itself after she had been once satisfied that the ten pirates meditated no personal violence; and this assurance came easier because she was

neither conceited nor romantic. Except for that one wild embrace of Red Whisker—an ebullition which, he later explained, was due rather to the abstract excitement of grasping instruction in person than to any less ennobling passion—her captors had so far treated her with respect, consideration, and even a touch of awe by no means unpleasant to a serious-minded young woman. They had been unquestionably surprised, for example, when Mehitabel expressed an objection to their habitual profanity, yet they had considerably striven to change, in her presence, a habit which they now saw was inconsistent with the calmer moods of scholarship. She had even persuaded them (although unfortunately there was no soap on the island) to wash their faces, a custom which they had come to think rather unnecessary because they often went swimming in a deep cove just north of the fort; from her own little house Mehitabel could sometimes hear them, of a hot summer afternoon, laughing and splashing each other with the cold, salt water.





She had been about two months domiciled on Nonesuch Island. Often, as she watched the red sun go down into the copper-tinted ocean, she thought pensively how with each day the long summer vacation on the Cape was drawing nearer its end, and wondered practically who would take her place at the Four Corners schoolhouse. Sometimes she laughed, a little cruelly perhaps, at the memory of the big boy's expression as he stood stiffly against the schoolhouse wall looking after her as she rode away into the woodland with the reverend strangers for company. Concerning her father, patiently tending his cranberry farm, she thought more poignantly. Yet after all Mehitabel was not only young but an enthusiastic school-teacher; now that she had got used to her strange pupils they greatly interested her; and she was no longer afraid of them, although her attitude toward Red Whisker remained pointed and discriminating.

Pirates, like the rest of us, however, are only human. During the first month they had thought of little but the serious side of their studies—and the alphabet, if one takes it seriously, is an absorbing topic even to persons so highly educated as the philologists. Then, too, the ten pirates, although not of the artistic temperament or training, had undoubtedly been calmed emotionally by the same characteristics in Mehitabel that had tempered the admiration of a succession of big boys. For the purposes of unhampered devotion to study they could hardly have chosen better, although the choice, as we have seen, had been more or less accidental. But the good living of Nonesuch Island—far different from the pork and pie traditionally devoured by Joshua S. Perkins and his dutiful daughter—were combining with fresh air and unlimited sunshine to change Mehitabel. Although she took long walks over the island, the corners were beginning to disappear from her rectangular figure.

Mehitabel (to put the fact plainly before the indulgent reader) was getting fat; and this accretion, so often fatal to female beauty, was in her case distinctly becoming. What should happen if it went too far is, of course, quite another matter, but Mehitabel was a tall, large-boned young woman, and could, esthetically speaking, afford to carry more weight than most. Her cheeks, too, were turning temptingly pink under her tan. And in one of them when she smiled, as she did frequently at the mistakes of her pupils, there had lately appeared a little indentation which might perhaps be best described as a baby dimple.

To complete this description, and at the same time

instinctively that if he, Pig-Eye, had that apple he would drop any number of younger brothers overboard and give the whole of it to the teacher. A similar softening influence affected all of them; it was the beginning of the tender passion, although, as such, lack of experience kept any of them from recognizing it.

But Mehitabel, comfortably secure in the belief that she was still a plain, honest-looking girl with a rectangular figure, paid no heed to these uneasy symptoms. She was pleased in a motherly sort of way to note how much more regularly the ten pirates washed their hands and faces; and it was only when she had succeeded in introducing grammar into the curriculum that the smoke showed fire beneath it. On the very day when she started her ten pupils conjugating the verb "to love" the hidden flames came near to bursting out tumultuously.

Two days afterward there were only nine pirates, and the tenth rocking-chair stood empty. The evening before Yellow Mustaches and Bald Head had gone walking together; Bald Head, as was reported by Yellow Mustaches, had fallen accidentally overboard; and just before the accident the two had been heard conjugating the verb in loud, angry voices. Mehitabel accepted the accident sorrowfully, for she had a kindly feeling for the vanished pirate on account of the dresses, and then innocently proceeded with the morning lessons. The nine surviving pirates now conjugated with hardly repressed passion.

"I love, thou lovest, he (or she) loves," they shouted in their harsh, discordant voices, and each out of the corner of his eye glared suspiciously at the others. Mehitabel, realizing that something was wrong, could attribute it only to the possibility that her charges had again been drinking, a habit she had done her best to discourage by precept and admonition.

Between the nine pirates, however, there was now little hope of long delaying the real issue, yet each felt the necessity of concealment. Any way they looked at it, the affair stood one man against eight; and each in his own simple mind discussed the relations existing between Mehitabel and the others. Red Whisker, it went without saying, was the least popular with her. Nose-Ring? Had she not once expressed tender solicitude for the pain he must have suffered when that ornament was inserted? Bald Head? But he, fortunately, was well out of the matter; the shellfish had him. Jonathan, the youngest pirate? But where was Jonathan?

It is not to be supposed that the pirates reached this vital question at the same moment. They reached it

whatever about the others and much about Mehitabel. Now, as he walked beside her, he seemed self-conscious and nervous; and suddenly he turned to her desperately. "Mehitabel," he cried, "I love—" and the poor boy could get no further. He stood tongue-tied, looking down at his own feet.

"Thou lovest," prompted Mehitabel.

"He (or she) loves," continued Jonathan in blushing confusion. "We love. You love. They love."

"That's right," said Mehitabel. And then silence fell between them, broken only by the idle sound of the sea, its little waves kissing the shore of the island. Presently they found a sheltered nook where the deep water flowed in under overhanging shrubbery, and there they sat down together, the young woman on a fallen log projecting over the water, the youth leaning against a tree at a higher elevation. The water lay deep and gently agitated at their very feet, and Jonathan, in his gay pirate trappings, looked picturesque and even handsome. Mehitabel, as she looked up at him, found herself wondering if Romeo hadn't presented somewhat the same appearance; nor did it occur to her that Romeo was an Italian and probably had no freckles. Her right hand, in what was certainly a tempting and coquettish fashion, lay on the log toward Jonathan.

Jonathan saw it, and the temptation affected him. "Mehitabel," he cried again, "I have to say it, I can't help saying it. I love—you." And he reached down and grasped her hand timidly.

Mehitabel frowned.

"Thou, Jonathan," she corrected, "I love. Thou lovest. He or she—" And then she looked up to see Red Whisker peering at them through the thicket. He, on his part, was not looking at Mehitabel; he was looking at Jonathan, examining his broad back carefully, with the cold eye of a connoisseur, as if to locate a particularly vital spot; and in his hand, drawn back to strike, was his glittering cutlas. Even as she gazed the cutlas moved outward like the tongue of a serpent.



A tender episode which explains but does not justify the evil and deplorable jealousy of the eight studious pirates

answer a natural question that the feminine reader may already be asking, Mehitabel was better dressed than at any other time in her life. The bald-headed pirate had gallantly handed over to her the pink parasol, and with it a large trunk which had fallen to his share of the booty in a now forgotten episode of his professional labors. For the most part the contents of this trunk, which had belonged to a lady of evident good taste as well as considerable means, had been of slight service to him. Mehitabel, although not without shedding tears of sympathy over the pretty garments (until she suddenly realized that they might spot), had gratefully accepted them. She had, therefore, dresses for all occasions and lacked only the occasions.

But of the general effect of these changes Mehitabel knew nothing. There was only one mirror on the island, and that was a pocket one carried by the tall pirate with the long flaxen mustaches, which he now wore in curl papers only when he was asleep.

In the two months that had passed since the disappearance of Mehitabel from the Four Corners the ten pirates had progressed in their studies with surprising rapidity. They had mastered the alphabet, after considerable violent discussion of the foolishness of having each letter come in two sizes. They knew the multiplication table as far as the fives. And they were beginning to read short selections from their First Readers. Within restricted limits the educational experiment was already a success—but, alas! this very access of knowledge had a peculiar effect on their individual characters; Mehitabel seemed more human, more normal, less awe-inspiring.

Red Whisker, for example, proudly enunciating, "I see a cat and a rat. Can the cat see the rat?" was beginning to look at his teacher with such an expression as might fairly have served to illustrate the cat's attitude of mind in this familiar conjunction. Pig-Eye, thoughtfully trying to decide what an imaginary John would do with one apple and four younger brothers, felt

separately, and as they did so each disappeared, one after another, until nobody remained in the enclosed front yard of the fort but Red Whisker, sitting sentimentally on an empty beer keg: owing to Mehitabel's successful crusade they were two empty beer kegs together. Having given himself over to sentiment, it was characteristic of Red Whisker that the pointed abhorrence of the beloved object had no part in his meditations; he thought rather of a sun-flecked wood far to the north, and laughed sarcastically as he remembered the big boy and his indignant attempt at rescue. Then he looked up, and, finding himself alone, he cursed himself for a procrastinating pirate, drew his cutlas, and disappeared after the others.

Meantime Jonathan walked with Mehitabel. They had walked often together after school hours, for in Jonathan's studious disposition, which had run fairly riot since he had actually been going to school, Mehitabel found a sincere and thoughtful pleasure. He was indeed her prize pupil, having already reached words of two syllables and secretly mastered the multiplication tables as far as the eights; he had, moreover, a knowledge of farming, such having been his previous occupation, that afforded her much interest and enjoyment, and she felt sure that some of his ideas would be valuable to her father. Insensibly, too, for they were nearly of the same age, their conversations had passed from education and agriculture to more intimate and lighter topics: they had told each other much of their past histories; and Mehitabel had listened with a readier interest than she had ever given to similar narratives on the lips of the big boys.

But to-day Jonathan acted queerly as they turned together into a path they had themselves discovered; a high cliff shaded it on the one side, while on the other it wandered not far from the ocean. He was the only one of the pirates, in the sudden tumult of emotion following the grammar lesson, who had thought nothing

But Mehitabel was quicker. Her hand closed over Jonathan's and she gave a quick, excited swing and pull all in one movement. She was a strong girl, the bank was steep, and Jonathan followed with his mouth still open. What he meant to say was unfinished. There was a big, rotary splash as he struck the water; and hardly had his heels vanished when Red Whisker, losing his balance with the vigor of his unresisted thrust, shot unreservedly after him. He followed so quickly that they both disappeared under the water.

Jonathan was out first. He scrambled back on the bank sturdily, visibly annoyed at having been interrupted, but seeing a head rising from the water he took in the situation and made a movement as if to drag his own cutlas from his soaking waistband. But Mehitabel stopped him.

"Come away from that horrid man, Jonathan," she commanded; and, seizing him again by the hand, she dragged him back to the path. They had hardly reached it when another figure became visible, dashing toward them with drawn cutlas; it was still some distance away, but Mehitabel recognized Nose-Ring and could even see how he grasped that ornament in his teeth to keep it from striking him in the face as he came onward with long savage leaps.

As he leaped forward, Nose-Ring swore terribly; and an echo seemed to answer him. Mehitabel and Jonathan, looking toward the top of the cliff, saw Yellow Mustaches. He was busily dropping hand over hand from ledge to ledge, and just over the edge above him peered two other faces, distorted with anger and jealousy.

"They've been drinking again," breathed Mehitabel. "Run, Jonathan."

And still holding hands, Mehitabel and Jonathan took to their heels in good earnest; up hill they went and then down again, and ever nearer sounded the footsteps of their pursuers, uneconomically wasting breath in wicked and unprintable expressions of rage and deter-





THE GOOD B  
Drawn by A.B. Frost





"The  
heavens shall  
vanish away  
like smoke,  
and the earth  
shall wax  
old like a  
garment, and  
they that  
dwell therein  
shall die in  
like manner:  
but my  
salvation shall  
be for ever,  
and my  
righteousness  
shall not  
be abolished."

—Isaiah, li. 6



mination. Eight distinct and different kinds of profanity told Mehitabel and Jonathan that the entire band was behind them. Their hands clung together and their feet kept step with automatic precision (indeed, they seemed to have been made for each other) as they crossed the clearing to the open door of the fort. Then they reached it, and, pushing together, swung the heavy door to even as Yellow Mustaches drove the point of his cutlases into the stout panels. So deep he drove it in that it broke off when he tried to withdraw it, and that made him swear worse than ever.



The humiliating in-coming of Him of the Yellow Mustaches

## Chapter Four: The Most Woful, Dire, and Wholly Unanticipated Results of Immuring a Cape Cod Schoolmistress

**A** NGRIER lot of pirates than now gathered at the door of the fort it would be difficult for any writer of picturesque fiction to imagine. Often had they boasted among themselves that the fort was impregnable, and now that they found themselves in the position of having to break into it there was not a pirate among them but tacitly admitted that the thing was impossible. Nor under the circumstances did it seem wise to begin kicking each other. One after another dragged pistols from belt and emptied powder and bullets into the closed and unresponsive entrance—but even this was an unwise and foolish exhibition of temper, for (as they immediately remembered) all the rest of their ammunition was inside with Jonathan.

Somewhat calmed, however, by this otherwise silly outburst, the eight pirates withdrew to the beach where they sat down in a moody half-circle. The sand was warm under them and suited well with their own tempers, but they took no comfort in this harmonious setting. From where they sat they could see the top of their chimney just rising above the walls of the fort, and the chimney began presently to smoke violently.

"They're a-makin' of a fire," growled Nose-Ring. "Wastin' good kindlin' as we've took turns a-choppin'. Who'd ever have thought as we who built that fort would ever be a-settin' here outside of it a-wonderin' howsomever we're to get in."

"The next time I builds a fort," remarked Red Whisker bitterly, "there'll be some place in it as nobody but me knows about—"

"Listen at him," exclaimed Pig-Eye contemptuously. "Him build a fort!"

Red Whisker started and laid hand on cutlases. He turned a sparkling eye upon his fellow freebooter.

"Mebbe you built that fort," he insinuated politely. "Mebbe you did, Piggy—but if you had, I guess we wouldn't have any trouble to speak of gettin' into it. Who thought of plantin' the thorny papalapsus all round the wall to keep anybody from gettin' nigh with a ladder. That's the conundrum I'm askin'?"

"I thought I did," mildly hazarded another pirate. "But I guess I didn't," he added quickly as Red Whisker turned his eye fiercely toward the interruption. "Come to think of it, Whisker, I remember as how you put it into my head first off. I couldn't have thought of it."

"And it's lucky you couldn't," answered Red Whisker hotly. "As I was sayin', the next time I builds a fort—"

There was a row in the atmosphere, and the other pirates sat up and began to take notice. It made them feel more natural, more like themselves, but Yellow Mustaches brought them back suddenly to a realization of actual conditions.

"Aw, shut up," he said wearily. "Aw, shut up, you fellers, Jonathan dassn't come out and we can't get in. How long's it goin' to last? That's what's eatin' me."

The word "eating" disturbed them all mightily. It aroused unpleasantly attractive memories and took the fight completely out of Red Whisker and Pig-Eye.

"Eatin'," echoed Red Whisker drearily. "Eatin', say ye? I guess that's about all the eatin's likely to be done on this picnic. That ——— Jonathan's got all the eats."

"An' the guns," grumbled another.

"An' the fishin' tackle."  
"An' the First Readers an' Grammars."  
"An'—an' the girl, too."

As the last pirate added this item to the inventory there followed a thin grinding noise running from one pirate to another. The eight ground their teeth in unison. It was a habit, when exasperated, that had given them exceptionally sharp teeth, but at this moment it only emphasized the need of something more nourishing than anger on which to grind them.

Meantime night was approaching. The smoke from

the chimney had diminished to occasional puffs and spirals. An appetizing smell of roast goat and onions mingled tranquilly with the piquant odor of the blossoming hedge of thorny papalapsus. Fond as these bad men all were of onions, the memory of their lost domesticity made their eyes and mouths water simultaneously. The hot disk of the sun dropped steadily toward the horizon; the shadows of their squatting figures stretched farther and farther along the sand, almost to the edge of the forest, now all a-twitter with the good-night chirpings of hundreds of little birds. A wistful melancholy stole over the eight pirates. From the ocean a light, cool breeze stirred their long hair in a vexatiously tickling fashion and chilled them with a premonition of the drop in the temperature that often follows a tropical sunset.

Flesh and blood, in short, could stand it no longer. Red Whisker got up stiffly, tied a dirty handkerchief to the blade of his cutlases and approached the fort. The others watched him without comment.

"Mam! Teacher!" he called plaintively. "M'am Perkins!" It was the title they had instinctively given Mehitabel when she first came to the island, and he repeated it pathetically several times in succession. From the edge of the forest a sleepy, imitative parrot squawked back: "Teach—er! M'am Perkins!"

Presently the young woman appeared on the rampart. Her sleeves were rolled up and her hands covered with flour; she had tied a coat round her waist for an apron, and she looked prettier than ever, although the discouraged and hungry pirate had now no eye for prettiness. He raised his big fist and twittered his stubby fingers as Mehitabel had taught him was the polite way of attracting her attention.

"We're awful sorry, M'am," he said humbly. "Ain't we goin' to get any dinner?"

"You don't deserve any dinner," replied the young woman severely, "acting the way you have. You are a very bad lot of pirates."

"Bad pirates have stomachs just like anybody else, M'am," said the pirate mournfully. "And ours is pious empty."

The childish, ungrammatical sentence touched Mehitabel. She knew that she should never again be able to trust these pirates, but her New England conscience rebelled at the thought of allowing them to go hungry when there was food on her own table.

"Come to the front door one at a time," she said after thinking a moment. "And we'll see what we can do for you," and she disappeared into the fort to consult with Jonathan.

At this welcome assurance Red Whisker could hardly repress a chuckle; hardly restrain the impulse to jump up and crack his heels together for pure satisfaction. Once inside the fort, he told himself, and the situation would take on a very different aspect. He called to the others. As they crowded expectantly round the entrance he softly communicated this hopeful thought to them, and their spirits rose in proportion to their previous depression. Each tickled his neighbor in the ribs, and a mere list of the things they delightedly promised to help each other do to Jonathan could only be printed in the Hades "Daily Recorder"; in the whole wretched company there wasn't an ounce of gratitude. In this happy frame of mind they were preparing to rush the door when Mehitabel again looked down from the rampart.

"I thought as much," she remarked briefly. "I said one at a time."

The eight pirates did their best to seem pleasant and harmless. Each in his own way tried to explain that he was really too hungry to wait—to say nothing of not wishing to keep Mehitabel and Jonathan waiting. But to these polite efforts Mehitabel paid no attention.

"Wretched and ungrateful men," she continued severely, "if you wish any supper at all you will do exactly as I tell you. William"—and here she indicated Red Whisker with a matter-of-fact gesture—"may stay where he is; but the rest of you will get down the beach as fast as your legs will carry you."

The pirates saw that they must make the best of it. They went down the beach obediently as fast as their legs could carry them and left Red Whisker standing alone outside the portal.

"Far enough!" cried Mehitabel sharply, and the seven stopped at a considerable distance. "As for you, William," she continued, "you get right down flat on your stomach and wriggle in when the door opens. Keep your hands at your sides, right down straight, little fingers at the seams of your pantaloons. You will thus be able to propel yourself by digging your toes into the sand, and don't you dare look up till Jonathan tells you."

Wriggle, indeed! Nothing but the most pressing need of getting into the fort could have made so bold a pirate accept so undignified a mode of entrance. But Red Whisker had no choice. His seven companions, too far away to hear these directions, stared with surprise at the peculiar spectacle. The door opened slightly and the ferocious freebooter wriggled indignantly through the narrow opening. Then the door closed behind him and there were several minutes of anxious silence.

"Alonzo J. Murphy!" called Mehitabel, for in calling the roll she had always insisted on giving her pupils the names by which they would have been known had they remained in civilization. Nose-Ring ran forward; like Red Whisker, his companions saw him hesitate, expostulate, and then grovel his way into the fort. One after another, as Mehitabel called the roll, the remaining pirates disappeared into the fort until Yellow Mustaches stood alone on the beach.

"John Smith!" called Mehitabel.

Yellow Mustaches, always dignified, responded with an affectation of leisure. He stood in front of the fort, curled his mustaches and smiled at Mehitabel; but the smile was wasted.

"Now, John," said Mehitabel cheerfully, "you've seen how the others went in. Lie down flat on your face and wriggle. And do hurry, please, for we're all hungry."

Yellow Mustaches's smile faded. He restrained with difficulty a highly picturesque burst of indignation and confined himself to a single sullen monosyllable.

"Shan't," he said sulkily.

"Very well," returned Mehitabel, "if you prefer solitude and personal dignity to companionship and onion soup—"

"I ain't never wriggled for nobody," said the pirate firmly; "and I'll be—excuse me, M'am—and I ain't a goin' to."

Mehitabel leaned over the rampart and looked straight at the sulky pirate. She threw years of professional experience into a single sentence.

"You are going to," she said calmly, "so let's not have any nonsense."

And the reluctant pirate, overpowered but unwilling, threw himself on his stomach and began an uneven approach to the door of the fort. Before his very nose the door opened slowly just wide enough to admit him, and he noticed a thin strand of rope stretched across the aperture. Beyond the rope, as he wriggled across it, he saw and recognized Jonathan's boots; then the rope suddenly tightened about him, binding his elbows firmly against his ribs. There was a quick, businesslike tying of hard knots at the small of his back; a rapid, methodical fumbling of fingers about his ankles; a vicious pull upward from behind that brought him clumsily to the perpendicular. He tried savagely to leap forward, but his feet were fastened firmly together with about eight inches of freedom. He tried angrily to grasp his cutlases, but his bound elbows prevented, and Jonathan quietly removed further temptation by taking his weapon away from him. In those days a pirate without his cutlases was, figuratively speaking, a pirate without his liver.

Mehitabel had come down from the rampart. Together she and Jonathan led their captive to the kitchen. When he tried to resist they both took hold of the rope behind and dragged him along backward. Then the neat young woman carefully washed his face at the kitchen sink before taking him in to join his fellow pirates in the dining-room. The unhappy seven sat round the dining-room table, each with his hands tied securely in front of him, and the loose end of the halter in which he had been caught firmly anchoring him to his dining-room chair. Mehitabel and Jonathan unfastened their hands, and they set to eating, but their elbows being still fast to their sides, they were compelled to feed themselves with quaint and chicken-like motions. Never did eight ferocious freebooters present a more humorous spectacle, and, as the meal progressed, Jonathan and Mehitabel smiled at each other more than once from the opposite ends of the long table.

When the meal was over they dragged their guests one by one to the front door of the fort and dismissed them for the night. Then they sat a while by the fire talking of their own future, and Mehitabel, after a friendly good night, locked herself in the attic, while Jonathan retired to the parlor sofa, drawn just inside the door of the fort. But neither went to sleep immediately; for Jonathan and Mehitabel were now engaged—Mehitabel had herself suggested it as soon as she found that they were compelled by circumstances to remain together under the same roof-tree—and the gentle tumult in their bosoms long precluded the selfish self-absorption of their usual healthy slumber.

But the eight pirates made a bad night of it. They tried to sing, but that was altogether out of the question, and when they at last slept it was in an uneasy,





restless fashion. Morning found them stiff in the joints and weakened in spirit, but they looked grimly determined as they were marched in to breakfast.

"Now, boys," said Mehitabel when the breakfast was over, "I want to ask you just one question, and you may just as well answer me politely. You know that I don't approve of profanity. How do you like being tied up?"

The pirates exchanged glances.

"We don't like it, M'am," they growled in unison.

"Jonathan and I have been talking it over," continued Mehitabel, "and we thought you didn't. Of course, it doesn't make very much difference to us, except for the responsibility of seeing that you don't come undone. We have enough provisions for two years and a half, and Jonathan has only just begun his education, so we really have plenty to occupy ourselves. At the same time it has occurred to us that perhaps you would be willing to sail us back to the Cape—"

The eight again exchanged glances and grinned broadly.

"Easy done," cried Red Whisker. "Just you untie these 'ere painters an' we'll sail you back to the Cape immediately." He winked at the others, and the seven drew deep breaths of expectation. Flushes of anticipation spread over their faces and their fingers twitched nervously.

"—without being untied," finished Mehitabel.

The faces of the eight pirates turned bitter and solemn. They shook their heads. "It can't be did," they exclaimed together. "You don't trust us, M'am," added Red Whisker—and he did his best to say it mournfully.

"You can sail the *Tender Polly* without being untied just as easily as you can eat your dinner." And Mehitabel rose from the table and folded her napkin. "Jonathan and I do not propose to force you in the matter, but it will do no harm for you to think it over. William, will you kindly get up and lead the procession from the fort?"

But Red Whisker settled back in his chair as if determined to become a part of it, and the other pirates followed his example.

"Shan't go," he remarked doggedly. "Ain't any of us goin'. We've sworn it."

"Here we be, an' here we stay," added Nose-Ring solemnly. "If you an' your Jonathan are goin' to move us, you'll have to haul an' carry every time. An' as time goes on," he added triumphantly, "we'll be a-gettin' fatter an' fatter."

"Very well," said Mehitabel. She nodded brightly at Jonathan and went into the next room, whence she reappeared presently carrying her hat as if she had decided to go out for a visit. The pirates watched her with stolid triumph, which turned slowly to apprehension as she removed a hatpin and calmly walked round the table behind Red Whisker. The pirate looked at her over his shoulder, stirring uneasily. Then he stirred more uneasily, and a look of pain passed over his features; he tried to get up, but his bonds held him to the chair; although he had so recently expressed a determination to remain seated indefinitely, its cane-seated bottom seemed to have become unpopular with him.

"I thought you might change your mind, William," said Mehitabel cheerily. "Lead William out, Jonathan, and if he doesn't go comfortably, here is another hatpin. Only don't lose it," she added, "because I have only the two of them."

That night Red Whisker was caught trying to get into the fort with loosened bonds, and Mehitabel and Jonathan sent him to bed supperless. This unexpected severity completely cowed his companions, and the next morning found them ready to accept any conditions. That same afternoon the *Tender Polly* set sail for the Cape; and, more than that, she drove northward with explicit and conscientious directness. The spunk was entirely out of the eight pirates; far from any longer thinking sentimentally of Mehitabel, they were only anxious to reach the end of their enforced voyage and see the last of her. What was really going to happen to Jonathan, they told each other in bitter, exultant

whispers, was far worse and more lingering than anything they could possibly do to him; and they hobbled about their tasks with almost cheerful alacrity at the thought of bringing him nearer it.

It was late twilight less than a month afterward when they at last sighted the lights of the Cape, and ten in the evening when Jonathan and Mehitabel floated away from the *Tender Polly*, their last act aboard being to announce to the pirates, whom they had assembled on the quarter-deck for that purpose, that they had hidden a sharp knife somewhere in the cabin. They knew themselves safe from pursuit, even were the knife discovered sooner than they expected, for they had taken the captain's gig and carefully thrown overboard the oars of all the other small boats. The full moon touched the water with spots of silver and the surf against the distant shore made a shining curve, behind which, as Mehitabel knew with a filling heart, lay her road home from the schoolhouse. As the last wave lifted them high on the pebbly beach they both looked back by the same impulse. Lights now moved rapidly on the *Tender Polly*, and they heard the rattling of sails as she came about, faintly mingled with the notes of a rough chorus.

Mehitabel echoed it whimsically:

"His wife and little daughter,  
They march above the water;  
And in, kerplunk! they go.  
Ho! boys: ho!  
And in, kerplunk! they go."

Then they pulled the gig carefully and economically above high-water mark and hand in hand disappeared in the direction of the Perkins farm.

Little more remains to be told. Joshua S. Perkins, aided by his new son-in-law, did so well with his cranberries that Mehitabel had no further need to apply for her old place at the Four Corners. Jonathan, soon happily married to Mehitabel, became in a short time the most learned and tiresome farmer in the whole neighborhood. As for the pirates, they were never again heard of except as Simon would recount their visit and Mehitabel's subsequent adventure to infrequent strangers at the "Maid and Bottle." Mehitabel was always inclined to hope that they continued their studies, but Jonathan doubted it; at any rate, they were able to read their First Readers after a fashion and that was certainly better than nothing.



Here Endeth the Memorable and Extraordinarily Remarkable Four-part Narrative of Mehitabel and Her Desperate Scholars

# Training with the Tigers

By JAMES HOPPER

*The Vivid Impressions of an Old Football Player at Princeton in the Long Days Between the Opening of College and the Yale Game*

Illustrated by ROLLIN KIRBY



WHEN I landed at Princeton, it was evening, the evening of the "mass-meeting" which formally starts the football season. Groups of fresh-faced, becaped young fellows (it was a bit of a shock in fact to notice how young they were) were drifting across the campus toward the hall in which this meeting was to be held. I followed, beneath trees that rustled softly, past great castellated buildings, out of the flaming windows of which one's ear, somehow, expected medieval sounds—clashings of greaves and pikes, raucous songs, the champ of horses. My eyes were glued stubbornly to the big vague loom of my guide, a gridiron hero of bygone days. At intervals there came from him a low, though sonorous, and joyous exclamation; his broad shoulders parted the throng, advancing toward two other broad and throng-parting shoulders, and he was nose to nose with another giant of pigskin legend. Their greetings were affectionate but ceremonious; their words were almost whispers; their handshake was fervid and intimate—the sort of handshake which you give, you know, at a funeral, in the front parlor, about the casket, to the husband of your wife's sister. A gravity was in the air. The young becaped undergraduates felt it. Their voices were subdued; murmurs, whisperings, the slight hiss of feet upon the pavement, the rustle of the trees overhead, united in giving to the night a solemnity.

The hall, which inside is like a chapel, was packed with some fifteen hundred young fellows, sitting erect, their eyes alert upon the platform. Clear-skinned, clean young fellows; clean with a cleanliness that stopped not at the skin, but went to the bone, you felt . . . a cleanliness coming not only of the bath, but of exercise, of the good athletic exercise which fills the lungs deep with the azure of the air, the blood with ozone. A yell came from them as I entered, for just at that time the speakers were filing upon the platform. It was a startling, almost formidable, thing; it came with such force, with such unison, with such precision. You could feel within it enthusiasm welded hot as in a crucible. Sharp, incisive, precipitated, and thunderous, it rattled out like a volley of musketry out of a trench. A silence followed it, a silence which had within it a vibration, and then the speeches began.

First there were two professors. One talked football in terms of mathematics, the second in terms of psychology. One was the sort who, through an incorrigible youthfulness of heart, preserves always an interest in the deeds and hopes of the students; the other was the sort who thinks he has to, but really doesn't. It was the second who, of course, spoke the longer, and I confess that he irritated me not a little with his frigid and calculating zeal. But not so the students—bless their thumping, generous hearts! They were there to thrill, not to criticize.

Then came the ex-football hero, my mentor that night and my guide. No question about his sincerity; he just told a story, a simple little story.

It was about a boy who had come to Princeton from a farm. He was poor and he had to work his way through. But besides working his way through college, he wanted to work for that college. He joined the football squad.

Carrying the double load of his studies and of making his living, he worked on the gridiron the whole season, hard. He was strong, earnest, and courageous, but he was slow on his feet. He did not make the team.

He went out upon the field again the next year. For two months he toiled, sweated, bled, was pounded on the "Scrub." But he was still slow on his feet and did not make the team.

He went out again in his third year. The first part of the season was a repetition of the first two. He worked on the "Scrub"; daily he faced men superior to him, daily he was pounded by a machine superior to that of which he was a part. He had gained in knowledge, in coolness, but was still slow on his feet. But this time, two weeks before the big final game, the successive injuring of two men ahead of him put him on the team.

He played on the team in the big final game, and the team was beaten. It was beaten because, after persistently pounding him, the other team sent by him a trick play which he was not quick enough to solve.

He wept a few big honest tears after that game, and then he swore that the next time he would not be found wanting. Right there and then, in the middle of winter, he started to train himself to be quicker on his feet. He continued during the spring term. Every day he



# PRISCILLA and the Pumpkin OR AN INDIAN MEAL

A Thanksgiving Episode of Colonial Days



**PLATE I.** The Indians the Colonists of food have quite bereft. And Priscilla comes to get the lonely pumpkin they have left. (She does not see the lurking braves, but scoops its weight to left)



**PLATE II.** She scarcely has it poised upon her shapely cran-um. When she beholds a fearsome sight that fairly strikes her dumb. (From round a tree, with threatening men, an Indian has come)



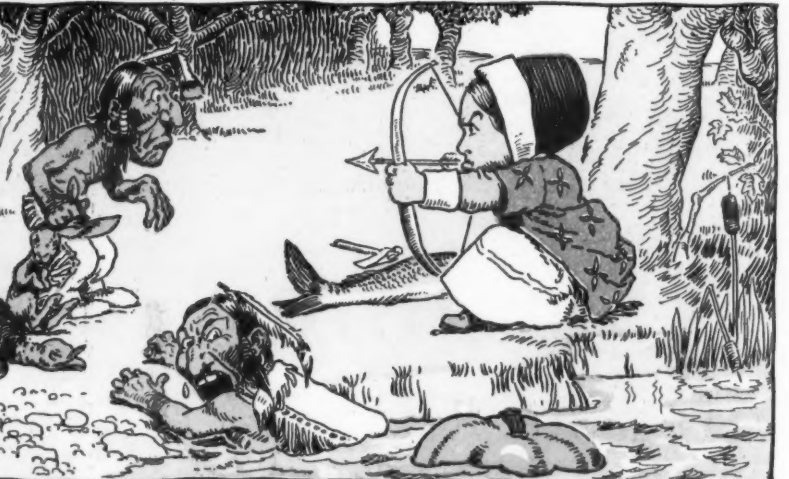
**PLATE III.** With all her might against the foe she hurls the mighty fruit. Which causes him to backward fall and in the air to shoot. (Beware, Priscilla! At your back appears another brute)



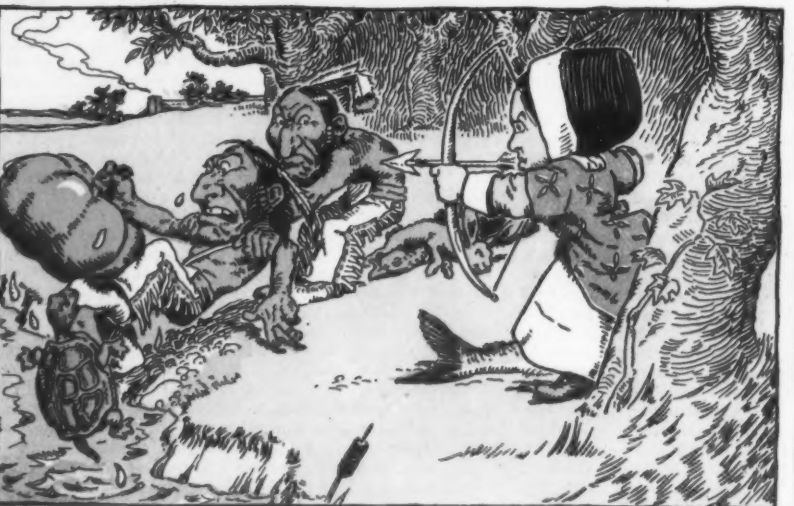
**PLATE IV.** She's saved! The arrow, flying wild, has pierced a wild Turk-ee. Which, falling, tells one savage - the others in the sea. (The splash disturbs a salmon, which leaps, scared as can be)



**PLATE V.** Priscilla grabs the frightened fish. Its struggles soon are o'er. The red man grabs the pumpkin and struggles toward the shore. (The others arm went down the hole where bunny went before)



**PLATE VI.** Priscilla sees him try to rise, and seizes bow and shaft. But when she saw what he had caught, she did not shoot - she laughed. (The one almost yells out for help, as it is in pain - or dail)



**PLATE VII.** The reason's clear when out he's pulled - the one who tumbled in. Fast to his toe with vicious grip there clings a terrapin! (She made them save the pumpkin first in spite of all his din)



**PLATE VIII.** Their weapons seized, she loads them down in sooth a sorry pair. And drives them home the while she chants this toothsome bill of fare: Turkey soup; broiled salmon; roast Pumpkin pie; turtle soup; Salmon, turkey, rabbit-whop!

E. F. THOMPSON



was out upon the track with the sprinters, practising starting from a mark at a signal. He improved. That quality which Nature had denied him he was wrenching from her by persistent indomitable effort. Daily he was becoming more worthy of service.

Summer came, and, as he did every summer, he took a humble position in a big hotel by the sea. And one afternoon, while trying to rescue a poor little servant girl who had been caught by the surf, he died.

So that he wasn't on the team that year (it won). He never did have the joy of hammering his college to a day of glory. "But," ended my big fat friend, the ex-football hero—"but, boys, fellows, don't you think that he did do something for old Princeton?"

### Fifteen Hundred Devotees

**M**AYBE the answer to that question wasn't a convincing one! The roof, at least, thought it was. It came near floating off like a balloon toward the moon. Again came the yell, with an affectionate drawl to it this time, and my ex-hero sat down very limply upon his bench, and his right hand rose in the shape of a lamp-shade to his eyes (he had known the boy whose story he had told). And then there lit upon the edge of the platform, on his toes, with feet far apart, an exhortation already in his throat, a lithe, vibrant young man—the quarter-back and captain of the team. The head coach followed, a strong-faced man, possessed of a tense earnestness tempered by a smile. He repeated the call—for men, for work, for devotion, and for sacrifice.

Again from the fifteen hundred listeners came the



The equivalent of falling on the ball

yell, like musketry spilling out of a trench. And then all those men rose and sang with bared heads. Within that vaulted hall, which was like a chapel, standing and with bared heads, they welded their voices and their faiths into an anthem which was like a religion. The song rose, grave and vibrant, crashed up against the vault, rebounded, rose again to new powerful, ascending waves. I thrilled.

They poured out of the hall singing, upon the campus, where the rites continued. On the old cannon, half-buried, muzzle down, in the center of the square made by the older buildings, a great fire had been built. They marched around it in a growing delirium, hurling forth their crackling yells, singing songs that were as battle marches and songs that were like hymns. The fire roared; it rose impulsively toward the sky in one flame; it lit up the trees, whose leaves shrunk sensitively; it made alive the façades of the old meerscham-hued buildings; they glowed with a rosy exaltation.

In the shadows behind the old football men smoked their pipes and talked of bygone days. They laughed sometimes and they sighed sometimes. Once in a while they called to them out of the throng a boy who was on the team or trying for the team; they spoke to him, quietly and gravely, of his duty toward his college, of the traditions in his keeping; he listened reverently. Vague visions of past legendary glories came to me—of the battle-fires of Austerlitz, of Cromwell's men, singing erect upon their iron horses in the middle of a plain.

Thus at an American college, in the year nineteen hundred and eight, is a football season begun. No, really, if I were an Educator, an educator with a big E, I wouldn't want to abolish that sort of thing. Not much!

The next day I went out upon the field to watch the men at work. They had been at it only a few days and were still at the fundamentals. They were falling on the ball.

Now, to give any one, merely with words, an idea of this pleasant little exercise is quite impossible. This can be gained only through experience. To him who really wants to know (and to feel) I suggest the following:

On some warm, quiet Sunday morning take the ferry to the Jersey side; get on a train; step off at some nice lonely station, walk along the road till you spot a farmhouse that pleases you, and ask the farmer for the freedom of his chicken-yard.

Take a young and temperamental hen; set her loose in the yard, and try to catch her.

With bare hands, I mean. And without driving her into a corner. That isn't fair. Just get her going at full speed, and get a-running at full speed yourself. And

when you are just about eighteen feet from her, spring. Spring with both feet. Leave the ground entirely. Shoot your entire body through the air as though it didn't belong to you, as though it were somebody else's body. Shoot it through the air head first, with feet behind, parallel to the ground and about a yard above it. Shoot it through with zeal, with love, with enthusiasm; let it whirl through the atmosphere like a skyrocket.

And light delicately upon that hen, and draw her firmly to your palpitating bosom. You have done the equivalent of falling on the ball.

Especially if you have missed that hen and you hear behind you the snigger of the farmer and the farmer's wife and the farmer's twelve children.

As a matter of fact, though, the bleachers do not snigger at Princeton. Two freshmen did that day. Coach Roper spotted them and walked quietly toward them. "If you fellows think," he said sententiously, "that falling on the ball is funny, you had better leave Princeton."

That's what I say. Leave Princeton. Leave the earth. But you know now, between us, this falling on the ball is a bit funny, looking at it one way. Looking at it from the standpoint of a materialist, for instance. Football men are idealists.

Tackling is funny, too, from that point of view. Tackling consists in seizing a man by the legs and slinging him to the ground. The men were also practising tackling.

Ten years ago, when the world was still young and ingenious and attacked problems with a certain fresh directness, we used to practise tackling on each other. The tacklers would line up across the field, and then some azure-eyed enthusiast who was trying for half-back, tucking a ball under his arm, would run along that line, each of us taking a shot at him. This method, I believe, has since been found one rather expensive of what coaches call "material." The men now learn to tackle first on a dummy.

It hung there, like a great limp, stupid giant, from a cross-beam set upon two uprights. Before it, set like sprinters on the mark, was a line of men. At regular intervals the coach called out a name. A man sprang from his mark; drum-drum-drum went his feet, pounding the ground as he gathered speed. Suddenly they left the ground; he left the ground. Like a flying catapult, head first, feet behind, he whizzed through the air. Plump! Down went the dummy, with his stupid, astounded expression, a catamount clawing at his knees. "All right," says the coach, and the dummy rises up slowly, like a dead body coming up from the depths of the sea, and the tackler springs like a cat, his hair full of the straw which is thoughtfully scattered upon the ground (degenerate days, these!), and then drum-drum-drum-drum, bang! Down goes Mr. Dummy again. Singular it is how ferociously those boys attack this man of straw. Almost as though he were a real man. It takes a certain amount of imagination to be able to do this. I wonder if the illusion is helped by clothing the dummy the way he is. With a blue sweater upon the chest of which spreads bulgingly a big white Y.

A week later, in fact, they were working about four times as hard.

Already the assistant coaches were flocking to the rescue, rallying around the young team and handing to it their traditions of knowledge and effort and devotion.

With their aid and that afforded by the careful statistics of the team trainer and the team physician, the head coach had begun to classify his "material." Already a first "cut" had been made: some fifty candidates of ardent souls but insufficient bodies had been asked "to hand in their suits"—a small tragedy that. A varsity squad had been formed of the most promising men, and out of them a tentative first eleven, made up of the men who had been on the team the year before or had performed brilliantly as substitutes. This squad was being drilled into plays.

Now the game of football, broadly speaking, consists of a series of rushes made by a team of eleven men against another team of eleven men—a series of concerted attacks. The problem in each attack is to send as many men as possible as suddenly as possible with as much momentum as possible upon a point in the other line as weak, or as unprepared, or as surprised as possible. A trained team has a full repertoire of such attacks (called "plays," a trivial name for a formidable thing, just as football, which is a battle, is called a "game"), each known by a secret signal. The men were being taught some of the fundamental plays.

Each of the plays had been carefully planned upon paper by the coaches in conference, with the same care and precision as a chess-player would plan a new opening, a mathematician work out a new formula, or a general a strategic move. Now the tentative team was lined up and the play explained, at first orally. Each man was shown his exact position, his exact task in it. Then the team as a whole performed it slowly and piecemeal. Then, as a whole, on the walk. Then on the trot. Then at full speed. When thus they had learned

three or four, they were sent up and down the field in furious charges of the atmosphere.

It was a hot, russet, autumnal day. They passed to and fro like a band of wild horses. They sweated and panted and sobbed. At intervals the coach called out a name, and from the substitutes following behind a man sprang, crouching in the line, or behind it, while the spent man whose place he had taken stood sagging beneath the trainer's showering sponge.

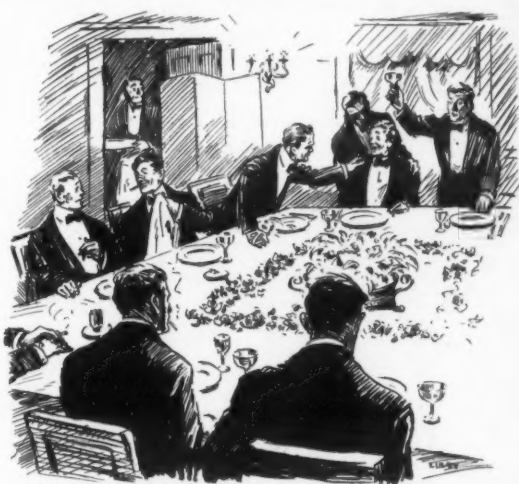
Meanwhile, on the back field behind the stands, unwitnessed and in silence, the "Scrubs" had been pounding each other. A team of them now was brought upon the main field and lined up against the Varsity. Crash, crash, crash, went the Varsity, trying out what they had learned against real resistance now. The "Scrub" crouched low from end to end, for all the world like some inchoate and fabulous beast; into its folds the Varsity crashed like a catapult thrust with rapier-like precision by some invisible, monstrous, and unerring hand. It was interesting to see the Varsity fuse in the heat of the common task. Vaguely already you could see the beginnings of an intelligence of its own, a collective intelligence apart from the eleven intelligences within it. Vaguely you could feel the rudimentary movements of its germinating soul.

I don't know if I can give you an adequate idea of the amount of the toil that day. I should suggest that you go back to your hen, and to your sack of bran, and to your sprinting, just as the other day. Then go to some menagerie and spend some ten minutes in a friendly barehanded set-to with a hungry catamount. And finish up by standing in the middle of the road till you see coming an automobile with an Italian chauffeur. Meet it head-on.

### The One Who Didn't Rise

**T**HE season began to warm up. Each day the line-up was a little longer, a little fiercer. Another cut had been made in the squad. The nucleus of the Varsity was practically settled and you could see that part of it gain in cohesion every day. At the unsettled positions new men were being tried in quick succession under the alert eyes of worried coaches. A belated summer was lingering heavily upon the land; the work had become a steady fearsome grind which took each day all the determination of each; men began to get hurt.

Every day almost, at some moment in the line-up,



Then afterward is a dinner

after a charge and a pile-up, twenty-one men would rise to their feet and One would not.

He would, seemingly, be given little consideration. The coach would call a substitute from the side-line, the teams would move sideways out of the way, the crackling signal-call of the quarter rang out, and, crash—they were all at it again immediately, while supported by the arms of trainers and substitutes, the One limped or was carried to the doctor in the field-house.

Don't mistake this seeming indifference for harshness. The coach, you can bet, even while impassively he is calling another man in, is feeling his heart down somewhere in his shoes. But the good football coach is a psychologist. He knows that in football as in life it does no good to brood over the irretrievable. The work is there, ahead, pressing. Work, then!

And yet the case of the One is almost drama.

Imagine yourself in his place. You have been out for the team three years; for three years, season after season, you have toiled and sweated and panted and have been pounded unavailingly. You go out for your last year—and suddenly you find that, as if by magic, you have become efficient. You are fast, you are strong, your reflexes are true. You are cool and masterful, you know all the tricks of the game from A to Z. You tackle hard, you can leave your feet and shoot twenty feet through the air; unerringly, without thinking, you



Carried to the doctor





"AFTER a fashion"—  
that's how some  
suits are made—and they  
look it. But not

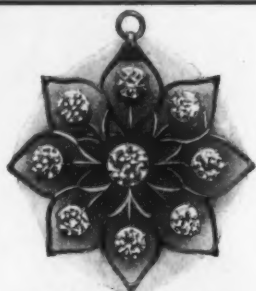
### Michaels-Stern Clothes

because the people who  
make them help to make  
the fashions:—hence their  
correctness.

Priced within reason.

The season's newest models  
should be on sale in your City.  
If not, we'll tell you where to  
obtain them and will also  
forward you one of our handsome  
Portfolios of styles if you send us  
your local dealer's name.

**Michaels-Stern & Co.**  
Makers of High Grade Clothing  
ROCHESTER Dep. C



### Diamonds

Our greatest specialty is the highest grade of Diamonds and  
exquisite designed Diamond Jewelry. You can get just what  
you want by sending to us and you can buy at

Unusually Close Prices

By sending your name and address, we will send our Catalogs  
of 500 Pages illustrating over 1000 articles.  
Catalogs Beautifully Illustrated with Half-tone and Colored Plates  
Made direct from photographs of Diamond Jewelry, Watches,  
Cut Glass, Solid Silver, Enamel Stationery and Engraved Cards.

Mailed to You Postpaid Free  
**JOHN C. PIERIK & CO.**  
Wholesale Manufacturing Jewelers  
132 Pierik Building Springfield, Ill.

Pat'd Dec. 1906.  
Other patents  
pending.  
Copyrighted,  
1906, by  
A. Stein & Co.

**PARIS  
GARTERS**

Perfect  
For All  
Seasons

An article that careful dressers  
buy repeatedly and exclusively  
must be superior.

That's the story of the **PARIS  
Garter**. It has taken the lead  
solely on its exceptional merits.

If your dealer is sold out, send  
us 25 cents for mercerized, or 50  
cents for silk. Money back if you  
are not enthusiastically satisfied.

The only shaped  
and fitted garter

Made only by **A. Stein & Co., 160 Center Ave., Chicago**

No  
metal  
comes  
next to  
the  
wearer.

find yourself doing always the right thing.

A subtle change had come into your relations with the coaches. As a matter of course, without question, they place you on the first eleven. They trust you, they are careful of you. You feel that you are precious to them. The papers speak of you. You have the affection and the regard of your whole college. This goes on for days. Day by day, the one exaltation of your absolute efficiency grows upon you. You have become a master.

Then, one afternoon, during a scrimmage, you feel something give way, something crack; a cold bubble runs up your spine; you nearly faint.

I've seen more than one man go that route at Princeton this season. It may not be very good for the body, but it isn't bad for the soul.

Meanwhile, twice a week, the "preliminary games" were going on.

You understand, doubtless, that each of the big colleges has at least one big rival, and that it is in preparation for the game (the "big" game, the "final" game, it is called) with this rival that all this two months' work is done. To Harvard, for instance, it is the Yale game which is all-important; to West Point, the Navy game; to Princeton, the game with Yale. The preliminary games are a part of the preparation. They are supposed to be against weaker teams, teams against which experiments in formations and men can be tried, which can be successfully met during the formative period, and against which the tremendous nervous exaltation of the final game will not be necessary.

The first few preliminary games are rather pleasant functions. To the men they are a welcome change from the grind of the daily practise; and they afford chances to the unknown or "coming" player—especially to him of inferior body but superior nervous force, who performs always better in a contest than in the monotonous daily toil. But it is especially to the ex-heroes that these games are a pleasure.

They come from anywhere within a radius of a hundred miles, from small towns where they're big or big cities where they toil obscurely. They come, fat and bald, or thin and gray, to look over the youngsters with paternal good-will. It's rather a shock to meet them—a most tremendous lesson on the shortness of this life. They come to you out of the vague loom of legend, and shake you by the hand—and they are human, and fat, or gray.

### Ex-Heroes

THEY come early to the game and wander to the training-house to have a chat with the coaches. Then, together with the coaches, they saunter to the field and station themselves in front of the field-house where the men dress. They walk to and fro, smoking, chatting; they strike resounding blows upon each other's paunches; they speak of old times; they count their children; they relate with a sort of dazed astonishment past heroic deeds; they calculate the "chances."

They are still there as the squad, now padded and helmeted, thunders down the steps on its way to the gridiron. They watch it closely as it passes, with hope, with a prayer, with tenderness; and then, when the striped whirl is gone, they look at each other in a question immediately answered, answered with a smile, a smile of pride and of faith. A few remarks break the silence: "A good lot," "They'll do," "And 'Remember?'" (with a poke of the elbow).

Then they squat upon the side-lines while the team prances through its inferior opponents, and observe it carefully. Those of them who are fat are apt to be indulgent, those that are thin more critical.

As time goes on, these preliminary games become harder and harder. Stronger colleges are met—and the weakest of colleges is apt to turn out a surprising team once in seven or eight years. Teams come up that are a bunch of wildcats, specially taught, specially fed, specially trained for just that contest; they meet a Princeton team which, developed as it is with an eye to the big game at the end of the season, is but rudimentary in its formations, which, again with an eye to the big final contest, must hide its best resources. And which is weary.

Wearily almost to sickness. For training for the Yale game in part means this: it means that the body must be prepared to bear seventy minutes of the hardest toil known; seventy minutes of a struggle in which the soul, exalted to the point almost of madness, makes incredible demands upon the matter, in which it calls upon the body, time after time and inexorably, for prodigies of strength and speed and skill and vigilance and heroism. Now there is only one way by which you can train a body for such a task; it is to teach it to expect it. And you teach it to expect it by giving it a measure of it

day after day for many days. After a while it learns, it understands what is expected of it, and it reacts. It rises to the necessity, it prepares itself, it becomes of steel.

But before it thus catches the hint, before it learns what is expected of it and answers, the body goes through a period of invincible weariness, of discouragement. The body desponds, you might say. It cries: "I can't do it." When the eleven bodies of a team are at that stage, the team is said to be "in a slump."

I saw the Princeton team in a slump. It was in the Syracuse game. The Syracuse team came up with full intentions to take a scalp—a team of giants, heavy, well-drilled and especially prepared for this particular game. You could see that they had been fed up for it, that they had rested up for it; they were bounding with health and vigor. They struck a team that was tired and sick.

### Fighting for a Tie

I CAN still see our men. From the first there was no hope to score, and the contest resolved itself into a blind, desperate struggle to keep those Syracuse ogres from crossing the line. I can still see the Princeton men. I can see their wan, anxious faces, their sagging bodies, their caved-in eyes, set in a sort of weary but unremitting vigilance. They stuck it out, the whole of the long, bitter sixty minutes, and the game ended in a tie. A tie from such a college is at Princeton considered a defeat; I've never seen a victory I liked more than that defeat.

This sort of thing may not be good for the body; it's darned good for the soul.

As I am writing this, we are nearing the end; it is the last lap of the race. The entire college is in that state of suppressed vibration which precedes the boiling-over. Bodies of rooters are practising their rattling yells, their sweeping songs. Impromptu parades start up suddenly; you can hear them at night, marching behind a drum, cheering and singing. The college is like an olden town in state of siege.

And every day (twice a day sometimes) the boys are working. I started, at the beginning of this article, to give you an idea of the amount of work they do. I give it up at this stage. I can't find illustrations.

There are a lot of pretty sick hearts every day upon that field now. At the beginning of the practise the coach stands in the center of the field and calls out, one by one, eleven names—first a center, then two guards, then two tackles, then two ends, then a quarter, two halves, and a full-back. This is the Varsity eleven. Earlier in the season these eleven names were apt to be different every day, and you were apt to get a chance. But now they are pretty nearly the same all the time. Day after day you hear them called out—the same names, in the same order, and yours is left out. And you sit there upon the bench, beneath the pour of the rain or in the cold breath of the wind, your blanket about you, stoic as an Indian; to your right and to your left there stretches a line of others, also wrapped in blankets, taciturn and stoic—and with a feeling inside of them very much like yours. And you watch the Varsity surging through the "Scrubs," the Varsity in which, indissolubly bound, is much of your strength and your toil and your devotion—and in whose final glory you will not partake.

Much of the practise is secret, behind closed gates. The loyal rooters stand out in the street, a fence before their noses. To their ears come the sharp signal-call of the quarter-back, the shouts of the coaches, a drumming of feet, the crash of bodies against bodies. Once in a while there is a dull thump, and the ball rises up above the bleachers, soars for a moment, and then swiftly descends out of sight again. When at last the gates are opened and they march in a body to the stands, the teams are hammering each other again just as though they had been doing nothing before. The coaches these days seem to speak in whispers always; most of the time a medium-sized hoop could be thrown around their collected dozen heads.

### The Big Game

IN a few days now will come the "big" game, the final, tremendous seventy minutes. And there will be victory or defeat.

If defeat—well, then, you'll shed a few manly tears, and then, clenching your fist, you'll swear that next year—

Unless you're a senior, and for you there isn't any next year. In which case you go out for your fight into the world with a little wound somewhere inside of you that doesn't heal right away.

But if it is victory! Why, then, your chest suddenly takes sudden growth and places itself ten inches in advance of the



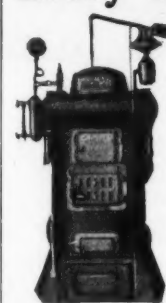
### EL TOSTO The Electric Toast Maker

Instantly attached to any light socket in pantry, on sideboard, breakfast table or elsewhere. Handsome black metal with nickel trimmings. Easy to operate. Nothing to wear out. Cost to operate is trifling. Twelve large slices of bread toasted both sides costs a cent and a half—no odor, soot or taint of any kind—just fresh, crispy hot toast.

Price \$5, Including Cord and Plug Complete  
The manufacturers or nearest dealer in below list will send by express prepaid  
Order today or send for Booklet C

**PACIFIC ELECTRIC HEATING CO.**  
Ontario, Cal., or 1300 Old Colony Building, Chicago  
New York—Elec. Home Supply Co., 45 W. 34th Street.  
Boston—Stuart-Howard Co., 4-5 Winthrop Square.  
St. Louis—Kling-Merkle Elec. Co., 1106 Pine Street.  
Denver—Mountain Electric Co., 1619 Glenarm Street.  
Salt Lake City—Inter-Mountain El. Co., 188, Main Street.  
Dallas—Hobson Electric Co., 174 Commercial Street.  
Live dealer wanted in every town to handle El Tosto and our "Hot Point" Electric Flat Iron

### Every Room Warm



An even, healthful  
temperature in every  
room in your home—  
a wholesome, summery  
atmosphere—no matter  
how cold outside, nor  
which way the wind  
blows. A warm house;  
warm all over—not too  
warm in mild weather  
—when your home is  
heated by

### CAPITOL BOILERS AND RADIATORS

Hot Water or Low Pressure Steam

Economical in fuel (all grades of coal as well as wood); so simple a child can operate; give long years of service, with complete heating efficiency. A book containing the experience of many people with different methods of heating mailed free. Send for it to avoid mistakes. Address Dept. Q.  
CAPITOL BOILERS AND RADIATORS are equally valuable for Churches, Schools, Hotels and Office Buildings.

### United States Heater Company.

DETROIT, MICH.

Branch Offices and Agencies in all Principal Cities

### Try our way of washing

easier on both you and the clothes

### The Flood City Washer



A simple, powerful device, with a strong suction—cleans clothes by forcing water through them. Cuts out the hard labor. Washes clothes quickly, easily and without wear or tear.  
Cleans all the clothes, thick, heavy pieces, blankets, bed spreads, overalls, working jackets and delicate pieces like lace curtains, fine linen, light children's dresses, ladies' waists.

The Flood City Washer can be used on any tub, wooden or stationary. Substantially made from best materials, it is wear-proof. Saves enough to pay for itself in one month.

Style A, Heavy copper, \$2.50  
Style B, Heavy tin plate, \$2.00

Ask your dealer to show you or send to us and we will ship express paid and money back if the washer fails to do what we claim for it.

Send for free booklet "Our Way of Washing"

THE FLOOD CITY WASHER CO., Ltd.  
15 Market St., Curwensville, Pa.

### Sharpen Your Double Edged Razor With Vim Stropper Blades

Your safety razor will shave 100% better if you strop the blades. Don't throw them away. The Vim is the only satisfactory stropper for double edged blades. It sharpens them better than new. If your dealer will not supply you, send us for Vim Stropper, prepaid, on 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Money back if not satisfied. Over 100,000 now in use and not one returned. Send today.  
Yale Safety Razor Co., 651 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



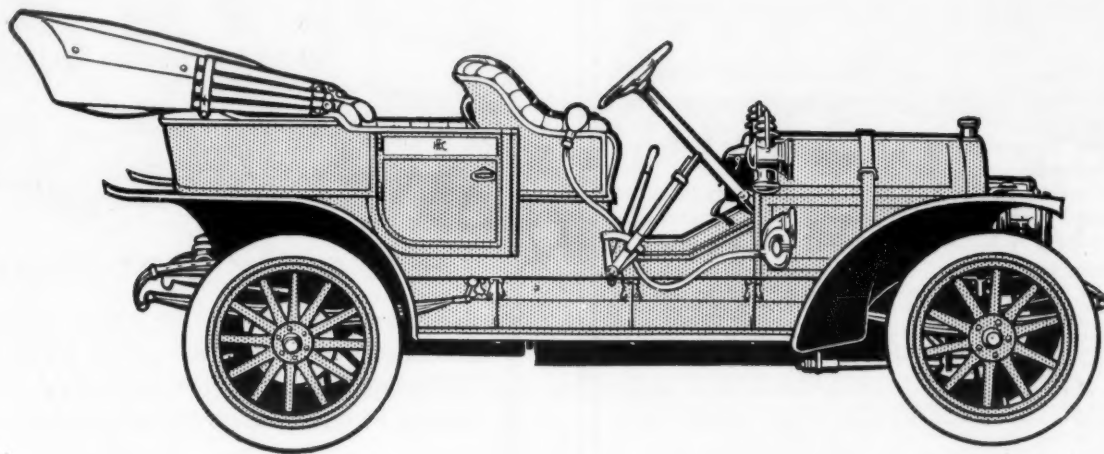
## 1909 Models Ready

Touring Cars  
Roadsters  
Limousines

## Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"

Formerly Thomas-Detroit "Forty"

\$2750



# As Good a Car as Any Price Can Buy As High a Price as Any Man Should Pay

**The Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"** is a dandy car. Ask any owner—"dandy" is the word he'll use.

This is the unquestioned leader among medium-priced cars. And never was a car at any price more wholly satisfactory.

None has more zealous friends. None has made better records. None has won so many important contests during the past two years.

What desirable thing can you get that we lack? What possible claim can warrant a higher price?

**You want Reliability—Endurance.** Note these victories that our "Forty" won during 1908:

Detroit Endurance Run—450 miles—Perfect scores for three of our cars.  
Baltimore-Hagerstown Endurance Run—Perfect score.  
Kansas City Endurance Run—Perfect score.  
Hartford Endurance Run—Perfect score.  
Minneapolis Endurance Run—Only perfect road score, 19 starters.  
Washington, D. C., Reliability Run—Best score in touring car class.  
Atlanta Sealed Bonnet Contest—Only perfect score.  
Detroit Sealed Bonnet Contest—Perfect score for our "Forty" and "30."  
Long Island 300-Mile Efficiency Test—Perfect score.

**You want Hill-Climbing Ability,** for that means power. Note these events we won in 1908:

Cincinnati Hill Climb—Won in \$2,000 to \$3,500 class.  
Albany Hill Climb—Won in \$2,000 to \$3,000 class.  
New Haven Hill Climb—Won in our class.  
Worcester Hill Climb—Won four firsts and three seconds.  
Wilkesbarre Hill Climb—Won in \$2,000 to \$3,000 class.  
Spokane Hill Climb—Won by 10 seconds.  
Algonquin Hill Climb—"Forty" and "30" made best time in their classes.

**You want Speed**—sometimes. Note these 1908 events won by our "Forty":

320-Mile Rocky Mountain Cup Race, Denver—Only car that finished—time 8 hrs. 25 mins.  
Readville, Mass., Track Races—Won 20-mile special race.  
Speed Trials, Wildwood, N. J.—Mile in 51 2-5 seconds.  
Special Match Race, Denver to Cheyenne—118 miles—Won by setting new record of 3 hrs. 25 mins.

**You want a quiet car,** and the "Forty" is as still as night. You want a comfortable car. The 1909 "Forty"—because of our new  $\frac{3}{4}$  elliptic springs—is the easiest-riding car on the market.

This change in name involves no change in ownership, personnel or management. It is simply made to avoid the confusion of two Thomas concerns operating on separate lines.

What more could you get for \$4,000 or \$5,000? More weight, perhaps, but that means a high cost of upkeep. Perhaps a little more power, but how can you possibly use it?

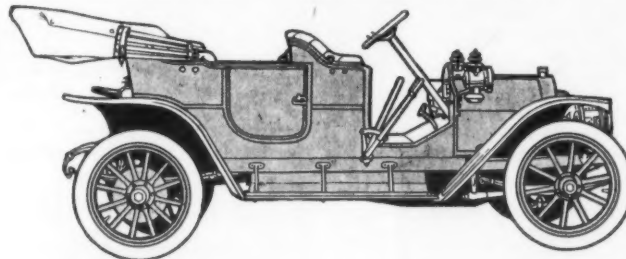
You can't buy a car more delightfully satisfactory. A thousand users will confirm this fact.

**Please see this car**—compare it with any 5-passenger car, without regard to the price. Judge the facts for yourself.

We have never been able to supply the demand for our "Forty." Last year we ran 200 cars short. Every year, more and more people are finding their ideal in this medium-priced car. You will be one when you see it.

## Chalmers-Detroit "30"

Touring Cars—Tourabouts—Roadsters



## The Utmost in a Car for \$1500

This car is the season's sensation. We have worked for two years to perfect it. Mr. H. E. Coffin—who also designed our "Forty"—made two trips to Europe to combine in our "30" the latest ideas of the world's best engineers.

Every feature in our "30" is in accord with the latest practice. It is two years ahead of its rivals. Today there is not a car at anywhere near this price which can begin to compare with it.

Our profit on this car is but 9 per cent, based on an output of 2,500 cars. The factory costs on the 4-cyl engine is \$261. The transmission costs us \$94—the axles \$125—the ball bearings \$103. The wheel base is 110

inches. We state these facts to show how much the car gives for the money.

More than 600 of these cars are already delivered. We are shipping from 15 to 18 daily. One can get prompt delivery now. Next spring it is likely that hundreds who want it will need to take second choice.

Please get our catalog now. Make your comparisons—decide if you want this car. If all buyers did that, our possible output would not meet a tenth the demand.

### Cut This Out

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co.,  
Detroit, Mich.  
Mail your new catalog to

COLLIER'S, New York.

## Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Successors to E. R. Thomas-Detroit Co.

(Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.)

IN ANSWERING THIS ADVERTISEMENT PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

## About Fairy Soap

The N. K. Fairbank Company—makers of Fairy Soap—tell a story in their advertising which they say "is different from that of any other soap maker." They say that "Fairy Soap contains no free alkali, rosin or dye—but is just soap—pure soap—and nothing but soap, of the very best kind."

They say that "the materials in Fairy Soap are the purest that money can buy—and so perfectly combined that they will not irritate nor stop up your pores as do soaps made from cheap materials."

They also say that "Fairy Soap cleanses the skin thoroughly, smoothes and softens it, and imparts the glow of health which makes every nerve tingle with renewed vitality."

Again they say that "the oval cakes of Fairy Soap are the most convenient shape for you to handle."

But—that users of toilet soap may be induced to prefer Fairy Soap to all others—this story must be seen and read by people likely to be impressed.

And—this is the way the N. K. Fairbank Company handles the matter:

MAHIN ADVERTISING COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Mr. Vernam, of "The Popular Trio," declared today that at 74 cents per page, per thousand, our Fairy Soap advertisement would secure the lowest cost distribution for Magazine circulation in publications costing the reader from \$1.50 to \$1.80 per year.

We are interested in this statement and would be pleased to have your verification of Mr. Vernam's statement and also your recommendation as to the suitability of the enclosed advertisement which Mr. Vernam selected as being specially suited to influence the readers of "The Popular Trio."

As you know, it is not our intention in any way to restrict our expenditure for advertising to which we give credit for making household necessities of "Gold Dust Washing Powder" and "Fairy Soap" but we feel that in these times of readjustment we want to carefully scrutinize circulations and values, and confine our expenditures to mediums that have in no way lost favor with their readers, or that did not secure their readers in the past as the result of artificial booming which in these times may have been discontinued.

Very truly yours,

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY.

What influenced the N. K. Fairbank Company to place a six-page order for Fairy Soap in THE POPULAR TRIO, commencing with December magazines:

They found Ainslee's proved best for Palmer & Singer Mfg. Co., Automobiles, New York City. Brought more inquiries. Can trace direct sales. Proof that AINSLEE'S is read by men and women of refinement. (Men and women use Fairy Soap.)

The cost of THE POPULAR MAGAZINE on a year's advertising was 51% of the amount of money it brought J. M. Lyon & Co., Diamond Importers, New York. THE POPULAR readers buy advertised goods. (The N. K. Fairbank Company are anxious to reach such readers for Fairy Soap.)

SMITH'S proved best for an advertiser of Toilet Articles. Proof that SMITH'S is read by women. (Fairy Soap is used by women.)

Thus, these facts, and many others similar, proved to the N. K. Fairbank Company

that the very people for whom Fairy Soap is made also buy and read the magazines of THE POPULAR TRIO, the circulation of which is:

AINSLEE'S, 250,000 copies per month

The POPULAR, 330,000 copies per month

SMITH'S, 150,000 copies per month

Total, 730,000 copies per month

THE POPULAR TRIO reaches the greatest number of buyers of advertised goods at the lowest comparative cost—\$540 per page, which figures 74 cents per page per thousand of circulation. Now is the time to be governed by actual values—cost—and results in selecting your advertising mediums. Shall we send you all the facts about our magazines—THE POPULAR TRIO?



"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"

C. C. VERNAM, General Manager, 7th Ave. & 15th St., New York City

**\$1 You can't breathe wrong with \$1**  
**BREATHE-RITE**



A XMAS  
BLESSING  
FOR  
MEN  
and  
BOYS

**What Breathe-Rite Is**  
BREATHE-RITE is an elastic brace, not a corset, made of an indestructible, washable white fabric. It is as easy to put on and take off as a vest. It is equally good for Men, Women, Boys and Girls, one size fits anybody.

**What Breathe-Rite Does**  
BREATHE-RITE enlarges the chest, reduces the abdomen, corrects round shoulders and strengthens the back. It holds the body gently but firmly erect, whether walking, sitting or standing.

The BREATHE-RITE patented six-slotted slide does the trick.  
**PRICE ONE DOLLAR**  
Nothing better at any price.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and ONE DOLLAR and "BREATHE-RITE" will be forwarded at once prepaid.

**\$1 THE BREATHE-RITE CO. \$1**  
43 West 34th St., New York

We have an interesting proposition for wide-awake men and women agents in your territory.

## An Opportunity for the Ambitious

The greatest work that has ever been published explaining in detail business methods, systems plans, accounting, auditing and book-keeping questions is now ready for the assimilation of the ambitious.

THE REVISED EDITION  
OF THE

## American Business and Accounting Encyclopedia

six volumes, contains over 1500 pages of business knowledge which after you have mastered means a permanent and successful establishment in the business world.

This great business encyclopedia will be sold at

A SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE OF \$3.00 per volume, delivered one volume per month.

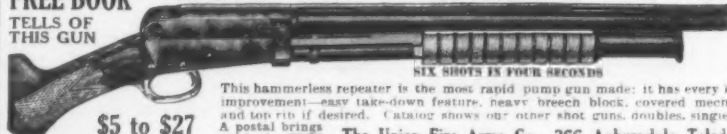
Write for descriptive circular and full information.

It's free to those interested.

THE BUSINESS MAN'S PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.  
77 West Fort Street, Detroit, Mich.

**FREE BOOK**  
TELLS OF  
THIS GUN

**A SHOT WITH EVERY TICK OF THE WATCH**



**\$5 to \$27**

This hammerless repeater is the most rapid pump gun made: it has every known improvement—easy take-down feature, heavy breech block, covered mechanism and top rib if desired. (Catalog shows our other shot guns, doubles, singles, etc.) A postal brings our book—FREE The Union Fire Arms Co., 266 Auburndale, Toledo, O.



## Family Contentment

No family can enjoy the home or do best work if obliged to huddle around a stove or fireplace. Different members of the family want to do different things in different rooms in all parts of the house.

**AMERICAN & IDEAL**  
RADIATORS & BOILERS

for Hot-Water or Low-Pressure Steam give you just the temperature you want in every

room—halls, window-places, and floors are alike warm, with no dangerous drafts. No coal gases, soot, or ashes reach the living rooms—to menace health and destroy furnishings.

The first cost is all the cost there is—the outfit lasts as long as the building, with no repairs. IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators save enough in fuel, labor, and house cleanliness to quickly pay off their original or first cost—thereafter they are a lasting investment.

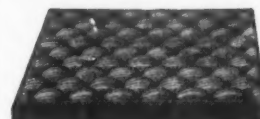
Do not wait to build a new home, but enjoy comfort and content in the present one. Put in without tearing walls or partitions. Sizes for all classes of buildings—smallest to largest—in town or country. Our free book, "Heating Investments Successful," tells much that it will pay you well to know. Sales offices and warehouses in all large cities of America and Europe.



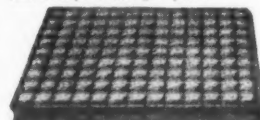
**ADVANTAGE**  
15:—The fire-pots of IDEAL Boilers burn the largest possible amount of air to get the full heat out of each lump of coal.

Dept. 31 **AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY** CHICAGO

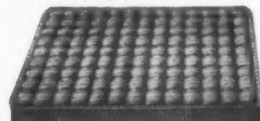
## To Get the Best Quality Mattress at the Lowest Price Ask Your Dealer for the Hirschman Guaranteed



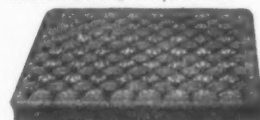
**\$9.00 Hirschman's "Acorn"**  
45 lb. Medium grade Cotton Felt Mattress. A popular mattress of the low-expensive grade. Careful construction. Deeply tufted. Good quality ticking. Strongly stitched and of much higher value than those usually sold at higher prices.



**\$14.00 Hirschman's "Imperial"**  
50 lb. B-grade Cotton Felt Mattress. Built of extra quality cotton felt. Each layer hand laid by experts. Snowy white, guaranteed free from all foreign substances. Blacoll tufted, closely stitched on border with Imperial edge. Upholstered in dainty design, delicate tints of high grade art ticking.



**\$16.50 Hirschman's "Azores"**  
60 lb. A grade Cotton Felt Mattress. The handloom cotton felt mattress made. Extra quality, guaranteed, cotton felt sheets of even thickness laid with extreme care by experts. Deep tufted—stitched 4 times on border with Imperial edge. Highest grade German linen ticking in stripes or design.



**\$50.00 The Hirschman "King"**  
Double-Deck Turkish Spring Mattress. The best bed built. Contains 192 oil-tempered coil springs, each hand tied 9 times. Upholstered with 22 lbs. specially selected long, black, curled hair. Covered with finest mohair art ticking. No other bed like it. Patented. Get catalog for full description of this and every Hirschman.

HIRSCHMAN mattresses are all guaranteed to be superior to any other make. No matter what grade of mattress you wish to buy—the best in that grade—sold at the lowest price—is guaranteed to be the Hirschman.

Our guarantee enables you to prove the Hirschman superiority. You are privileged to compare both the filling and cover of a Hirschman mattress with any other made. Rip it open if you like—it will stand the test.

Remember, that we guarantee it to be the best in material—the best in workmanship and construction—to be the most comfortable.

It gives to every curve of the body while in use and springs back to shape when not.

Yet the Hirschman Guaranteed Mattresses are lower in price, grade for grade—although they cost more to make—than any other you can buy either direct or through a dealer.

We let you prove this yourself—

**Sleep on a Hirschman Guaranteed Mattress 60 Nights Free of Charge**

If your dealer has a line of Hirschman mattresses—select the style you want—sleep on it sixty nights. Then if you do not find it exactly as represented—or all we claim for it—or even if you would for any reason willingly part with it—say so—and the mattress will be taken from your home and every cent of your money returned to you without question or quibble.

Whether you want a 45-pound cotton felt mattress at \$9.00 or a double-deck Turkish Spring mattress at \$50.00 or an intermediate grade, our offer is the same. Sleep on it sixty nights and get your money back if not satisfied. It will not cost you one cent.

Don't forget to look or ask for the Hirschman Guarantee trade mark. It is on the end of all genuine Hirschman mattresses.

If your dealer will not supply you with a Hirschman Mattress write us, we will see to it that you are supplied with just what you want. Write us for our handsome free booklet—"The Story of a Good Bed." It will tell you how to secure bed satisfaction and how to save money when buying a bed.



**The J. C. Hirschman Company**  
Department A  
Indianapolis, Indiana

We make a complete line of upholstered springs, hair mattresses, cotton felt mattress and feather pillows. 31 years' experience.





**"THEY FIT ROYALLY"**

**Emperor**  
Shirts, \$1.00 and up

**Princely**  
Shirts, 50¢ and 75¢

**ATHLETICS** have appreciably broadened men's shoulders and expanded chests. So many shirts do not fit, because they are drafted on material-saving, skimpy patterns. "EMPEROR" and "PRINCELY" are cut much fuller than any other shirts. That accounts for their admirable drape, true balance and unerring fit.

Your dealer sells them. More than 900 modish and exclusive designs to choose from. Insist on getting "EMPEROR" or "PRINCELY" Shirts, and be sure to look for either of the labels shown above. None genuine without them. Beautiful Style-Panorama "A" in colors sent free. Write for it.

**PHILLIPS-JONES COMPANY**  
502-504 Broadway, New York

Also Makers of "Jack-Rabbit" Work Shirts.  
Largest Shirt Manufacturers in the United States.  
Established 1862.



"What! You wearing a Spongeable Linen Collar too?" "Yes, I got it last week. No one knows it from Linen. It's the only water-proof Collar I ever saw that I would wear. I sponge it every day, and it always looks fresh and clean. Fact is, 'All it lacks is the Laundry Bill.'"

Collars and cuffs of all sizes and styles can be had by addressing the

**Spongeable Linen Collar Co.**  
333 Bradford Block, Cincinnati, Ohio

Send 25c stating size and style. Cuffs 60c. Style book sent free.

**First and Original Motor Buggy**  
\$250 "SUCCESS" AUTOMOBILE

Practical, durable, economical and absolutely safe. A light, strong, steel-tired Auto-Buggy. Suitable for city or country use. Speed from 4 to 40 miles an hour. Our 1908 Model has an extra powerful engine, patent ball-bearing wheels; price, \$275. Also 10 h. p., \$400. Rubber Tires, \$25.00 extra. Write for descriptive literature. Address

**SUCCESS AUTO-BUGGY MFG. CO., Inc., St. Louis, Mo.**

**AMAZING FEATS IN CALCULATION PERFORMED WITH EASE!**

IF YOU MASTER THE SEVERANCE SYSTEM

89666½ x 984875 = ?  
97237½ x 896625 = ?

Think of multiplying the above mentally in 10 SECONDS! Think of adding columns as easily as you read. The system covers every branch of business calculation. Easy to understand. A stepping stone to higher salary. Cloth, \$1.00.

**D. N. SEVERANCE, 271 Oak Street, Chicago, Ill.**

**PATENTS**  
NEW BOOK FREE

This book contains 100 hints of Mechanical Movements and Tells all about PATENTS. What to Invent for Profit and How to Sell a Patent.

**O'BRIEN & BROCK, Pat. Attys., 518 F St., Washington, D. C.**

**Ornamental Wire and Steel Fence**

Cheaper than wood, combining strength and art. For lawns, churches, cemeteries. Send for FREE CATALOG. Address

**The Ward Fence Co.**  
Box 728, Decatur, Ind.

rest of you, and you walk not upon the earth, but about three feet above it. You come off the field, sagging, but full inside of an austere happiness; you drag off your harness, soggy with sweat and mud; you place your aching and burning body beneath the caress of a tepid shower—and even while beneath the shower you call for a claret punch and a cigarette. And you dress slowly, with the other fellows; you discuss incidents of the past struggle—and every once in a while you all laugh like fools without knowing why.

And then afterward there is a dinner. You sit at a table that is shimmering white, which glistens with crystal and silver, and which is laden with all the things of which these many weeks you have been denied; to your right and to your left, shoulder to shoulder as they were with you during the long fight, sit your comrades. Some have blackened eyes, some have skinned noses, some have to eat with one hand—but the faces of all are aglow. In your glass is a yellow wine which continuously sends up little golden bubbles.

**The Idealism of Football**

**Y**OU eat and you drink, and you talk, and you laugh. And after a while everything seems to get a little far off: everything is very beautiful and aureoled with a slight azure haze. Your knife or your fork, every once in a while, drops out of your hand, and you don't know why. Then you become aware of a singing. They are singing. You are singing.

They are singing a gentle, rollicking little song, with a note of tenderness in it. "Oh, here's to so-and-so, so-and-so, so-and-so; oh, here's to so-and-so, God bless him, heigh-ho!" First they take up the name of the coach, then of the captain, then of man after man of the team. And, finally, they are singing your name. There they are all standing, glass in hand, singing your name. "Oh, here's to Johnny Hudson, Johnny Hudson, Johnny Hudson; oh, here's to Johnny Hudson, God bless him, heigh-ho!"

You sit there, crushed, simply crushed, with happiness and drop a discreet tear into your glass—your glass which still is sending forth little golden bubbles.

And there it is—football! Of course, I know that there are men (college presidents, professors, educators) who see in it nothing but skinned noses, and black eyes, and broken bones. They lack vision, that's all; they do not see beneath surfaces. And they have things upside down. It is they who are the purblind materialists, while it is the others, the boys who toil and suffer for a vibrant, intangible thing, which is a cause, which they call their college—it is they, the football boys, who are the azure-eyed idealists.

**President Eliot**

(Continued from page 13)

must hold both capital and labor accountable to the public; second, that the great evil of the contest is not in this or that mooted problem of detail, but in the contest itself. Labor and capital may not only injure each other, they may bring an unthinkable hardship to the whole commonwealth. Labor and capital do not injure each other so much by the fact that they are in warfare as by the fact that they exist at all as two factions, and so have robbed industrial life of the element of good-will. It is useless to attribute the originality of these two truths to Mr. Eliot or to take it from him. It is enough that he, first of all, opened our eyes to these two fundamental principles. This was public service, too.

And he has done more than any other man to make popular the problems of municipal government. That he may think that certain forms of city government approach most nearly the ideal is not one-half so important as the fact that he has made the rank and file realize that the problem belonged to them. It was only a few days ago, reflected the visitor, that he told an audience of working men that improvements in municipal affairs are due to the class of persons whose incomes range from \$500 to \$1,000 per annum. They, and not the large taxpayers, are the persons most affected by good and bad government, and in their hands is the power to make progress. This is the sort of doctrine which Mr. Eliot has sown. Such doctrines he makes dramatic by simplicity, such are those that he spreads by gentle, patient insistence.

We owe to him much of the American interest in public parkways. His biography of his deceased son Charles goes so far beyond its treatment of a man that it is a treatise—a learned treatise on landscape architecture which an expert must have in his library. His interest in playgrounds and parks for the people is full of the rich and quiet sentiment which only

**You Can't Shave Wrong with a KEEN KUTTER Safety Razor**



You're bound to shave right with a Keen Kutter Safety Razor—you can't help it. It is set at just exactly the proper angle so it will not pull or scrape or slip over the beard.

Pick up a Keen Kutter Safety Razor and shave—that's all there is to it. The details of angle and adjustment have been carefully and accurately taken care of by the makers.

Try a shave with a Keen Kutter Safety Razor. See how much easier, quicker, smoother and more comfortable it is than any other. See how much better your face feels. No matter how tender your skin or how wiry your beard—this razor will give you a velvety shave. Put up in a leather case with 12 guaranteed Norwegian steel blades of Keen Kutter quality, ready for instant use. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.

If not at your dealer's, write us

**SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.)**  
St. Louis and New York, U.S.A.



No. K-1—Silver Plated in genuine Black Leather Case, \$3.50  
No. K-3—Gold Plated in genuine English Pigskin Case, \$5.00

**Victor-Victrola**  
A new style Victor

All the beautiful Victor music and entertainment, played in the richest, sweetest, most mellow tone ever heard—as pure and true as life itself.

The horn and all moving parts are entirely concealed in a handsome mahogany cabinet, and the music is made loud or soft by opening or closing the small doors.

The cabinet contains albums for 150 records and drawer for accessories. All metal parts heavily gold-plated.

**The most complete of all musical instruments.**



Hear the Victor-Victrola at any music-house or talking-machine merchant's.

Write to us for descriptive catalogue.

**Victor Talking Machine Co.**  
Camden, N. J., U.S.A.

Victor-Victrola XVI, Mahogany, \$200  
Quarterned Oak, \$200  
Victor-Victrola XX, Mahogany, embellished with gold, \$300

Victor-Victrola XX, Mahogany, \$250  
Circassian Walnut, \$250

**"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"**

To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

A complete list of new Victor Records for December will be found in the December number of *Money's*, *Scraper's*, *McClure's*, *Century* and *Everybody's*; and January *Cosmopolitan*.



This trade-mark on every garment  
Modern Machinery and Methods, in fact, the very best of everything, enters into the construction of

## Wright's Health Underwear

to make it the most sanitary and healthful underwear that anybody can buy.

Made of many tiny, fluffy loops. Joined together so no body-heat escapes; no outside cold comes in; no damp of perspiration stands on the skin. Costs no more than the ordinary kind.

### Wright's Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear

A lighter weight underwear in beautiful fabrics and colors. Permanently elastic, it fits and holds its shape indefinitely.

Book "DRESSING FOR HEALTH" sent free. Explains the famous loop.

Wright's Health Underwear Co.  
47 FRANKLIN STREET, NEW YORK CITY



**SMILE with the NEW**  
**LITHOLIN**  
Waterproofed Collars and Cuffs, bring comfort, style and economy.

Cover one half of the above face and then the other, and you see illustrated the real comfort of LITHOLIN. Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs as compared with others. LITHOLIN is linen and looks like it—never wilts, cracks nor frays, and is wiped white as new with a damp cloth. Newest shapes and sizes.

**COLLARS 25c. CUFFS 50c.**  
Always sold in RED boxes—avoid substitution. If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid.  
Booklet of styles free on request.

THE FIBERLOID CO., Dept. 3, 7 Waverly Place, New York  
**STYLE ECONOMY LITHOLIN FIT COMFORT**  
WATERPROOFED LINEN  
COLLARS & CUFFS

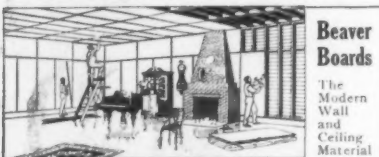


## IS YOUR INCOME INSURED?

More important than any other insurance except perhaps life insurance is that insurance which protects you against loss of income and expenses in case you fall ill or become physically disabled. You can guarantee your income and expenses while ill with our Popular Premium Policy.

Write for Particulars

**Empire State Surety Co.**  
86 William Street, New York  
Offices in all important cities



**Beaver Boards**

The Modern Wall and Ceiling Material

**Takes Place of Both Lath and Plaster**  
Nails direct to studding. Susceptible to finest decoration—Practical—Economical—Durable—Sample free. Our handsome booklet tells all about the 8 kinds. Write for it today—lest you forget.  
Beaver Manufacturing Co., 229 Perry St., Buffalo, N.Y.

**Big Money** can easily be made a year in the Collection Agency Business. I show you how and send business to help you. The uncollected debts on merchants' books supply the capital. I send free, a large supply of printed forms, contracts and stationery. Write to-day for explanatory booklet, No. A.  
L. M. WHITNEY, Pres., Whitney Law Corporation, New Bedford, Mass.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

occasionally he allows to show upon his personality. Few persons know that on many a holiday the president of the University delights in driving over to the State reservation and recreation beach laid out by his son, to see the summer thousands who have gathered on this open spot between the pinky-ti-pankum of the merry-go-rounds, the vaudeville, and the roller-coasters and the blue of the Atlantic, and that here, with perhaps the smell of popcorn and hot frankfurters in his nose, the reflected carnival shines in his eyes. . . .

### An American Home

THE visitor waits for Mr. Eliot in the "parlor" of his home with three others who have come to see him. A man that one would guess had arrived from Nevada sits looking about with astonished glances, as if he had expected to find a long and wide salon with mural decorations and massive furniture. It is only a room representing, one reflects, better than any other that one has ever seen, the American home. You could show this room as an unlabeled exhibit in a world's fair on the moon, and any American could tell you what it was. It is so infinitely different from a room on a "millionaire's Long Island estate." It is so like the rooms used to be in another house one remembers—before the family realized that they had money.

Mr. Eliot comes in from his walk. He stands an instant in the doorway. Some men would say that his bearing was forbidding and cold, and yet it is this bearing, and not his features, which impresses one with the truth of his bigness. You do not then nor afterward notice his eyes at all, any more than you notice the eyes in a bust of Homer. Expressions do not romp over his face. The memory of Mr. Eliot is the memory of calm stillness with the impression of a tremendous capacity for love and wrath behind it; it is the memory of a man who one feels must never have looked younger and will never look older. It is the impression of a perpetual being.

He stands erect, with power in his body. His skin is red with his exercise, but the measure of his breathing is undisturbed. He speaks with his deep, room-filling voice to the men who have risen to their feet, and in this voice there is the same vitality that is in his figure. Something so contained there is about him as to give the impression of a heroic automaton. Afterward one reflects that this must be the result of a lifetime of practise in thinking.

But what sets a mind to practise thinking? Probably that strange, real self which in Mr. Eliot has always been behind a heavy curtain. The visitor had come to get a peek. But no man ever will. Merely because there is a mantle at all, some will always say that at the bottom Mr. Eliot is cold and harsh and shrewd beyond our conceptions. It is only a guess at best. We do not know. We prefer to consider him as one who shows infinite love for mankind, not in his emotions, but in his labors—a man who is the foremost private citizen in America to-day because he is universally recognized as the truest type of public servant.

### Patient and Inscrutable

ONLY a few days later the visitor went back again to the Harvard yard. Eliot had resigned. Up in the executive offices in University Hall—those offices which have lost none of their Puritan severity—two or three of the younger men who have worked with the president were looking over his letter of resignation which he had read to the corporation officers.

One of them said suddenly: "Do you remember what Mrs. Eliot said when the end of a year showed a forty-thousand-dollar deficit? She said that 'the president went to every man in charge of a department to beg for economy, and when they shook their heads he went about turning down the gas.'"

"I also remember—" said another. But the visitor was now looking at the note. Here was Mr. Eliot's handwriting! It was small and precise, suggestive of patience and peace, but it was as inscrutable, as full of mystery, as Mr. Eliot himself.

\* \* \*

### Naval Control

(Continued from page 12)

Upton, as to the necessity for a change in the administration of the War Department, were, of course, pigeonholed.

"Upton's recommendations," said Secretary Root, "had behind them all the prestige of his brilliant military career. They had the advocacy and support of the great soldier who then commanded the American armies, General Sherman. They embodied the practical lessons of the Civil War and

# COLU

Indestructible Records  
35 c



Fit any Cylinder Machine and Last Forever—35c.

They won't break no matter how roughly they are used: they won't wear out no matter how long they are played. On any machine, with any reproducer, their tone is better than that of any other cylinder record—but with the special Extra-Tension reproducer, which we provide to fit any make of cylinder machine, their tone is far purer, clearer, and more brilliant than that of any other cylinder record made.

If your dealer cannot yet demonstrate the Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Record, send us 35 cents and we will send you by return mail, postpaid, a sample record.



COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, GEN'L, Tribune Building, NEW YORK  
STORES OR DEALERS IN ALL CITIES

MAIN STORES:  
35 West 23d Street, New York; 88 Wabash Avenue, Chicago; 953 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.  
HEADQUARTERS FOR CANADA: 107 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.  
DEALERS WANTED—Exclusive selling rights given where we are not properly represented.

## YOUR Sitting Room LIGHT



Is it bright enough and well distributed enough to allow the whole family to read or work in any part of the room in comfort? Is it a vertical burner that wastes its best brilliancy on the ceiling?

The Angle Lamp throws its light down upon your book or table. It is oil lighting at its best, with the smoke, smell and bother of ordinary lamps eliminated by new methods. Yet it is fully one-half cheaper to burn than even the ordinary lamp.

### THE ANGLE LAMP

resembles a handsome gas chandelier in appearance and is a perfect substitute for gas in operating and convenience. It is lighted and extinguished like gas. It may be turned up full or turned low without odor. Safely filled while burning. Requires filling but once or twice a week. Floods every corner of a room, floor and ceiling with a splendid light. It is sold on

### 30 DAYS' TRIAL

The Angle Lamp is made in 32 varieties from \$2.00 up, a lamp for every purpose. Send for our catalogue "19" showing just the style to suit you and explaining our trial offer.

ANGLE MANUFACTURING CO., 159-161 West 24th Street, New York

## THE EVER READY ALCOHOL IRON

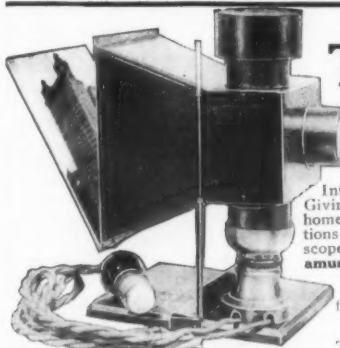
is a perfect self-heating iron which by steadily maintaining a "fresh-from-the-stove" heat cuts ironing day in half. Saves time and work now wasted in changing irons—in hard pressing with fast cooling irons—in re-ironing garments rough-dried by a "cold" iron.

### Lights Like a Lamp

Turns up or down as more or less heat is desired—does a full day's ironing on 5c worth of denatured alcohol—absolutely safe. Remember the secret of good ironing and easy work is—hot irons. The Ever Ready Iron constantly maintains the best working heat. Booklet 19A free on request.

The price of the Ever Ready Iron, handsomely nickel-plated with non-heating japanned wood handle, is \$3.75. Write for a booklet 19A or, better, send price of iron and we will deliver anywhere in U. S., express prepaid.

ALCO-GAS APPLIANCES DEPT., 159-161 West 24th Street, New York



## THE 1909 FAD!!

REFLECTOSCOPE EVENINGS  
OF  
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION

Interest and Fun from start to finish! Not a dull moment! Giving "Reflectoscope Evenings" is the latest success in home entertaining. Set your friends "illustrating" quotations or drawing "Scrambled Animals" and with a Reflectoscope reproduce them on a screen six feet square for the amusement of all. Or give an evening of serious interest—an Evening of travel or "Personally Conducted Tour"—with the help of a few ordinary Post Cards and a Reflectoscope to turn them into brilliant six-foot pictures.

### A POST CARD MAGIC LANTERN

The Reflectoscope is an improved magic lantern using, instead of slides, any sort of Post Card, Sketch, Photograph or Clipping, and for the first time gives to such illustrations a real value for personal amusement or the entertainment of friends. It throws on a screen a clear, six-foot reproduction of such Post Card or drawing in all the brilliant coloring of the original. It never grows old. A hundred entertainments will suggest themselves to every owner. Enclosed with machine, or sent on request, is a descriptive booklet with 24 suggestions called

### "TWICE TWELVE EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS"

The price of the Reflectoscope, handsomely japanned in Black and Red and mounted complete ready for use, is \$5.00. It is already on sale at many dealers, or send the price to us and we will forward the machine anywhere in the U. S., express prepaid. In ordering specify whether machine is wanted for gas or electricity.

ALCO-GAS APPLIANCES DEPT., 159-161 West 24th Street, New York

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



# MBIA

Double-Disc  
Records  
65 c



Fit  
any Disc  
Machine and  
Double Its Value

If you have never played a Columbia record on your machine, ask the nearest Columbia dealer to let you listen to a Columbia Double-Disc. No slightest flaw on either side—and every combination of two records has been so carefully worked out that you will find on the two sides of the one Columbia Double-Disc record, the two selections that you would naturally take from your record cabinet together. We guarantee you a better record on each side of the new Columbia Double-Disc than you have ever bought at the old price, under any name, for the single record—better in surface, tone and durability, or your money refunded. Get the Columbia Double-Disc Catalog. Be sure you see a Columbia dealer—or write us direct.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, GEN'L, Tribune Building, NEW YORK  
STORES OR DEALERS IN ALL CITIES

MAIN STORES:  
35 West 23d Street, New York; 88 Wabash Avenue, Chicago; 953 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco.  
HEADQUARTERS FOR CANADA: 107 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.  
JOBBER WANTED: Exclusive Columbia jobbing rights open in choice territory.

## Beauty

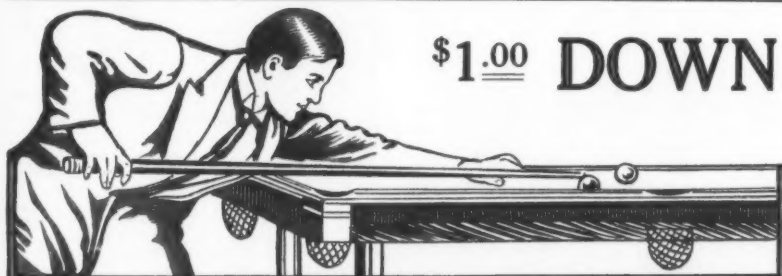
from a  
Woman's  
point of  
view

From a woman's point of view, beauty is a quality that enables her to successfully appeal to the admiration of others—men and women. She never fully succeeds, however, if she neglects her complexion, which is the real foundation and fundamental principle of beauty. And few things are so easy for a woman to achieve as this beauty of complexion. With

## PEARS' SOAP

it comes as naturally as the habit of washing the skin. There is an immediate response when the skin feels the soft, smooth, emollient touch of this famed beauty soap. It is nature stimulating nature, every particle of Pears' being pure and refining. The woman who daily uses Pears' gets all the beauty into her complexion that she can desire.

The World's Best Aid to Complexional Beauty



\$1.00 DOWN

### BURROWES BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE

\$1 down puts into your home any table worth from \$6 to \$15. \$2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, etc., free.

#### BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The Burrowes Home Billiard and Pool Table is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write to-day for catalogue.

THE E. T. BURROWES COMPANY 14 C Street, Portland, Me.  
We make BURROWES RUSTLESS SCREENS. See R. R. Signs.

the results of military science throughout the world. Yet his voice was as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. The Government did not even print his report, but with those of his associates it was filed in manuscript and forgotten among the millions of documents in the archives of the War Department."

Upton's recommendations took form in the present reorganized status of the War Department. A General Staff of practical soldiers was appointed, who, under the Secretary, have general supervision and direction over the department and its constant preparedness for war.

The same indifference which met Upton's recommendations in the War Department awaited in the Navy Department the far-seeing recommendations and warnings of naval officers. They were pigeonholed and ignored. If defects were pointed out that were small or easily corrected, they were promptly attended to; but if serious defects which required an appeal to Congress for large sums to correct them were pointed out, bringing necessarily from the bureau a confession of fault and incompetence on their own part, they were ignored, and the ships left headed against the reefs and double chances of war. Those regrettable accidents on board the various battleships which resulted in the death of so many of our sailors through remediable defects in the turrets were pointed out by naval officers as likely to occur at any time, but no attention was paid to the warnings. When the accidents did happen, the bureau actually sought to cast the blame on the sailors whose lives had been wantonly sacrificed by the neglect and incompetence of these same officials, and in this course they were upheld by Senator Hale. They will not admit that their own work is poor. It is natural for them to defend it. Had there been a legally constituted body of officers in the Navy Department who were not responsible for the technical work of the bureaus, but free to criticize, and who when complaints were made became judges instead of defendants on trial, these defects would at once have been ordered corrected. As it was, the bureaus, which will not criticize one another because of the circumstance of their close relationship, assumed the attitude of the man who spelled "For Sale" s-a-i-l, because he had lived twenty-nine years in Chicago and guessed he ought to know.

### The Silent Contempt of Congress

THIS reform in the navy was advocated by President Cleveland, by President Roosevelt in four different messages, by Secretaries Whitney, Moody, Morton, and Bonaparte, and by Admiral Dewey and a host of other naval officers, but it has met each time silent contempt in Congress.

The present naval bureaus realize that any plan for a naval reorganization is apt to disturb, if it does not do away entirely with, their power, as well as to lessen their social prestige and bring into disrepute their "Pinafore" titles. The non-military army clique used to ignore General Sherman in Washington and took precedence of him, not only in the councils of the army, but in the circles of the drawing-room. Disgusted, he moved back to St. Louis.

Senator Hale has in his State a navy yard which the navy doesn't want and has said it didn't want. Representative Foss of Illinois has recently had established a naval training station at Chicago which will cost \$10,000,000.

Senator Hale is practically Congress when it comes to naval affairs, and these bureau chiefs and the politicians have been pulling together and mutually protecting each other for a good many years. Between them they practically constitute the Navy Department, with power over the expenditure of vast sums. They have been plum-picking cronies together. They have a good thing, and they are not going to quarrel about it, nor give it up if they can help it, nor share it with any one else. The average official life of a Secretary of the Navy is only two years and a half, and he is compelled to lean upon this combination for support. Neither the duties of a bureau chief nor of a United States Senator or Congressman involve any knowledge or control of the strategic and tactical problems of actual war. The bureau chiefs find fault with the recent publicity regarding naval affairs; they say they might possibly have been in favor of reform but for this. They don't like to take the public, which supplies the navy budget, into their confidence. But they will deceive no one. They had for years their chance to show their good faith and their patriotism, and both were found wanting, and they are not entitled now to complain. The recommendations of naval officers of distinction who have studied and toiled from a feeling of conscientious interest in their profession and duty to their Government have been for years unceremoniously pigeonholed and chloroformed in the navy archives. These bureau chiefs are the type of men we meet



## Your Best Work

Every man's ambition is to get into something he enjoys doing. Then his work will be an inspiration to him. Promotion and success follow. He gets to the top.

Few young men have a clear idea of the variety and attractiveness of life in the Navy. This Nation is building a powerful and efficient Navy. It needs many young men of more than ordinary ability. It offers them opportunities. It needs mechanics of all kinds—electricians, machinists, carpenters, firemen, and coal-passers; men experienced in clerical work, as well as men of the sea-man branch and the Hospital Corps. It needs competent cooks, bakers, stewards and waiters.

There is an incentive to get to the top in any line of Naval Service. Every encouragement is given a man to improve himself. Good conduct medals, promotion, and a raise come to him as the rewards for good work. When a man has attained the Navy standard of proficiency in his special line, he is assured of continuous employment at good pay.

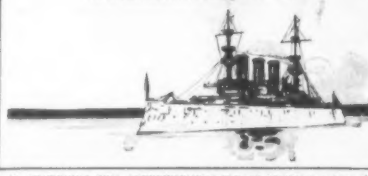
The Government prefers to enlist young men and train them, at its own expense. Training Stations are located at Newport, R. I., Norfolk, Va., and San Francisco.

The recruit is placed on the pay roll the day he enters.

The work at the schools is practical and intended to prepare a young man, in a short time to go on board ship and work at his chosen line.

Send for illustrated booklet, which tells of the chances in the Navy to save money. It describes the duties of blue-jackets, all about their sports and how they live. Sent free, if you address

BOX 49, BUREAU of NAVIGATION  
Navy Department  
WASHINGTON, D. C.





These Coats \$15.00 to \$35.00

Copyright 1908 By David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.

**Collegian** BE SURE OF THIS LABEL

## Adler's Collegian Clothes

are featured by America's leading clothiers and sold in every style center of this country. They lack ridiculous extremes and appeal to the man who demands "gentlemen's clothes" in every sense of the word. We use fabrics of exclusive designs and of exceptional quality. Clothiers are now showing our latest models in suits and overcoats at \$15.00 to \$35.00. We have issued a book of advice on correct apparel, beautifully illustrated, which we will mail free on application. Write us to-day for a copy.

**David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.**  
Nobby Clothes Makers Milwaukee

The man who owns a mechanical cleaning wagon **MAKES MONEY.**  
We are ready to prove that

## \$3000.00 Can Be Made

This year,—next year,—and the years after Cleaning Houses by our patented machinery, by energetic, competent men. Over 500 operators in as many towns in the United States.

We make the most efficient stationary systems for Carpet Cleaners, Tailor Shops, Laundries, Residences, Hotels, Office Buildings, Etc.

**OUTFITS FROM \$450 TO \$3,000**

The largest manufacturers of cleaning machinery in the world.  
**GENL. COMPRESSED AIR AND VACUUM MACHINERY CO.**  
4461 Dept. F, Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

WE OWN THE PATENTS AND ARE PROSECUTING ALL INFRINGERS.

WRITE FOR CATALOG

THE MACHINE THAT MAKES THE MONEY

## BURGLARS CANNOT ENTER

Through ground floor or porch windows, left open for ventilation, if protected with

### THE CLIMAX Automatic Ventilating Sash Lock

Can't be forced or opened in any way from the outside. Careless servants can not forget to lock it. It locks itself. You can sleep by the open window, inhale pure air, and enjoy good health, peace of mind and absolute security. Windows are automatically locked, when open a safe distance, or when shut.

**PREVENTS RATTLING OF WINDOWS**

By drawing both sashes tightly together, excluding dust, draft, or cold air.

**YOU CAN PUT THE LOCK ON YOURSELF**

In few minutes with a screw driver. No cutting or marring of sash required. So simple in construction, a child can operate it.

On sale at all Hardware Stores. Write for illustrated booklet, it tells more about this wonderful burglar-proof lock. Do it to-day. It is free.

**Climax Lock & Ventilator Co., Dept. B, Ellicott Square, Buffalo, N. Y.**

Price 50 Cents (Post-paid)  
Per doz. \$5.00  
Agents Wanted

in civil life that think justice should be heeled with gumshoes and should dole its rewards and punishments out like a thief in the night.

It was war efficiency that enabled Japan to strike the decisive blow while Russia was cursing its bureaucratic folly and its misspent naval life; and you can't keep the navy up to the keynote of efficiency when your naval officers know that things are going wrong and that it is a waste of time and breath to try to right them.

One fact stands boldly out—that the officers of the fighting branch of the navy, who will for all time be held responsible for victory or defeat in time of war, should have some right to say what preparation shall be made for war in time of peace.

\* \* \*

## Other People's Cake

(Continued from Page 15)

Sophia sobbed again. She wiped her eyes, then she looked at old Mrs. Horton. "Of course I ain't," said she, "but it's got to be, whether or no. It ain't right to have two like them separated after they've been together so long, and got to setting so much by each other; and no overruling Providence is goin' to let things be that ain't right."

Old Mrs. Horton shook her head with angry hopelessness. "You can talk that way," said she, "but I've lived a good many years, and I've seen a good many things, that didn't seem any more right than this, allowed."

Sophia suddenly changed the subject. "How handsome your geraniums be," said she. "You do have real good luck with flowers, Mis' Horton."

"I ought to have good luck with something," replied Mrs. Horton, and she eyed the blooming geraniums as if they were her one trump that insured her a trick in the game of life.

Sophia did not stay much longer. When she went along the road toward home her face had a pale, scared expression. Eliza Price noticed it when she entered. "What on earth is the matter now?" said she.

"Nothing."

"You look as white as a sheet."

"I feel well enough."

"Guess you are bilious. You'd better not eat much to-night, and be careful."

"Maybe I'd better not," assented Sophia.

The next afternoon she went to the store again, and again stopped at the Horton house. She found not only old Mrs. Horton at home, but Amy and her mother. This time it was poor Amy, with her sweet, sad face, who sat under the blooming geraniums. She was a brave soul, and faced her life smilingly, but her blue eyes were sad. Her mother, a pretty woman with a nervous, irritable scowl between her eyes, and tightly compressed, thin lips, was knitting in a jerky fashion. When Amy inquired sweetly for Miss Price, a sardonic look overspread her face. "I ain't going to waste my breath asking for folks who have nothing to do but set from morning till night, and money enough to spend and don't spend it," she said in the scolding voice which distinguished her. "Oh, mother!" said Amy.

Then Mrs. Horton turned upon her. "Keep right on 'oh mothering' me," said she. "Here you be, doing such a thing as sending Lem Jay off, and you getting older, just because you are so awful set you won't live here. I never did think much of Lem Jay, and I never did agree with anything he said, and I have never made any bones about telling him so, but I'm perfectly willing you should get married to-morrow, if you want to, and come here to live, and I guess there ain't many women that would be."

Amy said nothing.

There was a second's silence. Then Sophia Wilton faced them, and committed the first deadly sin of her life. She lied straight from the shoulder, without the slightest hesitation.

"There ain't any need for you and Lem not to get married, if you want to," said she. "Eliza ain't so bad as folks think, and she ain't so stingy. She's better than she knows she is herself."

A wonderful flush overspread Amy's delicate face. Her eyes shot a quick blue flash at Sophia.

"What on earth do you mean?" said her mother.

"Any time Amy and Lem want to get married, they can," said Sophia unflinchingly. "There's that nice house next to the Jones place, that she owns, and it ain't rented, and any time they want to go in there they can."

"I am afraid that would be too much rent for Lem to pay," quavered Amy. She was blushing all over, and tremulous as a butterfly over some rose of joy.

"There wouldn't be any rent to pay," said Sophia calmly.



### Running Water in Zero Weather

THERE is no longer any necessity for inconvenience and repairs due to frozen tanks and pipes. No matter how cold it may be, you can have a constant supply of fresh running water delivered at a usable temperature to all fixtures, if you install the

## Kewanee System of Water Supply

No elevated tank exposed to all extremes in weather conditions. No freeze-ups in winter and no warm stagnant water in summer. Instead a **Kewanee Pneumatic Tank** is located in the cellar, or buried in the ground. It cannot leak, freeze, overflow or collapse.

Water will always be on tap at the plumbing fixtures. Horses and stock can be watered in the barn. First-class fire protection assured for your buildings.

Over 9,000 Kewanee Systems in operation, supplying water for country and suburban homes, farms, schools, public and private institutions, etc.

The Kewanee System is the original water supply system, involving the use of air pressure instead of gravity pressure. There are imitations now—avoid them. Get the genuine and you will take no chances—we guarantee that. Look for our trade-mark and name—plates on tank and pumping machinery.

No charge for expert engineering service. Let us help you solve your water supply problem. Write for our 64-page illustrated catalog No. 34. It is free.

## Kewanee Water Supply Company

Kewanee, Illinois

1506 Hudson-Terminal Bldg., 50 Church St., New York City  
1212 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.  
710 Diamond Bank Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

## Wild West 10c

### Cowboy-Indian Two-Step



Try these bars on your piano, then send 10c for the entire piece, or 10c for ANY OF THE FOLLOWING 50c SHEET MUSIC: Star of the West (Reverie) (Very Fine)—Soldier's Dream, Descriptive March—Western Flyer March and Two-Step—Moonlight on the River, Reverie—Auto Race March (With much vim)—Dancing Shadows (Very beautiful)—Fairy Barque (The)—St. Paul Waltz (easy)—Under the Flag of Victory March—Music of the Union (Am. Medley)—Mocking Bird (Maid)—Barn Dance (Great Hit)—Patriotic Medley (National Air)—Christian Endeavor March—Sacred Song Medley (Very beautiful)—Old Black Joe (Variations)—Moon Kiss (Three-Step)—Lovers' Lever of My Soul (Vocal)—In Joy, Triumphant (Vocal)—The Lord (Vocal)—Ave Maria (Mildred) (Vocal)—A Little Me (Vocal Duet)—Where the Ivy Leaves Grow (Close Beside the Door) (Vocal).

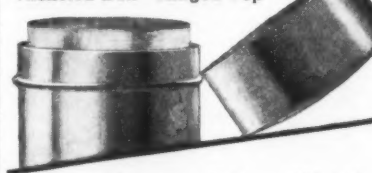
Our large free catalog contains over a thousand others just as good as 10c. All the old favorites everybody loves—all the new ones being played and sung everywhere. New, Popular, Standard and Classic Sheet Music—full size, best paper, clear, handsome printing—1c per copy. Title page in two and three copies.

**FREE** To anyone buying one or more of the above pieces, who will send in addition the names and addresses of ten persons who play or sing, we will send an additional piece, without charge. Names of music teachers are particularly requested. Always give street address when sending names of musical friends. Write plainly.

**McKINLEY MUSIC CO.**  
40 Patten Bldg., Chicago 61 5th Ave., New York

## Williams' Shaving Stick

Nickel Box—Hinged Top



Try others. You'll like Williams' all the better for the experiment.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves) for 4c. in stamps.

Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

## TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All Standard Machines SOLD OR RENTED ANYWHERE at 1/4 to 1/2 Mfrs. Prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for catalog "M." Typewriter Emporium, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago





# CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

For Mother • Father • Sister • Brother • Friend •



## English Knockabout Hat \$1.00

A SENSIBLE CHRISTMAS GIFT

Not a fad, but a stylish, serviceable Hat that would sell for \$2.00 in almost any Hat store. It is made of genuine English Felt, with flexible sweat band, and trimmed with neat, narrow outside band. Suitable for dress and business. It can be folded in a neat and compact roll without damage. Just the thing for any and all purposes—traveling, motor-ing, golfing, fishing, hunting, yachting, etc. Every man and boy should have one of these hats. All sizes. Four colors: Black, Brown, Gray and Gray Mixture. Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid, securely packed, on receipt of \$1.00.

Order today, stating size and color desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. FOLDED

Panama Hat Co., 181-D William Street, New York City



## Bull Dog SUSPENDERS

IDEAL FOR HOLIDAY GIFTS

IN HANDSOME SINGLE PAIR BOXES

More rubber and stronger parts tell why they are the best. Money cheerfully refunded if they don't always OUTWEAR THREE ORDINARY KINDS.

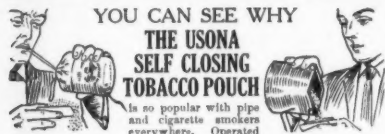
Made in light and heavy weights, medium or extra long as desired.

50 CENTS AT YOUR DEALER

or by mail, postpaid, if he cannot supply you.

HEWES & POTTER

Dept. 7, 87 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.



## YOU CAN SEE WHY THE USONA SELF CLOSING TOBACCO POUCH

Is so popular with pipe and cigarette smokers everywhere. Operated with one hand; opens by thumb pressure; closes automatically; prevents waste and annoyance; positively does not leak. An appropriate and acceptable

## HOLIDAY GIFT

Small Imitation Leather—25c—Large Leather—50c—Special Xmas Styles, Grain Seal or Snake—\$1.00. Postpaid. At drugstores or tobacconists. If yours does not handle send purchase price to The Self Closing Pouch Co., 525 Calver Way, St. Louis, Mo.

## A CLEAN PIPE AT LAST "TRY IT"

The Freeman Pipe will not clog or slag. PATENTED FREEMAN PIPE. Absorbent cotton catches all saliva and nicotine. Change cotton when saturated, thus the entire pipe is kept dry. We please you or return your money. 35¢ in. bent or straight rubber bit. French briar \$1. Same in second quality, 50¢, postpaid. With amber bit, silver mounted, in case \$5. Ask your dealer, or send direct. Booklet free. REFERENCE: First-class Book, THE FREEMAN PIPE CO., 48 First St., PETOSKEY, MICH.

## SIGN YOUR NAME TO Xmas, Happy New Year and PROSPERITY BANK DRAFTS

Send them to your friends, relatives, customers, prospectives and employees. Something new to take the place of the stereotyped Christmas and New Year's cards. They offer a unique and dignified method of expressing gratitude for past favors, and are a pleasant reminder to prospectives. Look just like Bank Checks. Cost but little in either small or large quantities. Five designs—all new. Lithographed in colors. Complete set of samples for 4 cents. Order early. (Big seller for agents.) The Mavis Co., 805-160 E. Washington St., Chicago

## GUNN SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

The Ladies Desk Combination of Gunn Sections is an ideal Christmas Gift for either a man or woman. Your name and address on a postal card will bring our new hand-drawn picture catalog. We ask that you send for it TODAY. THE GUNN FURNITURE CO., Sole Manufacturers Grand Rapids, Michigan

## ELECTRICITY FOR BOYS

A 2c stamp sent today will bring you our interesting 96-PAGE CATALOG, full of illustrations and descriptions of all manner of electrical novelties—Motors, Dynamos, Telephones, Telegraph Instruments, "Wireless," Lamps, Flashlights, Miniature Electrical Railways, etc. Every boy should have this book—it's the greatest electrical educational emporium ever produced—just in time for the HOLIDAYS—contains hundreds of suitable suggestions for XMAS gifts. Prices low. A 2c stamp gets it—send today to Voltamp Electric Mfg. Co., Rock Hidge, Baltimore, Md.

## LITTLE NIGHT LAMP

Burns for 40 hours—absolutely odorless. From nickel-plated, each lamp provided with enough wick to last several years. Used in entries, hallways, closets, invaluable for Nursery and Nephew. Ask your dealer, or by mail (postpaid). Agents wanted. 65c Silver & Company, Sole Mfrs., 430 Broadway, Brooklyn, N.Y.

## The Expert's Opinion BARNEY & BERRY SKATES "the best"

Reliability and durability are the two essentials which the expert skater most carefully considers. In both particulars no other skate has ever been made to equal the celebrated

BARNEY & BERRY (Quality made the name famous) Irving Brokaw says, "They helped me to win the championship." See them at your hardware dealer's. If he has not B. & B. skates, send for illustrated catalog. It contains complete Hockey Rules and directions for constructing an ice rink. Barney & Berry, 109 Broad St., Springfield, Mass.



## Get the boys and girls Flexible Flyers.

THEY know why—ask them. The fastest, safest, strongest, ever invented. A boy's sled—the only one girls can properly control. Steers easily around others without dragging the feet—runs away from them all—runs farthest. Easiest to pull up hill. Saves its cost in shoes the first Winter—prevents wet feet, colds and Doctor's bills. Built to last of special steel and second growth white ash, handsomely finished. Inset on a Flexible Flyer. Look for the new Flexible Flyer Race—long, low, narrow, speedy, moderate priced. Send for Free Cardboard Model (showing just how it steers) and colored Christmas booklet with prices. S. L. ALLEN & CO., Box 1101M, Philadelphia, Pa. Patentees and Sole Manufacturers.

## A Book of MODERN PICTURES 25c

Containing 250 half-tone reproductions of the best paintings and drawings of the day, with portraits and biographical sketches of the artists. The publication price of the book is 50c. To encourage early Christmas selection from our beautiful collection of

Art Prints we will send the Book of Modern Pictures postpaid for 25c. NEW YORK ART CO., 56 West 34th St., NEW YORK

## Your Boy's Reading

Give him reading that not only interests but develops him. Fiction, History, Biography by master writers—Photography, Mechanics, Electricity, Collecting, Sports and Athletics—all combine wholesome entertainment with beneficial moral influence when read in

## The American Boy

Every issue is filled with beautiful illustrations and timely articles, every page presenting the finest kind of reading for your boy. \$1 yearly—an investment that will yield bigger returns than any other outlay you could make. Subscribe to-day. Sample copy, 10c. SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO., 51 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

## Christmas Post Cards

Eight finest silk and gold embossed Christmas Post Cards, new and lovely designs, in exquisitely beautiful colors, our big post card Bulletin and trial subscription to popular magazine, all given if you send 10 cts. for mailing expense. 24 cards, all different, and one year's subscription, 25 cts. Your own cards and subscription free if you send us orders for two friends. HOUSEHOLD, 832 Jackson Street, Topeka, Kan.

## This Beautiful Panel Free

We will send this beautiful 10-inch Florentine Panel, made of best 3-ply white basswood and stamped with this design, with full directions for burning, if you will send us 20c to pay postage and cost of the beautiful Fac-simile Water Color of this head sent with each panel as a pattern. This picture exactly fits the panel and can be mounted with beautiful effect by those who prefer to burn only the border.



## SPECIAL Our No. 97, \$2.40 Outfit, only \$1.60

This splendid outfit, partly shown above, is complete for burning on plush, wood, leather, etc. Includes fine Platinum Point, Cork Handle, Rubber Tubing, Double-action Bulb, Metal Union Cork Bottle, Alcohol Lamp, two pieces Stamped Practice Wood and full directions, all in neat leatherette box. Ask your dealer, or we will send C. O. D. When cash accompanies order for No. 97 outfit we include free our 64-page Pelican Instruction Handbook (price 25 cents), the most complete pyrography book published.

## Assortment C Only \$1.75

If bought by the piece would cost \$2.50. Includes: Handkerchief Box, 7x7 ins.; Jewel Box, 8x4 x 1/2 in.; American Girl 1 1/2 x 1 1/2 in.; 9x18 in.; Mch Hanger; Oval Picture Frame; Card Tray; Tooth Pick Cup; Two Napkin Rings; and Three Souvenir Post Cards. All twelve pieces are made of best 3-ply basswood and beautiful illustrations. The largest pyrography catalog ever issued. Write for it today.

fully stamped in popular, up-to-date designs, all ready for decorating. If Outfit No. 97 and this assortment are ordered together our special price for both is only \$3.20 Write for New C 60 Contains 125 pages with 2,000 illustrations. The largest pyrography catalog ever issued. Write for it today.

THAYER & CHANDLER 160-164 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. "Largest Makers of Pyrography Goods in the World."

## FINE GOLD FILLED SCARF PINS



58 Jade Stone, 50c. 59 Deer Head Ruby Eyes, 40c. 60 Polished Knot, 40c. 61 Fleur-de-lis, 25c. 62 Owl Ruby Eyes, 40c. 63-50c. 64-60c. 65 Ruby Eyes, 40c. 66 Brilliant in Mouth, 40c. FINE 14kt. GOLD FILLED SCARF PINS Sent prepaid at above prices. Send postal for our catalog showing hundreds of gifts for men and women.

Warren Mansfield Co., 264 Middle Street Portland, Me.

## IF IT'S Shibboleth Neckwear

"You're better Satisfied" An Exceptional Holiday Gift One half dozen assorted Solid Color Silk Barathra Scarfs: HARVARD—A Reversible four-in-hand, Black, Garnet, Navy, Brown, Green, White. One half dozen assorted colors and patterns Shibboleth Fanny Silk Neckwear: WISCONSIN—A Reversible four-in-hand, States colors you wear and whether striped figure is desired Or any one half dozen assortment of either or both of the above that you may select. Each half dozen specially packed in a HANDSOME BOX, with lithographed cover in colors. At \$2.00 the half dozen, postpaid Guaranteed \$2.50 and \$7.50 value. Money back if dissatisfied. SHIBBOLETH SILK CO., 471 Broadway, NEW YORK

Send check, post office order or two-cent stamps. Catalogue L, showing our complete line of styles, sent on request.



"No Shadows Shaving" with a RITE-LITE Adjustable Shaving and Dressing Glass. Moves up, down, sideward, around to reach light from window. Nickle-plated. 6 in. mirror. \$2.00, delivered; 7 in. \$2.50. Address Dept. C. Standard Shaving Glass Co. 238 N. Salina Street Syracuse, N. Y.



## THE KADY SUSPENDER

For Gentlemen who care enough about appearance and comfort to insist on having the best. THE DOUBLE CROWN ROLLER the first real improvement in years in our exclusive patent. For Christmas Gifts in appropriate individual boxes if you ask for them. Price always 50c and 75c a pair. From your Haberdasher, other-wise write us direct. The Ohio Suspender Co., 120 No. Park St. Mansfield, Ohio U. S. A.

## This Dainty Bag

of cut Leather, to be lined with Silk, is one of the prettiest styles ever designed for a lady's use. It makes the best of Christmas gifts. The three pieces of Soft Brazilian Brown Ooze Leather will be sent you, together with a perforated Stamping Pattern and directions for making bag 5 inches high by 6 1/2 inches wide, upon receipt of

We include, Free, our 25c Booklet, full of "Fancy Leather Suggestions." This shows how to order any size piece of leather you require for home fancywork. Booklet and samples of 45 shades of leather sent postpaid to Collier readers for 15c stamps. We sell whole skins or cut leather to suit. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

## MARSHALL, SON & CO., Inc.

Fancy Leathers Established 1854 232 Purchase Street, Boston, Mass., Dept. X.

## SPECIAL

Discounts on Highest Grade Diamonds, the finest, pure white gems; also jewelry, cut glass, silver, etc.

WRITE for special discount sheet and price list (together with the complete Marshall catalog). The house of Geo. E. Marshall is known for its first quality goods and our special discounts on rarest values may indeed surprise you.

## Marshall's

## "F" Grade—

"F" first and finest grade—diamonds are gems of the rarest beauty—For instance this perfect Tiffany diamond, perfect in cut, perfect in color, of rare scintillating beauty—\$46.00—\$4.60 a month or 8% off for all cash. Shipped on approval—not a cent down.

## Catalog on request

PRICE LIST & SPECIAL DISCOUNT SHEET

Now be sure to get this catalog and discount sheet and our approval—shipment offer before you buy a diamond or jewelry. Write today.

GEO. E. MARSHALL, Inc. W. S. HYDE, Jr., Pres. A. S. TRUE, Sec. 103 State St. Chicago Ill. Send name & address on Coupon that is all! Cut or Post off this coupon and mail at once, with your Special Discount sheet, with your approval. Without any obligation, please send me at once, with your explanation of your diamond-jewelry approval offer.



# IVER JOHNSON



**ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE IMPOSSIBLE.**

The only way to fire this revolver is to pull the trigger all the way back. We dwell on the "Hammer the Hammer" feature to show you that you can never, in that way, or in any accidental way, discharge an

## IVER JOHNSON

### Safety Automatic Revolver

Pull the trigger clear back and it fires fast, shoots straight and hits hard. Safety feature is part of the firing mechanism. No buttons to press, no "levers to pull." It is conceded "the best all-round revolver." Over 2,000,000 now in use. It has many imitations—you can tell the genuine by the owl's head on the grip as shown below.

Our booklet, "Shots," and a complete catalogue illustrate and explain all its features and show why it is safe, and why it has taken and keeps the lead in the revolver world. Write for both.

#### Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

Richly nickel-plated, 22 cal. rim-fire or 32 cal. center-fire, 3-in. bbl., or 38 cal. center-fire, 3 1/4-in. bbl. (Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost) **\$6**

#### Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

Richly nickel-plated, 32 cal. center-fire, 3-in. barrel, or 38 cal. center-fire, 3 1/4-in. barrel (Extra length barrel or blued finish at slight extra cost) **\$7**

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS**  
146 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 99 Chambers Street  
San Francisco: Phil. B. Beckett Co., 717 Market St.  
Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4

Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Truss Bridge Bicycles



**COLT FEATURES**  
POSITIVE LOCK  
CAPACITY  
CONSTRUCTION  
SMOOTH ACTION  
CORRECT GRIP.

When considering the purchase of a revolver be guided by the experience of those who demand proof of superiority. GOVERNMENTS adopt the COLT as the only revolver that successfully passes all competitive tests for Strength, Durability and Accuracy. POLICE DEPARTMENTS, BANKS and EXPRESS COMPANIES select the COLT for an official arm because it meets their requirements for Power, Compactness, quick action and ability to withstand hard usage. What more convincing argument is needed to assure you that there is security in the possession of a modern

**COLT REVOLVER or AUTOMATIC PISTOL?**  
Catalog No. 90 will show you a complete line for all purposes. Send for it.

COLT arms are guaranteed for use with standard factory-loaded ammunition, either black or smokeless powder.

**COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.**  
Hartford, Conn. 15-a Pall Mall, London, S. W.

**"Lundstrom" Sectional Bookcases**

The Lundstrom Sectional Bookcases are made for and universally used in the finest homes and offices throughout the country.

Artistic appearance, solidity of construction, with the latest practical improvements, combine to make them the leading Sectional Bookcases.

Rigid economy, acquired by the manufacture of a single product in large quantities, combined with our modern methods of selling direct to the user, enable us to offer a superior article at a considerable saving in cost to the purchaser.

**ON APPROVAL FREIGHT PAID \$1.00 PER SECTION AND UP**

Send for our latest catalogue No. 41 in which we illustrate the different grades from the neatly finished Solid Oak to the highly polished Solid Mahogany cases for the more elaborate library.

**THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. COMPANY, Little Falls, N. Y.**  
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets. New York Office, Flatiron Building.

**Save 1/4 on Coal Bills**

Attach a Powers Heat Regulator to your furnace or boiler. Its action is automatic. It needs no attention—has no wires, no batteries.

Silently and surely—night and day—it regulates the draft so you don't waste an ounce of coal.

**Keeps Your Rooms at 70 Degrees**

### Save 1/4 on Coal Bills

Attach a Powers Heat Regulator to your furnace or boiler. Its action is automatic. It needs no attention—has no wires, no batteries. Silently and surely—night and day—it regulates the draft so you don't waste an ounce of coal.

**Keeps Your Rooms at 70 Degrees**



### No Sudden Changes, No Variation

whatever. Simply set the indicator at the temperature you want. The regulator does all the rest. It prevents the colds that result from varying heat. No cost if not satisfactory. Write today for our book—then judge what this invention means to you. Address Powers Regulator Co., 44 Dearborn St., Chicago, or 105 Fifth Avenue, New York.

**Powers Heat Regulator**

The three women stared at her.

"Has Eliza Price met with a change, close-fisted as she has always been?" said Amy's mother. She tried to speak sneeringly, but her voice faltered.

"She's got to meet with a change before she dies," said Sophia, with the look of an angel worn with avenging war.

"What's the use of a house without a stick of furniture?" said Amy's mother.

"Eliza is going to give Amy the furniture in the north parlor and the two spare chambers and that extra kitchen that the Squire's second wife had put in to use in cold weather, and the furniture in the dining-room that the first wife called the morning-room."

"I've always heard what airs Squire Amos K. Price's first wife put on," said old Mrs. Horton.

Amy sprang to her feet. "I am going right over there and thank her," she cried, and her voice rang out like a bird's in spring. She was rosy and altogether beautiful in her sudden happiness, but Sophia stopped her.

"If you go over there and thank her, you'll upset the whole apple-cart," said she. "She can't bear to be thanked; and there's another thing. All that furniture has got to be moved out, just as still as mice, the next moonlight night, after she's gone to sleep."

Amy's mother eyed her suspiciously. "Why?" she demanded.

Sophia lied like a master. "Eliza has been in the habit of keeping things," said she, "and now, though she wants Amy to have 'em, she feels that she hasn't quite worked herself up to the point of seeing 'em go. So it has got to be done this way. She don't want any thanks. She don't even want to be spoken to about it, and she don't want to see the things go."

"Well, I thought the old Adam wasn't quite worked out of her," said Amy's mother, and again her voice had its scolding tone. "I guess Eliza Price won't die because she's too good to live, jest yet."

"Oh, mother!" said Amy.

Sophia Wilton, going home that night, felt as if she had passed the frontier into a foreign country. She realized that she was very sinful, but she had a joy in the sin, and the thought of the happiness which was to come to Lem and Amy seemed like a song of triumph in her ears.

All her life Sophia had loved people, and wanted to make them happy, with a want which was like a fierce hunger, and she had been able to do very little. Now she had fallen before a strange temptation, and as yet had no contrition for her fault, only fear lest it should be discovered before her end was gained, the furniture moved, and the house set in order. Had Eliza Price employed an agent, the matter would have been more difficult, but she was parsimonious in that as in everything else. Sophia cautioned everybody about mentioning the subject of Eliza's good works to her, and the caution was heeded. People were a little afraid of the grim old woman.

Eliza heard that Lem Jay and Amy Horton were to be married on Thanksgiving Day, and that was all she did hear. Nobody told her anything else, and nobody told her where they were to live. She was somewhat curious with regard to that, but finally she settled the matter for herself.

"I suppose they must have decided to live with Amy's mother and grandmother," said she. "I suppose it was the only thing they could do, but I must say, from what I've heard and seen of that woman, it will be like living in a hornets' nest. I've heard that she was a good woman and means well, but she buzzes all the time, and don't say nor do what she means to. Well, it ain't any of my business. You've got too much sugar in my tea again, Sophia."

"I only put in one spoonful."

"You must have heaped it up, then. Why didn't you bring in the sugar-bowl, the way I told you to?"

"I forgot it," replied Sophia meekly. Sophia looked terribly excited, and nervously wrought. Her cheeks were hotly flushed, and a tense trembling shook her from head to foot. Everything she touched rattled and jostled against something else. When she had entered with the tea-tray, everything on it had rung and tinkled.

It was the night before Thanksgiving, and she had been cooking, for Thanksgiving was observed even in that parsimonious household. There were to be roast chicken and vegetables, and Sophia had baked pies.

Eliza noticed Sophia's unusual state. The nearness of Thanksgiving seemed to have an influence over her stern old New England character, for she said, when the cup and saucer and plate and spoon jingled: "I guess you must be tired, Sophia."

"I ain't, none to speak of," said Sophia. She sat near Eliza until her meal was quite finished, then she took the tray and

## NEW-SKIN

Instead of  
**Court Plaster**

There is nothing better for a cut or scratch than New-Skin.

It forms an airtight, antiseptic, water-proof covering, which is healing and keeps the cut from being exposed and irritated. It will not wash off.

New-Skin is also good for chapped hands and lips, burns, scratches, hang-nails, etc.

Always insist on getting New-Skin.

10c., 25c. and 50c.  
At all druggists or by mail.



New-Skin Company  
Dept. J  
Brooklyn, New York

"Paint it with New-Skin and forget it."

**SIGN OF GOOD CLOTHES**  
**GREAT WESTERN TAILORING CO.**

**No Matter Where You Live**

The Great Western Tailoring System is at your service. It is the best clothes-making system ever devised, the modern logical way that insures distinct individuality and the particular kind of fit and style desired by each customer.

We offer men in smaller cities and towns an unlimited variety of the latest styles in woollens to select from, and the benefit of the best tailoring brains in the world.

Personal experience and skilled workmen enable us to make clothes in our Big Merchant Tailor Shops that please the individual tastes of discriminating men in every locality.

Our enormous patronage, combined with remarkable facilities for economical production, permits us to quote uniformly moderate prices in every range—suits and overcoats from \$18.00 to \$40.00.

There is an experienced dealer in every town who shows our samples and takes correct measures. The name of the local dealer will be sent, together with new style plates, upon request.

**Great Western Tailoring Co.**  
W. D. Schmidt, Pres., Chicago

## BUILDING?

Consider the cost of keeping your house warm in winter—NEPONSET BUILDING PAPER makes every ton of your coal last longer because it keeps the heat inside and shuts out cold and dampness. No drafts can get through the walls—heat cannot escape. You will easily save a large part of your fuel bill if NEPONSET is used in your house—some have saved one third.

## NEPONSET BUILDING PAPER Keeps Houses Warm

It is strong, thick and durable. No matter what you are building—a residence, stable, poultry-house, or a barn, you should know about NEPONSET BUILDING PAPER, FLORIAN SOUND-DEADENING FELT or PAR-OID, the money-back roofing.

We have at least one book you need. Write for it today.

**OUR FREE BOOK "COMFORTABLE HOMES"**  
Shows a score or more attractive, comfortable homes that are sheathed with NEPONSET. If you are planning to build a house, you should have this book. It is free. Write for it now. Address Dept. K

**F. W. BIRD & SON**  
(Established 1877)  
East Walpole, Mass. and Hamilton, Ont.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



## THE UNDERWOOD PREDOMINATES

In the Contest at Madison Square Garden, Oct. 20, 1908,  
for the

### AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

of  
**AMERICA**

The Seven Leaders were all

**USERS**

of the

Underwood Pioneer Visible  
**TYPEWRITER**

Positions were as follows:

				Machine	Net Words Per Minute
L. H. COOMBES,	Toronto	(Gold Medal)	-	UNDERWOOD	75
FRED. JARRETT,	Toronto	(Silver Medal)	-	UNDERWOOD	71
ADELLA M. FOWLE,	Denver	(Bronze Medal)	-	UNDERWOOD	70
RAY E. LE PARD,	Toronto	-	-	UNDERWOOD	63
EDITH VARIAN,	Detroit	-	-	UNDERWOOD	62
MINNIE A. MUEGGE,	Bayonne	-	-	UNDERWOOD	61
T. W. SPRINGMEYER,	New York	-	-	UNDERWOOD	60

This proves conclusively that the UNDERWOOD can be operated more rapidly and accurately than any other typewriter by the average stenographer, as well as by the expert.

Miss Rose L. Fritz won the WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP, as usual, on the UNDERWOOD.

**UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER CO., (Inc.)**  
ANYWHERE

## VIVE AUTOMATIC CAMERA



Snap Shot taken with the \$6.00 4x5 VIVE Universal Focus Lens

1909 VIVE AUTOMATIC CAMERAS require only a pressure of the thumb to make or change the exposure. Takes 12 4x5 pictures at one loading, with either plates or films. Elegantly finished at \$6, \$8, and \$10, and delivered transit paid to any railroad point in the U. S. east of the Rocky Mountains.

Fully guaranteed and fitted with the noted VIVE UNIVERSAL FOCUS LENS, assuring sharp, clear-cut views and portraits from six feet out.

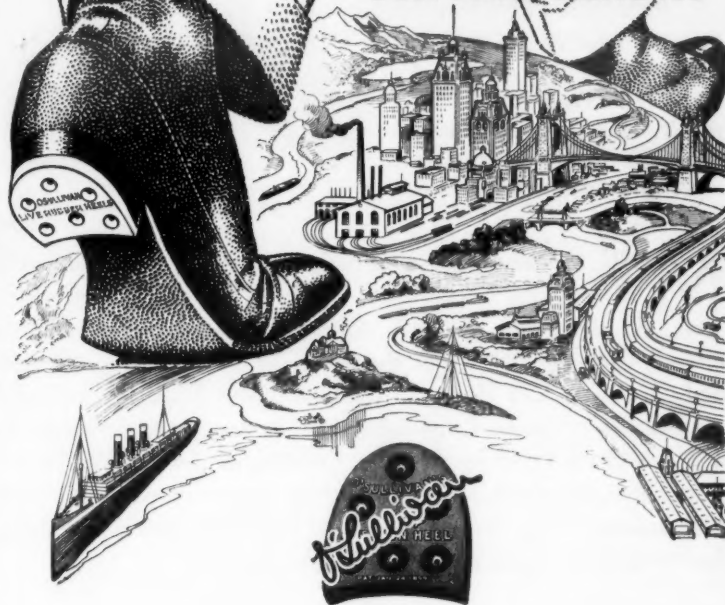
Enclose 2c stamp for camera and supply catalog today, including cameras from \$5.00 to \$58.00

**ORDER FOR CHRISTMAS NOW**

Dept. 3. VIVE CAMERA COMPANY, Western Springs, Ill. Chicago Suburb

## The LIVE RUBBER STRIDE

TOLD IN PICTURES  
FOR YOUR BENEFIT



### The O'Sullivan Live Rubber Stride Means Action

CATCH the spirit of the twentieth century, the spirit of quickened progress and achievement, the spirit of the aeroplane, wireless telegraphy, turbine steamers and electric locomotives. Show it in your walk. Get that light, springy, vigorous stride that denotes initiative, energy and speed. Get the O'Sullivan Live Rubber Stride.

The ball, or fore part, of the sole ought to be as wide as the spread of your foot—as you look over it—the toe to suit your personal taste (not the shoemaker's), and to conform to the contour of your foot.

See to Your Heels Especially

#### For Whom Are Rubber Heels?

O'Sullivan's Live Rubber Heels are not for lazy, indolent people—though they need them most.

The application of live rubber to locomotion is expressed in all modern contrivances of sport, commerce and general utilities. Progress depends on initiative; initiative depends on incentive; incentive depends on energy; energy comes from thinking. Thinking is stimulated by right walking. Right walking is encouraged by Live Rubber Heels.  
HUMPHREY O'SULLIVAN.

They are:

- For people who do things;
- Who keep the wheels of business moving;
- Who make industries hum;
- The bread and butter earners;
- We are interested in them.

The Heels of Live Rubber will lessen for them the daily grind and the fatigue at night.

#### Are You Ambitious to Succeed?

Have your shoes fitted with a pair of O'Sullivan's Live Rubber Heels.

They indicate to your employer that you are looking for an opening to climb higher—that your motto is "Excelsior." They indicate that your employer's business is your business, and that you are alert and ready to carry a message to Garcia—that you don't need to be shown the road or be pushed into it.

The success of the American people is due to their initiative, push and courage, and you know the man or woman to whom it is a burden to walk in no happy, energetic frame of mind to tackle large enterprises.

Learn to walk gracefully and naturally. Proper walking gives inspiration and, backed by red blood and opportunity—THERE IS ACTION.

#### Learn to Walk Gracefully

Look to your shoes. Look to the heels of your shoes especially.

Whether you walk to your work or stand to your work, the heels ought never to be over an inch high, or for a woman an inch and a quarter, including the half inch of Live Rubber.

**The Name "O'Sullivan"**  
on Rubber Heels Is Like  
"Sterling" on Silver.

Your heels are of paramount importance. All the weak insteps and flat feet can be traced to abnormal attitude in walking, toeing out. In walking the feet should be carried almost parallel.

The heel should be set under the shoe so as to receive the line of weight passing through the centre of the inside ankle bone. You remember our Brooklyn Bridge graphic and what the effect would be if the piers of the bridge were set three feet further apart. The same reason applies to the arch, or instep, of your foot. It weakens the instep. You are indisposed to walk, your foot has lost its spring. You sit down where you used to stand and you ride where you used to walk.

See to your boot heels. Have them equipped with Heels of Live Rubber—and walk. The spring of the Live Rubber will encourage you.

When you order rubber heels and pay 50 cents, see that you get O'Sullivan's, as there are substitutes that leave a bit more profit to shoemakers.

#### The Live Rubber Stride Won the Marathon

American grit and Live Rubber Heels carried John J. Hayes to victory in the Marathon. It was Hayes's head, plus O'Sullivan's Live Rubber Heels, that won us the coveted trophy, and head plus heels is an unconquerable combination in this LIVE RUBBER AGE.

If you are interested in this great victory and want to know all about it, in picture and story, send a two-cent stamp with the appended coupon and you will receive a set of beautiful cards of Hayes, depicting how he won the race and a handsome illustrated booklet telling all about the ancient and modern Marathon.

Two cents in stamps, the cost of mailing, will bring you both. Mark your name in the square on the coupon.

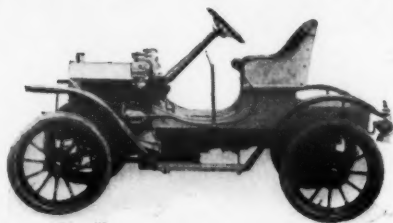
**O'SULLIVAN RUBBER COMPANY**  
LOWELL, MASS.  
Enclosed find (recent) stamp for HAYES and FOOTBALLS

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# BRUSH \$500 MODEL B RUNABOUT

Designed by  
ALANSON P. BRUSH

Costs less to operate than a horse, takes less care, gives many times the service. Persistently sure and reliable, goes anywhere. Speed thirty miles an hour, handsome finish, easiest riding car in the world.



On Solid Tires \$500  
On Pneumatic Tires \$550

**M**ORE runabouts of Brush's design are running than of any other design in the world. Our laurels of the past season, perfect scores in the Ohio and the Atlanta Runs, the winning of the classic Algonquin Hill Climb, the wonderful records in the Michigan and the Kansas City Runs, the climb to Pike's Peak, the great five car Efficiency Run of 7508 miles, the run across the continent, the adoption of the Brush by the U. S. Government for the Washington Post Office, the continued enthusiasm of users—all prove the facts. The reason is that the Brush is a car of correct but simple design built well, not a complicated design built cheaply.

We can make prompt deliveries now. Next spring, as usual, you may have trouble getting your order filled promptly. The Brush runs as well in winter as in summer but even if you wish to wait **we have a plan by which you can now secure a car for delivery at your own convenience, now or later, without risk and perhaps at an actual cash profit.** If you have any idea whatever of buying within six months it will pay you to find out about this plan. **WRITE NOW.**

**BRUSH RUNABOUT COMPANY**  
30 Baltimore Avenue DETROIT, MICH.

## For Xmas

See that the fountain pen you buy has the Crescent-Filler

Right Here

is the Crescent-Filler that makes the Conklin the most useful of all fountain pens—the gift of gifts for those who write. No other fountain pen has the Crescent-Filler, the wonderful, simple device by which pen can be filled *instantly* at any ink-well, without pen being taken apart, without the aid of a mussy dropper.

## CONKLIN'S Self-Filling Fountain Pen

is a marvel of simplicity. No joints to leak—no parts to unscrew and get lost. Writes the instant pen meets paper—smoothly and evenly, without coaxing, without a single blot, skip or scratch. Beautiful in appearance—plain, chased, mottled or gold mounted barrels, in handsome Christmas Boxes. Finest 14-k gold pens with hardest iridium points, made in a large variety to suit all hands. Special nibs for manifolding.

Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Prices \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 to \$15.00. Handsome catalogue on request.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.  
192 Manhattan Bldg.  
Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

set it on the table, and stood before her. Eliza actually turned pale as she gazed up in the strangely agitated little face. "What ails you, Sophia Wilton? You ain't going to have a fit, be you?" said she. "No," replied Sophia. "I'm going to tell the truth."

"The truth? Why ain't you been telling it all the time?"

"No, I ain't. I've been lying like all possessed, and I ain't been sorry for it, neither. Now I'm sorry I had to lie, and it's just before Thanksgiving, and I don't dare keep it back any longer, and I'm going to tell the truth."

With that, Sophia took her place behind Eliza's chair, and began to push. "You hith," said she firmly to Eliza, who was now herself trembling.

"Where are you going to take me go?" she demanded.

"Into the north parlor. Keep your shawl around you. It's some cold in there."

"Why are you going to take me into the north parlor, I'd like to know?"

"I've got to tell the truth."

Sophia pushed as she had never pushed before, and Eliza hitched, and they crossed the entry and entered the north parlor. Sophia had set a lamp on the mantelshelf. It was the only place on which to set a lamp. The moment the door was opened that peculiar breath, that peculiar echo, of an entirely empty room, were evident. Eliza gazed and gasped. "Where are all the things?"

"I gave them to Amy and Lem to set up housekeeping."

"You gave 'em?"

"Yes."

Eliza gasped again. Then she said feebly—she was becoming afraid of this meek little woman with whom she lived—"What right had you, I'd like to know?"

"I hadn't any right, but I took it. They needed the things, and they were related to the Squire's second wife."

Sophia pushed vigorously again, and Eliza mechanically hitched. They crossed the empty parlor, and Sophia threw open another door, that of a spare bedroom. That room was also empty. "I gave the things in here, too," said Sophia.

Eliza gasped again.

Sophia pushed, and they reached another door. Sophia opened that and revealed a perfectly empty little kitchen.

"This kitchen wasn't ever used," said she. "The Squire's second wife had it made just for an expense. I gave them the things in here, too."

Eliza gasped again.

Sophia turned her chair, and made wonderful headway back to the warm sitting-room. Then she stood before Eliza again.

"That ain't all," said she. "I can't get you upstairs, anyhow, and it's no use trying to take you out to that room the Squire's wife called her morning-room, for I don't know but you've got a chill as it is; but all the things in the north spare chamber are gone too, and the things in the morning-room. And that ain't all. I give them a lot of bed and table linen, and some quilts, and some dresses out of them trunks in the attic, and I gave them Squire Amos K. Price's old swallow-tail coat, the one he wasn't buried in, and two flowered vests, and three pairs of fine broadcloth pants, and—"

But Eliza interrupted her with an outburst of grim laughter. "For goodness' sake! You don't expect Lem Jay is going to wear that old swallow-tail and the Squire's flowered vests and pants?" said she, and laughed again.

But Sophia did not laugh. She was terribly sober. "I give them to him," she repeated, "and that ain't all. I told them they could have that house of yours, next the Jones place, free of rent, and they are going to live there to-morrow after they are married."

Sophia stopped. She stood before Eliza, calmly awaiting her verdict.

Eliza gave another queer chuckle, then she looked up at Sophia, and again there were wonder and something like fear in her face.

"You ain't crazy, be you, Sophia Wilton?" said she.

"No, I ain't crazy, but I didn't have anything to give myself, and so I gave your things."

"Why haven't they even thanked me?" inquired Eliza.

"I lied, and said you didn't want to be thanked."

"They are going to be married to-morrow, ain't they?"

"To-morrow afternoon at four o'clock."

Again there was silence. Suddenly a look of terror, but not for herself, came over Sophia's face. "You won't take away the things now? And you won't tell, for if you did, they wouldn't get married, and Amy is so pleased," she cried.

"Go to that desk drawer in my bedroom, and open that secret place where I keep my money," said Eliza. "I suppose you haven't touched that."

## EVERSTICK

INVISIBLE RUBBER

Ask your doctor what is the greatest preventive of colds and pneumonia and the chances are he will say

**THE EVERSTICK INVISIBLE RUBBER**

Many a man or woman has risked colds and pneumonia rather than wear the thick clumsy rubber of the old type. This need not be so now, for the appearance of the smallest shoe is not marred by **The Everstick Invisible Rubber**. The only rubber recommended by physicians.

Always for sale where good shoes are sold.

Men's Eversticks \$1.00. Women's Eversticks \$1.00

Women's Everstick Foothold, black . . . 75 cents

Women's Everstick Foothold, white or tan . . . \$1.00

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

THE ADAMS & FORD CO., Cleveland, O.

53RD SEASON

## Albrecht Furs

Northern-Caught

"From Trapper to Wearer Direct"

Made in our own workrooms in Saint Paul, Minnesota, the fur center of America, out of skins purchased by us direct from the trappers. We give you genuine, high-class furs at lower prices than you pay for ordinary, commonplace furs that have none of the Albrecht style and distinctiveness. In buying from us you have the guarantee of the maker back of every purchase.

We illustrate our 1908 Model

Inland Seal Coat

Looks exactly like genuine

Alaska Seal. Lining best

Skinners Satin; made only in

highest grade and workman-

ship. Guaranteed perfect fit,

and exactly as represented, or

money refunded. Special

price for 30 days only, \$65.00.

Also made in Coast Seal at

special price of \$40.00; Hudson Seal

\$75.00; Blended River Mink \$40.00.

We pay express charges if each accom-

panies order. (In ordering give bust

measure and waist length, height and

weight. Write for prices in Alaska Seal,

Otter, Persian Lamb, Beaver, etc.

68 PAGE CATALOG NO. 15

of Garments, Neckwear and Muffs

SENT FOR 4c. IN STAMPS

Most complete fur fashion book ever

published. Shows

150 latest styles

in garments; 504

models in neckwear; 140 styles of muffs. Full

description of all furs. It's small and

ornamental but very strong. Supports 10 pounds

without disfiguring wood or plaster walls. For hang-

ing up the thousand and one things around your home,

office or store, like pictures, calendars, whisks, towels,

coats, wains, skirts, draperies, reference books, utensils, etc.,

etc.—the Handhook is the best hook you've ever seen. Try

some and see them work. Four fine finishes, Brass, 25c

doz.; Gun metal, nickel and antique copper, 30c doz.

If your stationery or hardware dealer can't supply you,

send us his name and 10c for Sample Amount.

A. GOERTZ & CO. 283 Morris Ave., Newark, N. J.

"A push and it's in"



You don't need to hammer or screw the Handhook—the new hanger. Your thumb's the only tool you need. Just push it in—and there's your hook—quick as a flash.

The Handhook is designed to hang things quickly—neatly—and safely. It's small and ornamental but very strong. Supports 10 pounds without disfiguring wood or plaster walls. For hanging up the thousand and one things around your home, office or store, like pictures, calendars, whisks, towels, coats, wains, skirts, draperies, reference books, utensils, etc., etc.—the Handhook is the best hook you've ever seen. Try some and see them work. Four fine finishes, Brass, 25c doz.; Gun metal, nickel and antique copper, 30c doz.

If your stationery or hardware dealer can't supply you, send us his name and 10c for Sample Amount.

A. GOERTZ & CO. 283 Morris Ave., Newark, N. J.

## PARKER'S Arctic Socks

Registered in U. S. Patent Office

Healthful for bed-chamber, bath and sick-room. Worn in rubber boots, absorbs perspiration. Made of knitted fabric, lined with soft white wool fleece. Sold in all sizes by dealers or by mail. See a pair. Parker pays postage. Catalogue free. Look for Parker's name in every pair.

J. H. PARKER CO., Dept. 72, 25 James St., Malden, Mass.

Taxidermy Book FREE

Mount Beautiful Birds

Be a Taxidermist. Mount your own trophies, such as birds and animals. Decorate your home or make money mounting for others. Taxidermists hand-

somely paid. Success guaranteed or no tuition. Book "How to Learn to Mount Birds and Animals" sent FREE. Write today.

W. W. School of Taxidermy, Box 34, Omaha, Neb.

DO YOU STAMMER

Trill lesson explaining methods for home instruction sent FREE. Gold Medal, World's Fair, St. Louis.

GED. A. LEWIS, 146 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

PATENTS SECURED OR FREE RETURNED.

Free report as to Patentability. Illustrated Guide Book, and list of inventions Wanted, sent free.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.



**Transmit More Power**

You want to utilize all the power your dynamo or engine generates, therefore you can't be too particular about the belting you use.

A poor belt wastes power and soon gives out. A good belt saves power enough to pay for itself a dozen times over in a short time. That is why you ought to insist that your belting be **RELIANCE** Guaranteed Leather Belting. Belting which runs true, does not stretch, nor require frequent repairs, but keeps all its virgin elasticity, lengthens the life of your machinery, makes it run better, longer, with less wear on bearings, less strain on pulleys and shafting—all this in addition to the **Daily, Hourly Saving of Power**.

**RELIANCE**  
Guaranteed Leather Belting

Every defect stamped with the **RELIANCE** trade-mark which insures highest efficiency. We can't tell all about the superiority of **RELIANCE** belts here but write for our interesting book which goes into details, not only on this, but on our Sea Lion, Imperial, Sterling and Dynamo brands—all equally as good for specific purposes. Tell us what you want a belt to do, we will advise what is the best to buy.

**CHICAGO BELTING CO.**  
16 S. Green Street, Chicago  
Branches: New Orleans, Philadelphia, Portland, Ore.

**Build Your Future on a Solid Foundation**

**TAKE LESSON FROM THE MODERN SKY-SCRAPER.** More expert knowledge and engineering ability is required to properly construct the foundation than to build the whole superstructure. *"Build Your Future on a solid foundation."*

**THE CYCLOPEDIA OF ARCHITECTURE, CARPENTRY AND BUILDING**

Will guide you safely through every building problem. 10 volumes. Page size 7x10 inches. Bound in half morocco. Over 4,000 pages—plainly printed on best paper. 3,000 illustrations and valuable tables.

This work covers every building point thoroughly. Written by expert, practical men. Contains many Modern House Plans. Practical Problems in construction and their solution. Money saving suggestions for home builders. Tells you how to estimate cost of frame or reinforced concrete construction. It's an ever ready reference work and guide.

**Free 5 Day Offer LESS THAN HALF PRICE**

Sent express prepaid for 5 days' examination if you mention the name of your employer and occupation or enclose business card. If you wish to keep the books pay \$2.00 within five days and \$2.00 a month until you have paid the special price of \$4.00; otherwise return them at our expense. Regular price is \$5.00. Place your order promptly and we will include FREE, for one year, as a monthly supplement, the

**TECHNICAL WORLD MAGAZINE**

A regular \$1.50 magazine—full of the latest illustrated articles on technical topics written in popular form.

**Partial List of Contents:** Reinforced Concrete—Estimating—Contracts and Specifications—The Law of Contracts and Liens—Building Superintendence—Building Materials—Masonry—Carpentry—Stair Building—Hardware—Plastering—Painting—Heating—Ventilation—Wiring for Door Bells, Burglar Alarms—Steel Construction—Elevators—Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting—Mechanical, Architectural, Fresh and Perspective Drawing—Lettering—Blue Printing—Shades and Shadows—The Greek and Roman Orders of Architecture—Rendering in Pen and Ink and Wash—Water Color Hints for Draftsmen.

**AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE**  
CHICAGO, U. S. A.  
Mention Collier's 11-21-08

**CALOX**  
THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

Calox does more than simply clean the teeth—it whitens them by means of the oxygen it contains. It destroys the germs of dental decay and so prevents decay. It tones up the gums wonderfully and if used daily removes deposits of tartar. The oxygen gives a most delightful sense of freshness to the whole mouth.

**"The OXYGEN does it"**

Of All Druggists, 25 Cents

Dainty sample and booklet sent on receipt of 5 cents

McKesson & Robbins, 91-97 Fulton Street, New York

**PIANO** DO YOU WANT GREATEST VALUE?

The largest retail piano business in the world has been built up by us in the past 45 years. Let us send you free information and prices of 30 leading makes. Also new plans of easy payments. Pianos shipped everywhere. We give absolute guarantee of highest musical qualities. All prices wonderfully reasonable. Special Bargains: 12 second-hand Steinway Uprights, 3 Webers, 2 Lyon & Healy's, 5 Washburns, rebuilt in our factory equal to new, at very low prices. Teachers and students would appreciate these instruments. Write today.

**LYON & HEALY**  
31 Adams Street, CHICAGO

"I couldn't be so wicked as to take money," said Sophia.

"Bring that box out here."

Sophia obeyed. Eliza called after her: "Bring that box with the pearl beads that belonged to the Squire's first wife here, too."

Presently Sophia emerged. She gave one rather large, heavy box to Eliza, and a square, rusty, velvet one. Then she pleaded again: "Oh, Eliza, you won't interfere with them? Send me to prison, or anything, but don't interfere with them. I'd just as lief go to prison. I—"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Eliza Price, opening the larger box. A yellow gleam of gold came from it. Eliza counted carefully, and laid the coins on her wide lap until there was a little heap of them. Then she opened the velvet box, and a string of pearls gleamed as they hung over her swollen old hand. She coiled the pearls carefully around, and replaced them in the velvet box, and tucked away beside them the gold pieces in her lap.

"There," she said. "There's a hundred gold dollars, and them pearl beads, and I want you to go and give them to Amy Horton, and tell her that after she and Lem are married, I wish they'd come here and let me see how they look, before they go home."

"She's going to be married in that white brocade silk that was in that cedar chest in the garret," said Sophia.

"Well, what of it? I don't suppose you thought I'd ever wear it," said Eliza.

"Then you ain't—" began Sophia.

"No, I ain't close-fisted and stingy; never was. Lord! I've been keeping them things just for the sake of dwelling in my own mind on giving them away. You didn't have any need to take such means to get them, and tell lies—and they wasn't lies, either, though you didn't know it, for I always did hate to be thanked for anything— But I would like to see Amy when she's all decked out a bride. I don't care any great sight about seeing Lem Jay; men don't amount to much; but I suppose he's part of the show."

Sophia was weeping. "You are real good, Eliza," she sobbed.

"Mebbe I am better than you've been thinking, and kept it close," admitted Eliza. "Now, stop crying, Sophia Wilton. I'm gladder that you've done this than I ever was of anything in my life. Just wrap up warm—I know it's only next door, but it's cold—and take them things over, and ask Amy."

After Sophia, wrapped shapelessly against the cold, her hands laden with the rich gifts, and her heart overflowing with love and contrition and thankfulness, had gone, the other old woman sat and gazed out of the window at the lights in the houses across the way. The room was in darkness, for she had told Sophia to set the lamp in the entry.

Eliza Price gazed out at her neighbors' home lights, she smelled the odor of cake and pastry, she smiled happily. Before her eyes was the fair picture of the bride, in her white brocade, with the Price pearls gleaming on her neck.

Then, with no apparent connection, she thought of something else, of Sylvia White. "It's too bad for that poor old woman to be living the way she does, from pillar to post," she thought. She made up her mind, then and there, to give Sylvia—Sylvia with that unsuspected pearl of love and suffering in her heart—a home for the rest of her life in the Price house.

When Sophia returned Eliza was eager with questions.

"She was so pleased she sat down and cried," said Sophia, "and so did her mother. I told them the whole story. Her mother says you are a saint on earth."

Eliza laughed. "Well, Sophia Wilton," said she, "you've made me sense something in my old age that I ain't never rightly sensed before, and that is, I guess we never can really have any cake in this world except what we give to other folks."

"I ain't told you everything," said Sophia. "I've been keeping a stray cat in the house a long time."

Eliza gasped.

"He's a splendid cat. He's a tiger," said Sophia.

Eliza laughed, with an actual peal of hilarity. "I always did like cats," said she, "and I was wondering what we should do with the chicken-bones to-morrow. It seemed wicked to waste them. Call in that cat, for goodness' sake, Sophia Wilton."

Sophia opened the door and called: "Puss, puss, puss."

There was a responsive mew, and the great cat, arching his splendid, striped back, lashing his tail, and making an anticlimax, came in.

**A PLEASING DESSERT**

always wins favor for the housekeeper. The many possibilities of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened) make it a boon to the woman who wishes to provide these delicacies for her family with convenience and economy. Dilute Peerless Milk to desired richness and use same as fresh milk or cream.—Advt.

**Ostermoor**  
Mattress \$15.

When this label appears on the end of a mattress, you **KNOW** it is an Ostermoor.

When it does **NOT** appear, you **KNOW** equally well that it is not the genuine

Don't trust to your judgment alone; not even an expert can tell much about a mattress by the looks. A poor mattress may to all appearances seem like a good one; look like one.

The sure and only safe way to choose a mattress is to be guided by the guarantee of the Ostermoor trademark above. It appears in plain sight on the end of every genuine mattress. It's there for your protection. When you see that trade-mark, you can know you're getting the best mattress made—buy without worry.

Unless that trade-mark is there, you are taking chances.

There is no other mattress like the

An Ostermoor never needs renovating. Just an occasional sun-and-air bath will keep it always pure and clean—there's no wear-out to it.

The Ostermoor Mattress is **not** stuffed, **not** packed; but **built** up, sheet upon sheet. Thus, an Ostermoor can never mat or pack, never get lumpy or hard, like a hair mattress, but will remain luxuriously elastic, supremely comfortable and restful for a life-time. Testimonials covering 30 years' use, will be found in

**Our 144-Page Book and Samples Sent Free**

Our book, "The Test of Time," is a mighty interesting story about beds of all the ages, about mattresses and about sleep. It tells you how to get a good night's rest. It's free—a postal brings it.

Sleep on an Ostermoor Mattress for a month—then, if for any reason you're dissatisfied, we'll return every penny of your money.

There's an Ostermoor Dealer in most places—the liveliest merchant in town. If you'll write us, we'll tell you where to buy. But don't take chances with other mattresses—make sure you're getting the genuine Ostermoor—the trademark label is our guarantee. Mattress shipped by express, prepaid, same day your check is received by us if the dealer has none in stock.

**OSTERMOOR & COMPANY**  
141 Elizabeth St., New York  
Canada: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal.

Exact label—1/4 size

**Don't Buy a Stove or Range Until You First See How Much You Save By Getting**

**"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"**  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

**YOU** want to make every cent you spend this year count for quality and economy.

If you need a stove or range, don't buy until you get our factory prices.

I promise you that I will save you \$5, \$6 or \$10 on our smallest stoves, and as high as \$18, \$20 and even \$30 on our largest. And I promise you that you cannot get anywhere at any price, a better stove or range than the Kalamazoo.

Just let me quote you prices. Take our catalogue and compare the Kalamazoo quality and prices, with the best line of stoves and ranges you can find sold at retail. That will tell the story. You can see for yourself. You want to save money and you want to get high quality. Why not investigate our plan, then? Why not let me show you the difference between manufacturers' prices and retail prices on stoves or ranges? We sell to you, direct from the factory, at actual factory prices.

**On 360 Days' Approval Test — WE PAY THE FREIGHT**

I promise, in black and white, to refund your money—every cent of it—if you do not find your purchase in every way exactly as represented.

Remember, every Kalamazoo is of the highest possible grade, made of the best materials and in the best manner. You deal directly with the manufacturers—a company that has a larger number of individual customers than any other stove company in existence. We have sold thousands of stoves and ranges to readers of this periodical, and no doubt can refer you to near neighbors who have saved money by buying a Kalamazoo. Many customers write that they have saved enough on a single Kalamazoo to pay for a whole season's fuel. You can save enough to buy a new suit, a new dress, an article of furniture, or perhaps to pay your taxes. Is it not to your interest to get our prices?

**Send Postal For Catalogue**

For Coal and Wood Stoves and Ranges, No. 178  
For Gas Stoves and Ranges, No. 801

Fully describing more than 300 sizes and styles of Coal and Wood Ranges, Gas Stoves and Ranges, Coal and Wood Heaters, Hotel Ranges, Base Burners, Laundry Stoves, Etc. I know that if you get our prices—and see our quality you will not even think of buying any other make. Let me show you how much you can save.

**William Thompson, Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.**  
**KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.**

**Won't You Give Me a Chance**

to prove to you that my "REGNO" Cigar, Genuine Imported Havana Filler and Sumatra Wrapper, hand-made by skilled workmen in my clean, sanitary factory—one which contains absolutely nothing but pure naturally cured tobacco—is better than the cigar for which you are now paying a much higher price?

Sample box of 25, delivered on receipt of only

**ONE DOLLAR**

Your money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.

**JOSEPH H. RUGG**  
740 Market Street ESTABLISHED 1843 Blairsville, Pa.



You will certainly want to read

# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE During 1909

## A Novel by Thomas Nelson Page

The serial story of the year will be a novel by Thomas Nelson Page. In "John Marvel, Assistant," he has told the story of an average young fellow's struggle of life.

## Letters of General Sherman to His Wife and Family

A most important addition to the biography of the great war leaders. Besides the picture of the man, his outspoken judgment and often remarkable prophecies, they supplement formal history in most valuable and interesting ways.

## A Journey About Europe with F. Hopkinson Smith

Delightful impressions of travel through Holland, France, England, Italy and Greece. Illustrated from Mr. Smith's own sketches and paintings.

## The Great Public Schools of England

Eton, Harrow, Rugby and Winchester—by Everett T. Tomlinson. The comparisons of English and American conditions are especially interesting.

## Theodore Roosevelt's African Trip

The exclusive magazine and book rights in whatever Mr. Roosevelt may write about his forthcoming African Trip have been secured by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. Not only lovers of outdoor life, but all who appreciate the literature of adventure, will be eagerly interested in these articles. They will appear in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, possibly one or two articles in the later issues of 1909. A fuller announcement of the project is reserved.

The publishers offer the most liberal inducements to agents who can secure subscriptions  
**Send for Complete Illustrated Prospectus**

**\$3.00 A YEAR  
25 CENTS A NUMBER CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York**

## A Notable Series by Mrs. Wharton

Mrs. Wharton will have during the coming year in the Magazine a series of stories under the title "Tales of Men." This is one of the most interesting prospects in the literature of the year.

## England and the English From an American Point of View

Three papers on England, which will excite much discussion, by an anonymous author. They deal with English characteristics; social aspects of England; and with the importance the English attach to "Sport." They are frank and outspoken and show great keenness of observation.

## Papers on Practical Business Questions of Vital Interest

By Professor Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, one of the foremost authorities. Among the topics treated will be "Government vs. Bank Issues," "Valuation of Railways," "Social Settlements," "Socialism," "Abolition of Poverty."

## Important Golf Paper by H. J. Whigham

An article on the progress of Golf, covering especially the radical improvements made and contemplated in the laying out of American links. Illustrated by the former champion and well-known authority.

## Short Fiction

There will be stories by RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, F. HOPKINSON SMITH, ARTHUR COSSLETT SMITH, MARY R. S. ANDREWS, JAMES B. CONNOLLY, KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN, MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD, JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON, ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY, MAARTEN MAARTENS, NELSON LLOYD, MARY HEATON VORSE, VICTOR HENDERSON, EMERSON TAYLOR, GEORGIA WOOD FANGBORN, HELEN HAYNES.



## FOR CHAPPED FACE AND HANDS Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream

Quickly Soothes and Heals the Tender, Cracked, Sore Skin



To keep the Skin soft, smooth clear and healthy, there is nothing quite so good, so delightful to use, and so sure in accomplishing all that it claims, as Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream.

When the skin is tender, irritated and inflamed from any cause, this pure, snow-white lotion will instantly cool and soothe it. And for dry, hard, rough skin at all seasons, it will produce a natural softness, without being greasy or sticky. It can be depended upon to relieve and heal eruptive conditions.—Is best for baby's delicate skin and for men who shave. Guaranteed pure, and free from bleach and chemicals. It cannot possibly cause a growth of hair. 50c. at all dealers, or if not obtainable, sent post-paid by us.—Sample and Booklet, free.

## \$2,000 In Cash Prizes

Given absolutely free to winners in the Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream NAME CONTEST, as advertised and explained in the following November Magazines:—Munsey, Everybody's, Cosmopolitan, American Magazine, Good Housekeeping, Harper's Bazar, Delin-eator, Woman's Home Companion, Ladies' World, American Boy, Uncle Remus's Home Magazine, Red Book, Housekeeper, Pictorial Review Fashion Book, Quarterly Style Book; and in these Weeklies as dated:—Saturday Evening Post, Oct. 24; Collier's, Oct. 24; Youth's Companion, Oct. 29; Christian Herald, Oct. 21; Associated Sunday Magazines, Oct. 25. If you wish to enter this easy contest, look for our ad in any of above magazines, or write us at once for details of explanation. Contest closes Dec. 31, 1908, at 5 P. M.

A. S. HINDS, 112 WEST STREET, PORTLAND, ME.

## Let Me Send a to Your Office Fox Typewriter for Free Trial



W. R. Fox, President, Fox Typewriter Company

YOU see I take the burden of proof on myself. You pay nothing—promise to pay nothing. At my own expense, even to expressage, I place the Fox in your office alongside your present typewriter. And you can then prove to yourself that in every point of efficiency the Fox is better than the best of other typewriters.

And that its best features are unique—its own.

When I began to plan the invention of the Fox Typewriter, I studied every weak point, every flaw in the other machines. Dodging these, I struck the right idea—a practical, visible typewriter that would really keep its strength, action and alignment through long years of hardest wear.

All the writing on the Fox is always in sight, and directly in the line of vision—the writing line is indicated—the printing point pointed out.

You know the type bar and hanger are the very heart of the typewriter. On the Fox the type-bar bearing is extra wide—the type bar extra strong and heavy. One Fox will do about every kind of work that comes up—letter writing, invoicing, billing, tabulating figures, stencil cutting and heavy manifold.

You can buy two carriages—different lengths—and use them interchangeably. The Fox writes in two colors, and you don't have to touch the ribbon all the time it's on the machine.

Remember, please, the Fox isn't sold in the trust way. It's not a trust machine. My company is independent. No trust dictates at what price the Fox Typewriter shall be sold or what allowance I can make for your second hand machine—that's a question for you and I. The large business of my company has been built up by these methods. My machine has to be better than others (not simply as good) to stand a chance in competition. It is better, and it's introduced in a different, a square-deal, way.

My free trial and examination plan should interest you as a fair-play-loving business man. Simply let me send you—or have my nearest representative deliver—a Fox Typewriter for an ample trial. Then if you decide to buy I'll make you favorable terms—take your old machine as part payment.

But, anyhow, give me chance to prove my claims.

All I want you to do is fill out and mail me today the attached coupon. Send it to me personally.

W. R. FOX, President, Fox Typewriter Company  
520-540 Front Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

All the facts in my catalogue free.



Trade in your  
Old Type-  
writer  
to me

Please enclose for a free trial of a Fox Typewriter  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Business \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_  
COLLIER'S WEEKLY

## H&R REVOLVERS

From the grip to the end of the barrel, every part is what it should be—safe, dependable, accurate.

Sold by all first class dealers  
Send for Illustrated Catalogue  
Rather than accept a substitute order from us direct

**HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.**  
447 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.

This is a Hammerless 32 Calibre—weighs 13 ounces—Reliable, Accurate—Durable, Accidental Discharge impossible—Nickel finish Price \$7.00

## CALORIS BOTTLE

Two Bottles—Pint Size, Wicker Covered With Fibroid Case (Exactly like Cut) \$6.00

Whether the drink is to be kept ice cold for eighty-four hours or steaming hot for thirty, no fire or ice is required with the CALORIS Bottle. Unequaled for use in the kitchen, sickroom and nursery. The very thing to take along on a day's outing. "The Best Part of the Luncheon is in the CALORIS Bottle." The CALORIS is guaranteed. It is also the lowest in price. The \$6.00 set shown in cut makes a most acceptable holiday gift—one that will please with its novelty, and that will delight with its everyday usefulness. Filled and emptied like an ordinary glass bottle. Be sure you get a CALORIS and not a high-priced substitute.

Individual Bottles: Metal Covered—Pints, \$3.50, Quarts, \$5.50.  
" Wicker Covered—Pints, \$5.00, Quarts, \$4.50.  
Sent anywhere in United States prepaid on receipt of price.  
Guaranteed satisfactory or money returned.

CALORIS MANUFACTURING CO., 2118 Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

## 3 cents a Week for Light, and Bright Rooms Every Night.

Most economical way to have bright, cheerful rooms—either Homes, Stores, Offices, Schools, Churches

### SUN Incandescent Gasoline LAMP

100 candle power each burner. Bracket, pendant, chandelier styles; handsome, durable. The "SUN" Outshines Them All. Satisfaction or Money Back. Systems by Hollow Wire and by Gravity. Agents Make Fine Commissions. Write for Catalog.

**SUN VAPOR LIGHT CO. 302 Market St., Canton, O.**





# THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

**F**OR ninety-nine years the Hartford has insured against loss by fire and in that time has built up the largest fire insurance business in America. It has not only promptly paid every individual loss, but has given safety and satisfaction to its policy holders in all the conflagrations of American history.

**T**HE Hartford stands today with large assets and ample financial resources the leader among fire companies. But its proudest asset is its reputation for commercial honor and good faith. It will sell you honest and safe insurance. Losses paid "Cash Without Discount." Is not this the Company you want?

**INSURE IN THE HARTFORD**  
**AGENTS EVERYWHERE**



MARKEDLY

SUPERIOR

Napoleon Flour is not an "average" flour.

It's a superior flour, made in a superior way for the superior housewife.

If you all wanted Napoleon Flour to-morrow, we couldn't supply the demand.

You see, we haven't the largest sale nor the largest output. Yet Napoleon Flour is an absolute success. From the wheat to the package painstaking never ceases. Each barrel is lined with special paper, and the bags are the best that can be had. Even the cars are paper lined. So any tendency to contamination is carefully guarded against.

Then, with superior skill, superior facilities and superior wheat, Napoleon Flour couldn't be improved, not even if we raised the cost.

The grocer never marks it out as a "bargain."—It is never offered as a "sale."

Napoleon Flour is far above the usual flour standard. Try it.

# NAPOLEON FLOUR

CAN GENERALLY BE HAD  
AT ALL RETAIL GROCERS

However, if your dealer does not carry it in stock, ask him to write, or write yourself, to the nearest jobber mentioned below:

Burr Bros., Rockford, Ill.  
Danville Wholesale Grocery Co., Danville, Ill.  
Jobst-Bethard Co., Peoria, Ill.  
Scudders-Gale-Wearen Co., Cairo, Ill.  
Bay City Grocer Co., Bay City, Mich.  
Carpenter Cook Co., Menominee, Mich.  
Lee, Cady & Smart Co., Detroit, Mich.  
McLane, Swift & Co., Battle Creek, Mich.  
John Stegink, Muskegon, Mich.  
The Smart & Fox Co., Saginaw, Mich.  
Wykes & Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Bedford & Jones, Lima, O.  
Point Pleasant Grocery Co., Point Pleasant, W. Va.

The C. H. Bishop Flour Co., Cincinnati, O.  
Clegg Bros., Youngstown, O.  
H. A. Lowe, New Lexington, O.  
The Jacob Theobald Flour Co., Cleveland, O.  
The Scudders-Gale Grocer Co., St. Louis, Mo.  
Chas. Hewitt & Sons Co., Des Moines, Ia.  
Tolerton & Warfield Co., Sioux City, Ia.  
Morton L. Marks Co., Davenport, Ia.  
McTigue Grocery Co., Binghamton, N. Y.  
C. M. & R. Tompkins, Elmira, N. Y.  
H. P. Cornell Co., Providence, R. I.  
L. A. Wright & Co., Boston, Mass.